AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

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ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JANUARY 1982-$2.50*

PLAYMATE REVIEW 1981

GOING TOPLESS
A look at the best in open sports cars

THE GAMES MEN PLAY

HENRY FONDA
On fame, film and family

Australia's Best New Restaurants

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DENVER SMALLS

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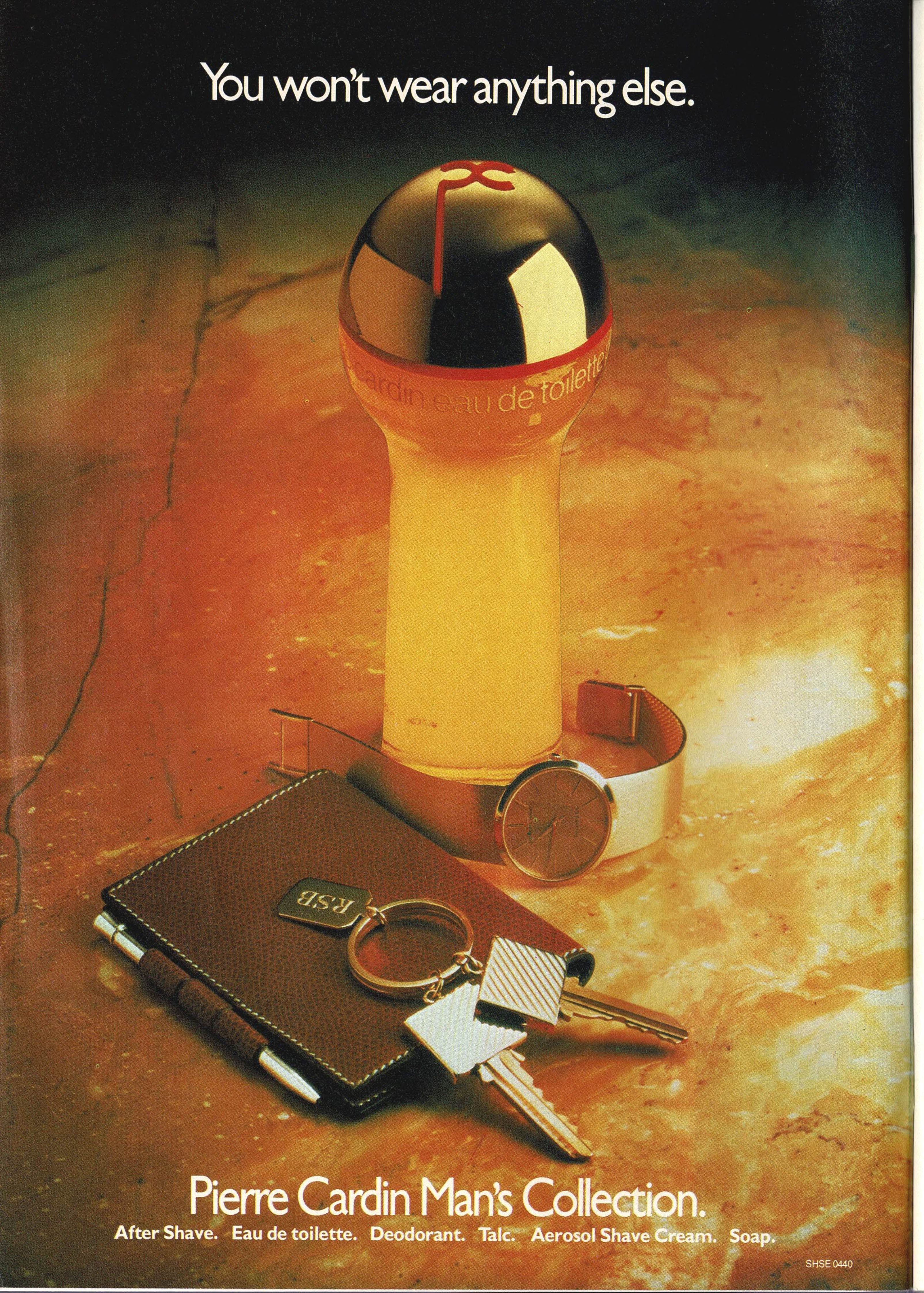
P548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PLAYBILL

PLAYBOYS ADVANCED released dates allow us to celebrate our Christmas read in the January issue, and it's a stocking full of holiday fun to digest. Girls are in abundance under our Christmas tree in a 10-page extravaganza reviewing the Playmates of '81, in addition to our international round-up of beauties from the World of Playboy. For an added feast, take a look at Playmate Patti Farinelli and discover what really inspired those Italian renaissance painters.

If you're still stumped for a holiday destination in the New Year, don't be surprised if Manila rates high on your list after you've finished reading **Hank Lawton's** The Other Thriller in Manila. As Lawton says, the Philippines' capital is now *the* sin spot of Asia, and tourists don't go there just to see the sights.

Boom or Doom City? There seems to be some confusion on the frontier of the development boom as **John Flack** lifts the lid on Queensland's much-ravaged Gladstone. It's called Boomtown Blues, and don't you miss it.

That gifted half slice of the Salami Sisters, **Kathy Lette,** is back with a feminist formula for "radical celibacy". In Major Issue Over Minor Tissue, Lette looks at the labia-rinth of sex and wonders what became of romance.

That grand patriarch of the family Fonda, Henry, is this month's interview subject. In his time spent with freelancer **Larry Grobel,** Fonda talks about his talented offspring, cans Presidents Reagan and Nixon and tells why he trod the liberal line throughout Hollywood's highs and lows.

If you're an amateur sleuth with an erotic imagination, try solving the puzzles in The Games Men Play. Created by **Mark Salwowski** and **Nick Brokensha,** the spread offers visual thrills. It's just part of our Christmas fun issue, which boasts more than our usual helping of jokes and cartoons, including **Norbert Wenzl's** riotous drawings of Santa's Christmas traumas.

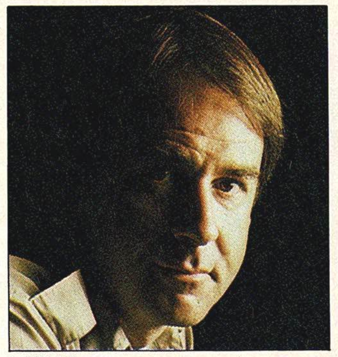
Run the Southern Cross up the mast with **Geoffrey Dutton** in his pitch for republicanism — We're All Right Jack. It's a hot issue in some quarters, but Dutton has doubts whether we're geared to sever the apron strings.

Playboy's Christmas cup runneth over with good fiction and **Michael Colman's** War With The Works is top of the menu as it satirises the stuffing out of the fast food business. If you're looking for high (or, should we say low?) adventure, go underground with **Paul Mann** in Close Encounters Of The Murky Kind as he explores the dark, dangerous depths of the cave diving fad and looks at some of the people who like to go down for kicks.

And what will you be viewing this Christmas? In I'm Dreaming of a Blue Christmas, **John Regan** thumbs through the erotic film file in a fictional glimpse at how some like to celebrate the festive season. The piece has been illustrated by the **Otto and Chris** team.

Strap on your bib and get ready to switch your eating style. We sent the PLAYBOY national crew, headed by production editor **Karen Hammial,** on a round-up of the best new restaurants. The result is a feature which just might change where you eat out. Still in the service department, PLAYBOY has gone topless this month, and motoring editor **Rob Luck** will tell you all about it in his fresh air view of sports cars, convertibles or whatever. Being summer, there's no better time for wind-in-the-hair motoring, and Luck gets behind the wheel of the machinery to do it with hair-raising aplomb.

Bonus features aside, the issue is "chocka" with guides for looking good — like our Six Of One fashion feature — and keeping tabs on the best in movies, books and music. We're glad you joined us for the holidays. Happy reading, Merry Christmas and a fun-packed New Year.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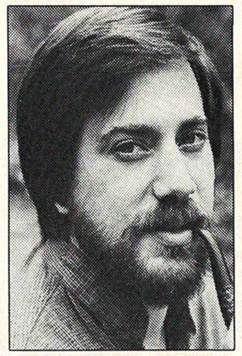
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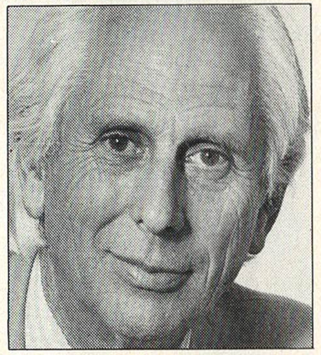
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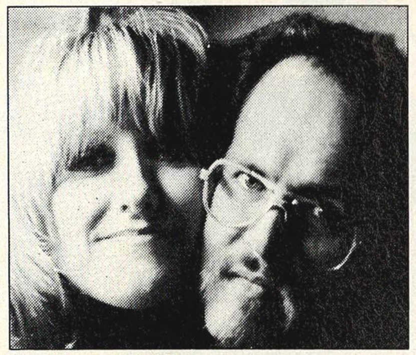
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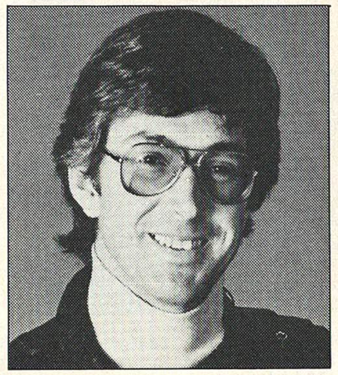
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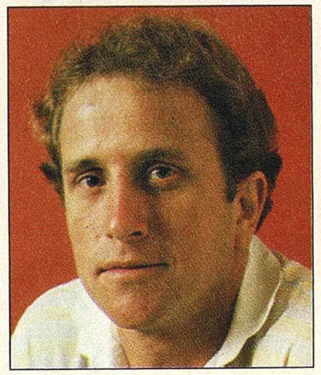
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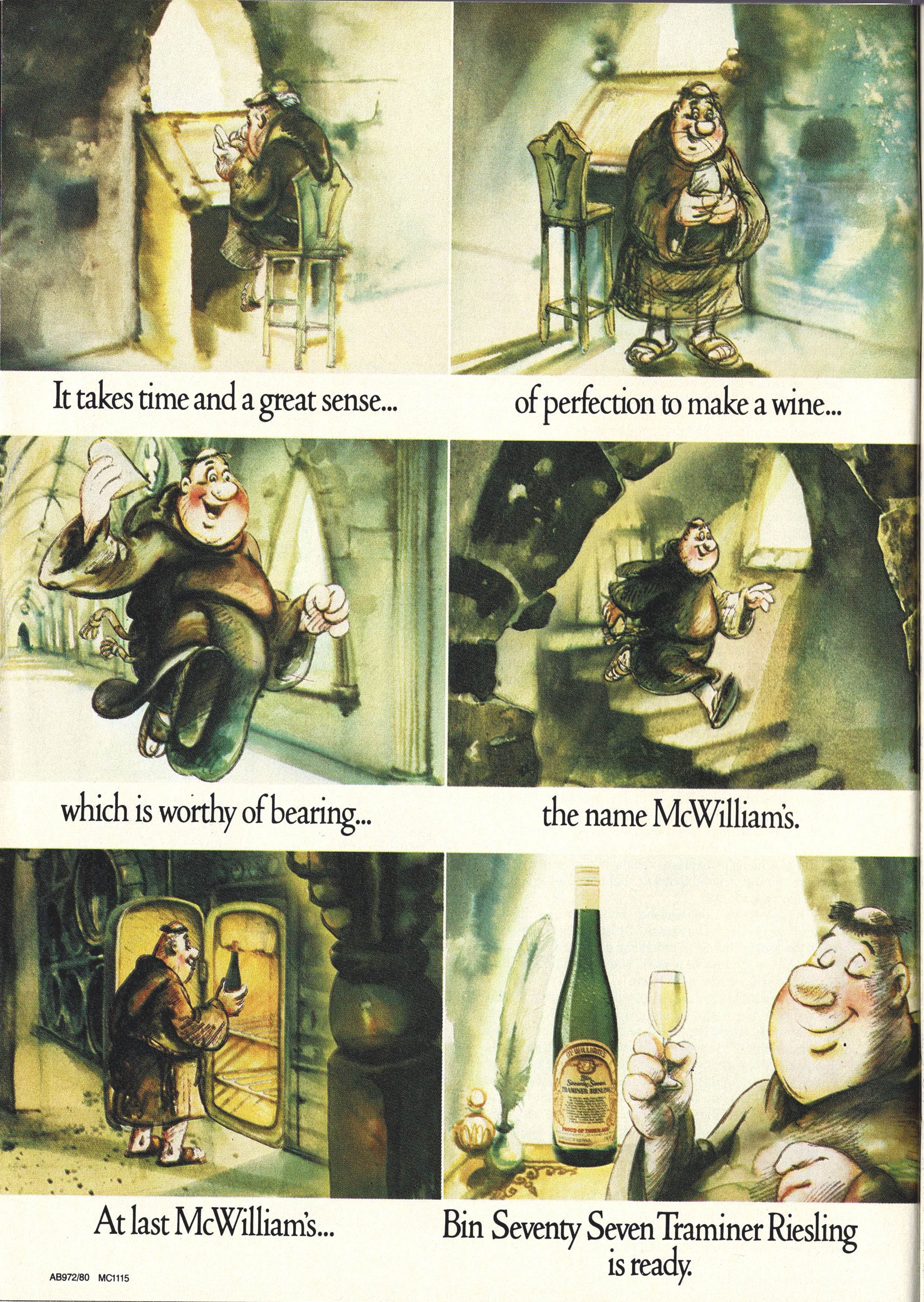

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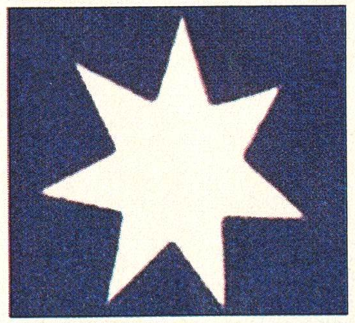

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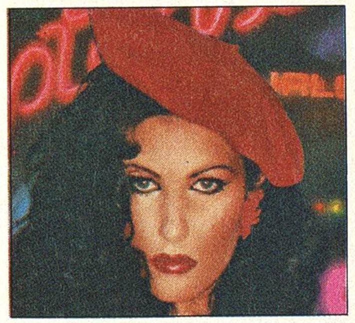

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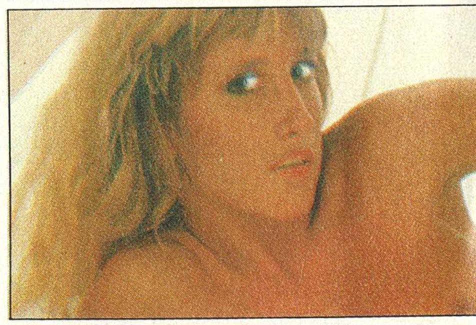

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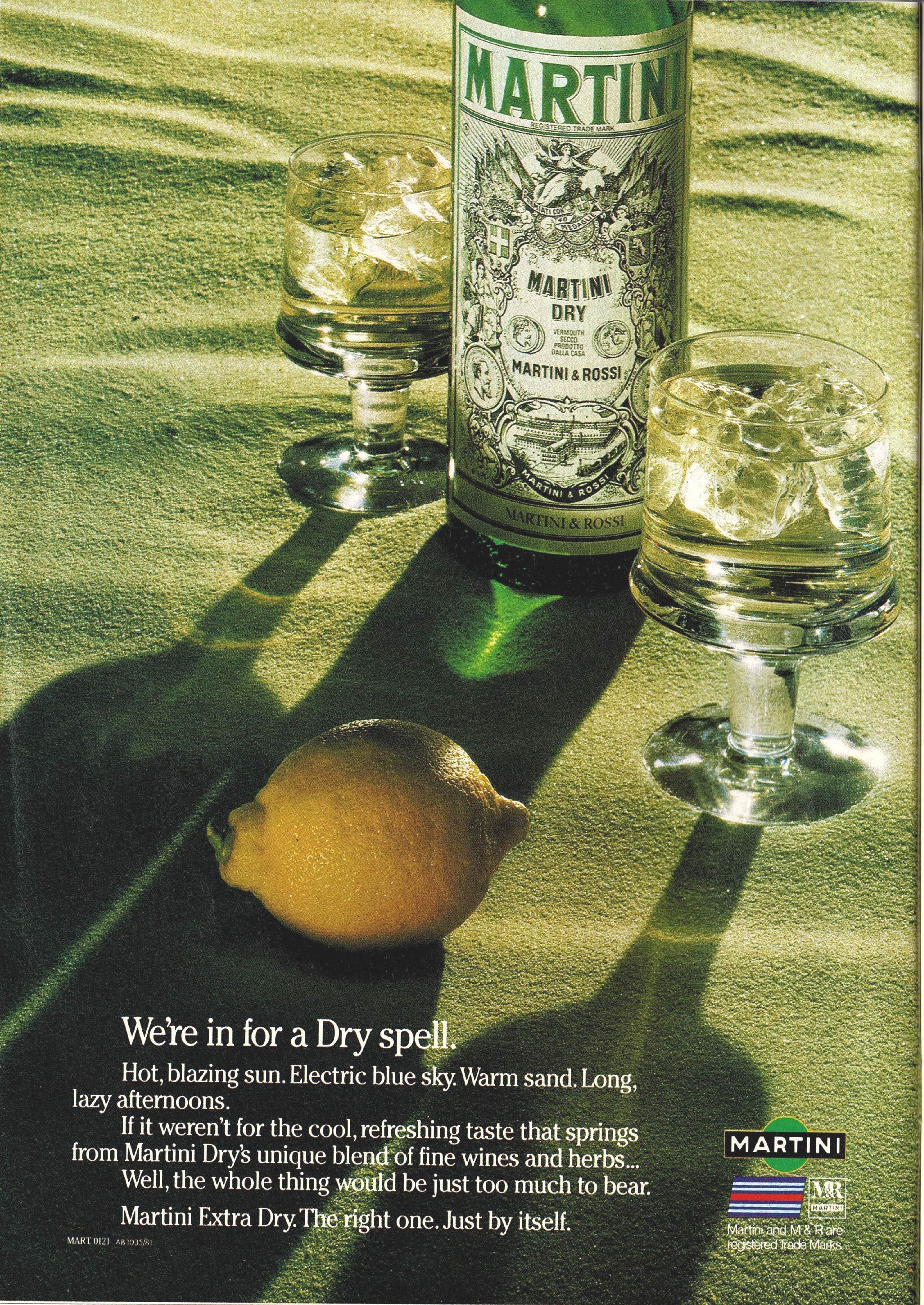
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DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO DEAR PLAYBOY, BOX 746, DARLINGHURST, NSW 2010.

BUCKING GOOD

I read with much interest your article (August PLAYBOY) on Australian rodeo, written by Jill Bowen. As an avid rodeo follower on my several trips to America, I have been most disappointed and frustrated at the lack of information in your country on this truly spectacular sport. There seems to be a total blackout in the Australian press, so congratulations to PLAYBOY for throwing some light on this exhilarating, virile, unspoiled sport. Let's hope your article will encourage others. What about sponsorships? A PLAYBOY Playmate would be a worthy and fitting trophy.

S.A.,
Rome, Italy

We've put your suggestion on further stories in the pending file, but we think a Playmate as a trophy might cause a stampede. — Ed.

OOPS

Your film reviewer, Glenn Russell, seems to have missed the start in his review of *Chariots Of Fire* (November PLAYBOY) with his reference to the "triumphs and disappointments on the track to the dais at the 1932 Olympic Games in Paris." The 1932 Games were held in Los Angeles, and the Paris Games took place in 1924.

D. Niven,
Carlingford, NSW

LOOK NORTH

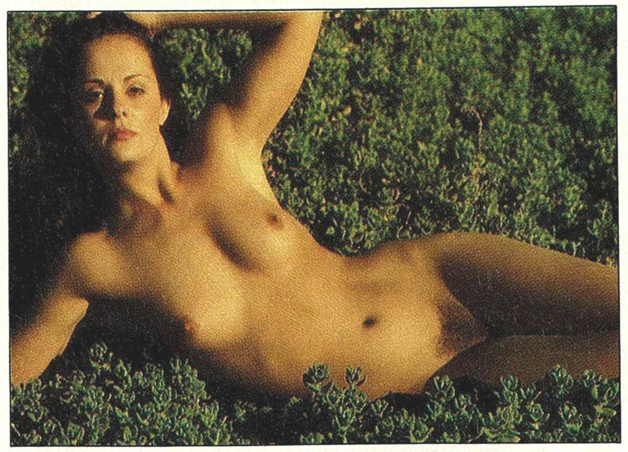
I've been a very regular PLAYBOY reader since you started publishing the Australian edition, and I generally like what I see — with one notable exception: why do you consistently ignore the far north? By that, of course, I mean the newly emerging state of the Northern Territory. We have birds up here to equal those of the southern States, particularly some of the beautiful racial mixtures peculiar to this part of the country. You've done girls of the Gold Coast and girls of the Golden West lately, so how about doing the girls of the Naughty North? I'd really love to see that.

B. Deegan,
Fannie Bay, NT

A high priority. — Ed.

MORE PLEASE

Thanks for the look at the Girls of the Golden West (November PLAYBOY), particularly Peggy McDowell. As an expatriate westerner born on the Fields where "leggy Peggy" hails from, it did an old heart good so see some of the "home grown" talent. Indeed it did. In this respect, what about a centrefold on Miss McDowell? From that one shot of her, she surely has what it takes. Like Karen Pini and Jane Priest, she'll show the other starters what great girls come from the West.


The beautiful Peggy McDowell: pride of the Golden West

"Klondike Mike,"
Indooroopilly, Qld

You're not the only one impressed by Miss McDowell, and we're already planning to use her in a future issue. — Ed.

DAINTY TOUCH

Having recently read the PLAYBOY interview (August) with Paul Dainty, I really can't believe that the "entrepreneurial wunderkind" could come out with the statement that there is nothing fresh emanating from England in terms of music, and that everyone is looking to Australia to deliver the great new band. Having lived all my life in England, until seven months ago, all I can say is that the English music scene was ahead of Australia's two, even three years ago, never mind at present.

How can Dainty term new wave as "shit"? New wave and punk have been responsible for the emergence of all sorts of uninhibited new music styles, mainly from the UK, but also the States, and even Australian bands, which Dainty mentions, the Little River Band and AC/DC have remained in the same dull, repetitive rut for many years.

Mr Dainty has probably never heard of the new bands coming out of the UK at the moment, such as The Teardrop Explodes, Heaven 17, The Cure (not exactly new, but . . .) U2, Echo and The Bunnymen, to name but a few. Maybe none will ever reach superstardom (which is probably as well for everyone if the usual stale crap that superstar groups tend to come out with is anything to go by), but at least they help to inject fresh ideas and new life into the music scene. If every manager, promoter, etc had Dainty's attitudes, we'd still be listening to Oliva Newton-Bomb and John Revolta.

W. Alderson,
South Perth, WA

HAPPY CHAPPY

Top marks for your spread of Liz Chapman (September PLAYBOY). She would make any chappy happy; she's a real knockout. I notice, of course, that she's a Bananabender by adoption. The great state she's in explains that. Erotically yours, and keep up the good work.

R.L.D.,
Brisbane

Turn to page 116 for more of Liz. — Ed.

RALPH SARICH

Thank you for a really top interview with Ralph Sarich (November PLAYBOY), who has long been one of my heroes. It is men like him, who through sheer perseverance and dedication, restore my faith in the tenacity of the Australian inventor.

I sincerely hope Sarich is on the right track with his engine, because it would be nice to think that such a small nation as ours can produce another Henry Ford. We have the brains here.

Mark Johnston,
Beaumauris, Vic

BUTTON FREAK

Who cares about topless or nude bathing? I'm a navel man, and when summer comes around, I don't care whether girls remove their bikini tops or bottoms, because my focus is always on that centrally located button. There is nothing more erotic than a well-tanned girl sporting a tight pair of bikini briefs slung low beneath that little tummy dimple. All true-blue navel watchers know that the little pucker comes in different shapes and sizes, and next time you're plying your girl with sun oil, just watch the way it flows and settles in that cute little receptacle.

Jim Turner,
East Sydney, NSW

PLAYBOY welcomes all correspondence. However, we can only publish letters which contain the full name and address of the writer, plus a phone number where possible.

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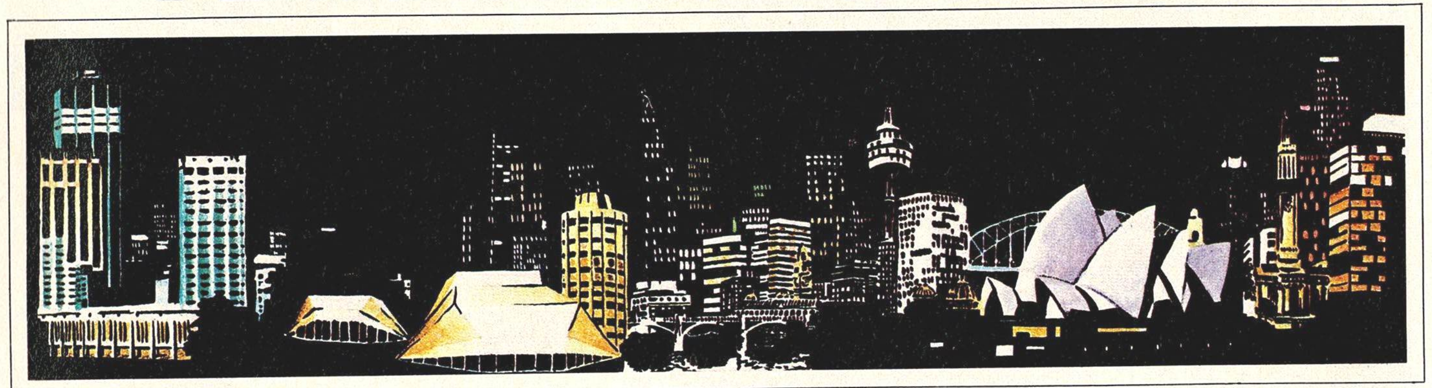
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

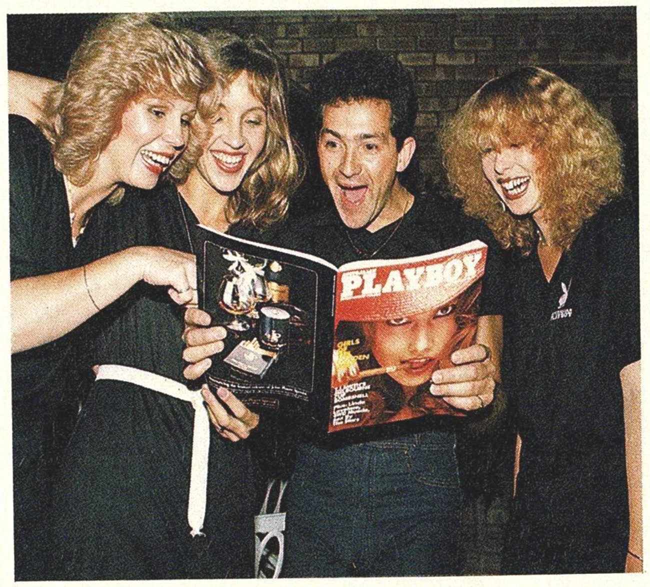


THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT

Some time ago, an edict went out from a major airline's head office to its staff to improve passenger relations, in particular for flight captains to involve themselves in keeping passengers entertained. Nobody took this more to heart than a certain Captain Thompson, a Scot. While other pilots confined themselves to a bit of bright patter over the p.a. system or chatting to the pretty girls down the aisle, Captain Thompson emerged from his cabin dressed in a kilt, strumming a ukelele and singing the old George Formby classic, *When I'm Cleaning Windows.* Another of his acts was to enter the aircraft on night flights after the passengers were seated, and tap his way up the aisle with a white stick and dark glasses. After the engines started, he would emerge from the cabin and grope his way around the door, pinning up a notice which read: "Blind flying tonight." Captain Bristow, the veddy British pilot who once featured in all of those upper-class, snooty cigarette television adverts, wouldn't be amused at all.

SUBTLE DIFFERENCE

The nuances in the English language as practised by our American cousins never fail to get a laugh. Belconnen (ACT) reader John Conn, just back from a US trip, reports being shocked in Port Everglades, Florida, to see a shop window displaying a sign declaring: "Anatomy of a root." Passing Americans could be excused for thinking Mr Conn had a foot fetish, because the object of his laughter turned out to be nothing more sexual than a cross section through a popular brand of walking shoe. We can't help thinking they wouldn't sell too well over here.



ISSI'S ENCORE

So much fuss was created in Perth because of our Girls of the Golden West spread (November) that Issi Dye went back to introduce the beautiful girls to the public and launch the exclusive issue.

The Foxy Lady Tavern played host to a great week of appearances by Issi and the girls which proved the popularity of the pictorial in the West. Thanks Jon and Bill.

Once again 6PM's Tony Murphy and 6PR's Wattsy and Martin spread the good word — it even coincided with the big WANFL grand final between Claremont and South Fremantle (Claremont won the premiership).

Iain Lansells, mine host at The Chateau Perth, got heaps about his photo with the lovely ladies in our story but still allowed Issi to stay at the Chateau again!

Special guests at the launch party included Normie Rowe, Ray Burgess, Tony Murphy, John Brunskill, Bob Maher, Brigette Kennedy and Donna, the "blonde bombshell".

Will one of the girls make a centrefold? West Australians certainly hope so — look at Jane Priest and Karen Pini! Pictured above with Issi checking out the November PLAYBOY at the Foxy Lady Tavern launch are from left, Paula Armitage, Laura Macleod and Dianne Boyd.

PIDGIN PROBLEM

Regular readers will be aware that PLAYBOY pays $25 for each joke submitted by a reader which we publish in our Party Jokes page. And we're quite flattered at the response — particularly the rapidity with which a new joke comes to us within days from all over the continent, with hardly a variation in the wording. Which might also explain why some readers think they're entitled to payment for a joke when they see it in our page, and the cheque isn't forthcoming — it simply means somebody else got in first. But we can't help thinking our offer to pay is a little confusing in Papua-New Guinea, because we are literally inundated each month with requests for copies of our "book of sexy jokes". If only they had offered to pay *us* the $25!

WONG WANG

And on the subject of the mails, reader Terry Buscombe, of Kilsyth, Victoria, sent us a cutting from the *Asia 2000* magazine which contains this curious and absorbing paragraph:

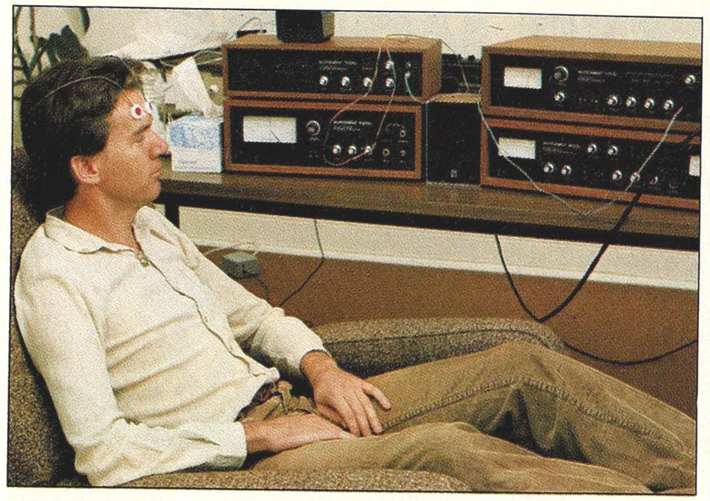
"A government district commission is now preparing software for its wang."

As Mr Buscombe says: "I guess when the knitting is finished, it will be a long, woolly thing, open at one end with a slightly enlarged section at the closed end. One hopes it may also have a zip for minimum exposure in the Chinese winter outdoors."

For those of you who aren't aware, the "wang" in this case is an IWP (Ideographic Word Processor), the brainchild of Wang Laboratories, of Lowell, Massachusetts, which has solved the daunting task of "memorising" 40,000 Chinese characters.

BIOFIX?

Getting hooked on something might sound a strange method for curing stress and anxiety ills, but that's the



A reader tastes the stress-relieving joy of Biofeedback.

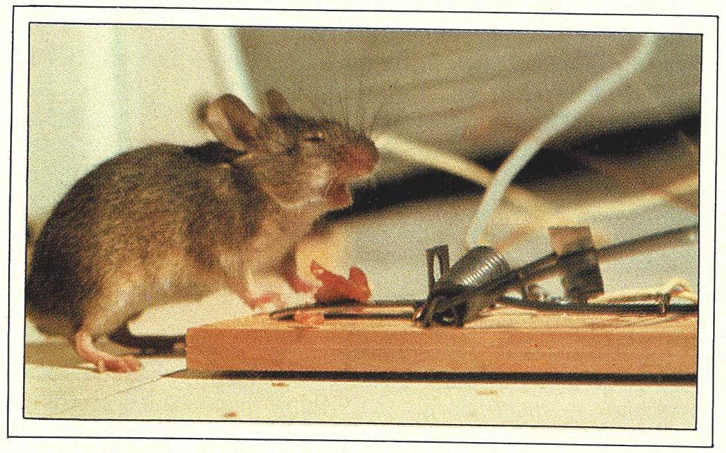
formula prescribed by some modern psychologists. The technique is called biofeedback, and involves the patient being "hooked" to a series of electronic instruments which monitor internal body functions and display the information to the individual. By being able to recognise his stress and anxiety signs as indicated by the instruments, the patient can learn techniques for controlling it. For instance, a temperature training device can make the patient aware of body temperature changes which might relate to migraine headaches, and can learn how to control temperature levels to alleviate most migraine-causing stress. Other techniques include a muscle relaxing method called electromyographic (EMG) training, and electrical skin resistance (ESR). David Gorovic, a psychologist from Sydney's Biofeedback and Stress Management Centre, says that the methods can be used to treat anxiety, depression, insomnia, phobias and hypertension. It can even be adapted to overcome sex problems. A vaginal probe can monitor muscle tension and help women to restore muscle strength depleted by childbirth. Experiments indicate that a monitoring device can school women with orgasm problems to direct more blood to the genitals, thus increasing the sensitivity of the area and improving the chances of orgasm occurring. Anxiety and its effect on the impotence rate is a special target of the biofeedback program, with success being achieved when the patient learns to relax voluntarily. *Vaginismus,* that affliction caused by the locking of the vaginal muscles, is another anxiety-related illness which might also be cured by biofeedback.

FOUL PLAY

For all film buffs, a must is the up-coming publication of *Cluck! The True Story of Chickens in the Cinema* (Virgin Books). This latest addition to the literature of the cinema is the work of two young American critics, Jon-Stephen Fink and Mieke van der Linden, who list the various films in which chooks have appeared, and evaluate their significance. Individual movies are given ratings ranging from one chicken symbol (elementary incident) to four chickens (important contribution to the plot), though it is not the mere appearance of a chook in a film that gives the movie chicken appeal, explain the authors, rather the degree of the symbolic involvement. Thus, the appearance of a chicken in a primitive ritual in *Apocalypse Now* (Michael Cimino, 1979) has not the same thematic weight as the chicken bedroom scene in *Ma and Pa Kettle at Home* (James Coffy, 1954). The volume reveals for the first time the existence in the higher echelons of the American film industry of a shadowy organisation known only as "the council", which promotes the inclusion of chicken scenes in movies. The authors end their treatise by suggesting that cinema-goers should shout "cluck!" when a chook appears on the screen in recognition of the contribution of the chicken's place in the varied history of the modern American cinema.

THE END

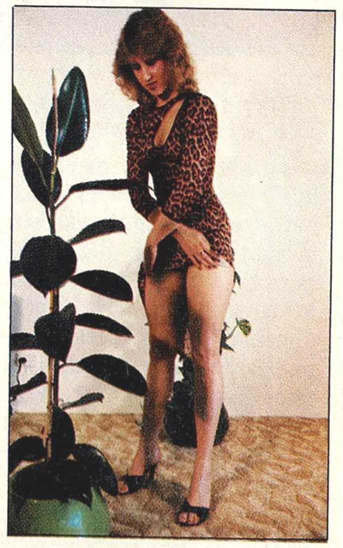
This is the story of the mouse that didn't quite make it, and of the picture that did. The mouse finally got his comeuppance after making life hell for some weeks for reader Doug McNaughton, of Lockleys, SA, who almost lost several fingers in the process of rigging his Nikon to the trap for the graphic picture on this page. After three unsuccessful attempts resulted only in one fatter mouse, Doug resorted to two traps — the first lightly baited with the mouse's favorite nibble (stilton), the second more heavily baited and wired to his new macro lens. The plan was that trap No 1 would lull the midnight raider into a false sense of security, and trap No 2 would do the trick. And that's exactly the way it panned out. Judging from the look of sheer surprise on the mouse's face, Doug's plan was perfection itself — for him!

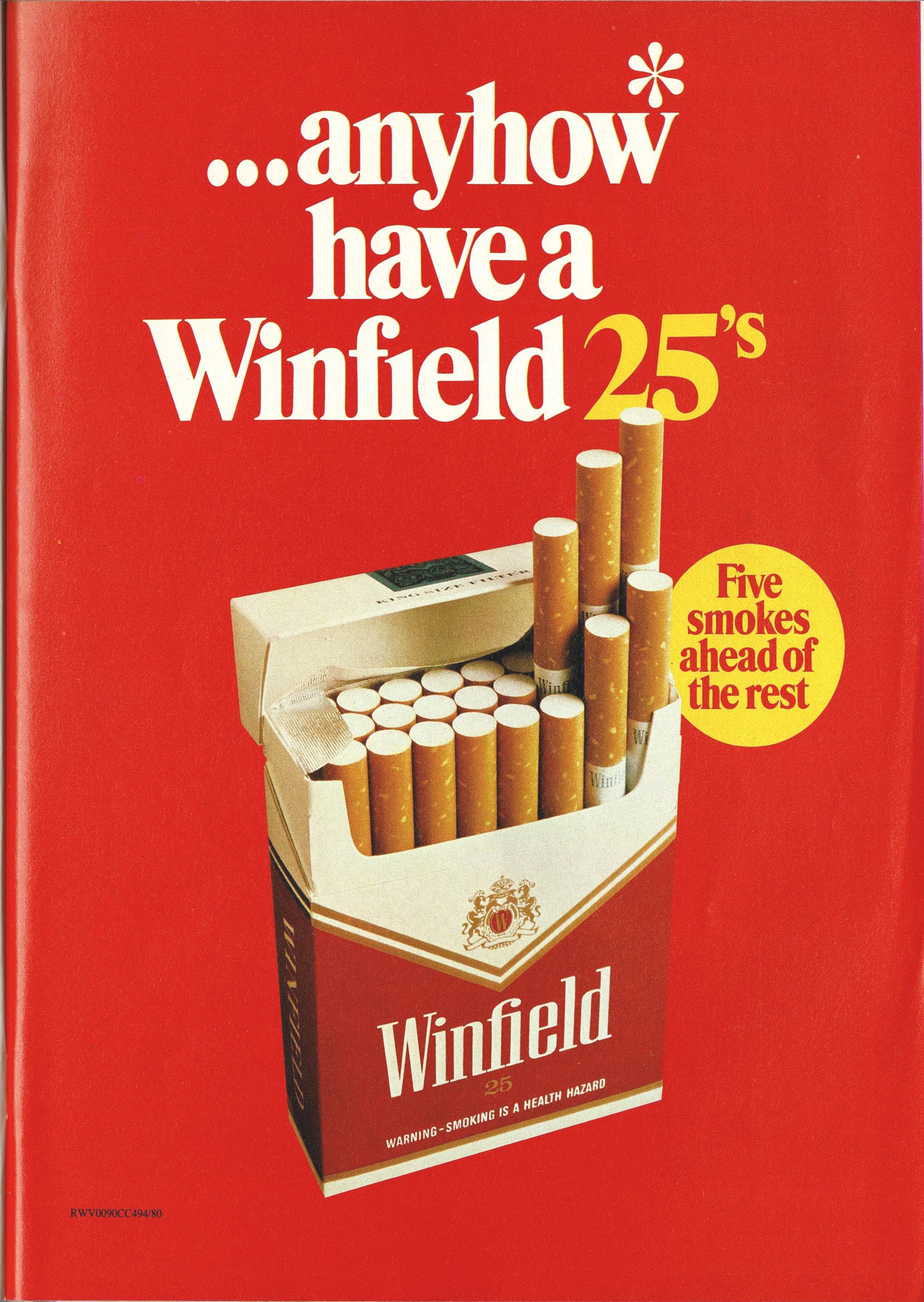


The end is nigh for this midnight visitor to kitchens.

PHOTO STRIP

In the November issue of PLAYBOY we introduced the Photo Strip. This issue's girl is Julie Dale, who hails from Northgate in Queensland. A girl with big things ahead of her in life.



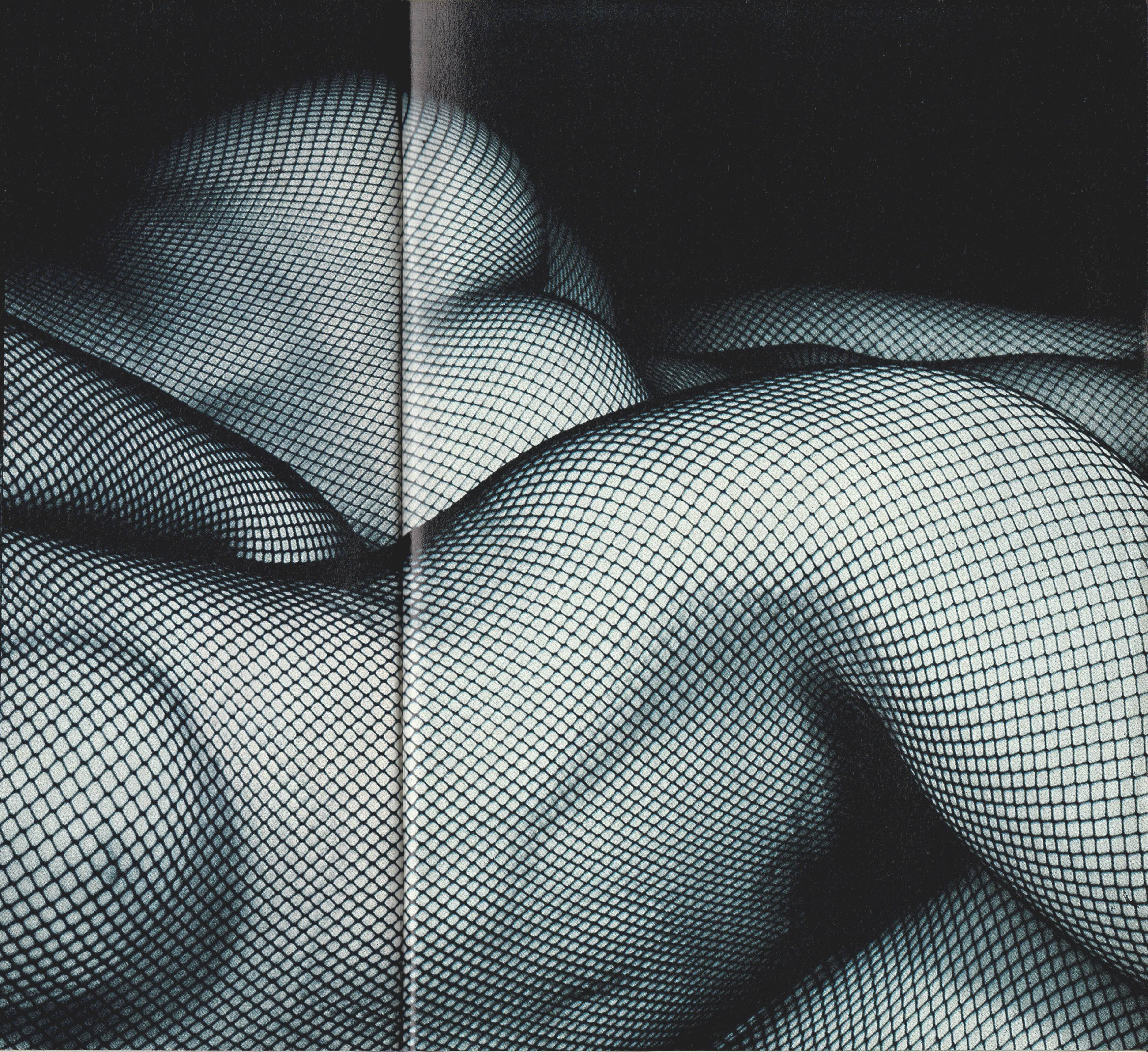


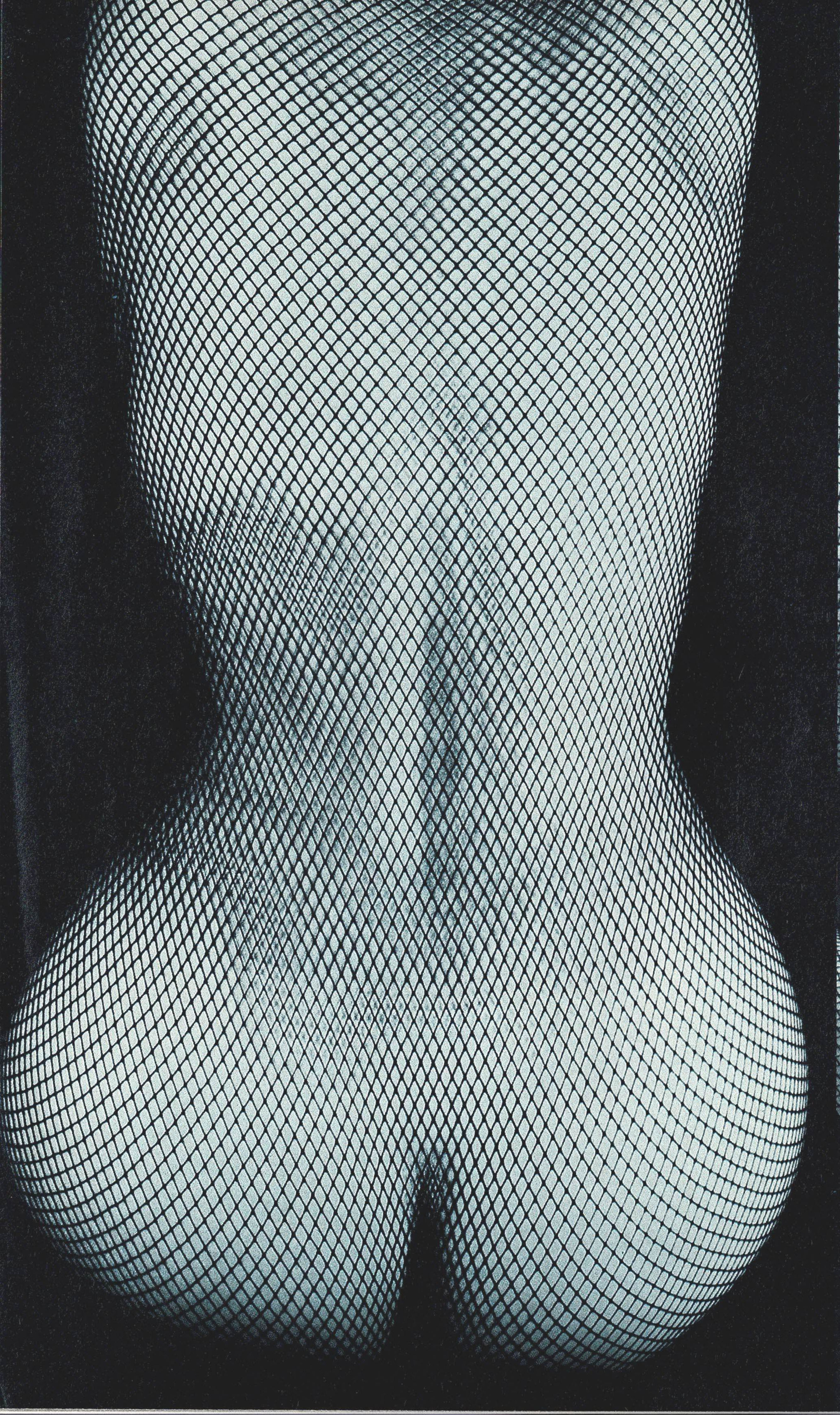
WORLD OF PLAYBOY

Christmas Stockings

Time for a harmless bit of fantasy. Every kid dreams of what Santa is going to bring him in his Christmas stocking. Well, for all of you PLAYBOY readers out there, here is our contribution to the Yuletide fun . . .

Photography by Ernst Lurker





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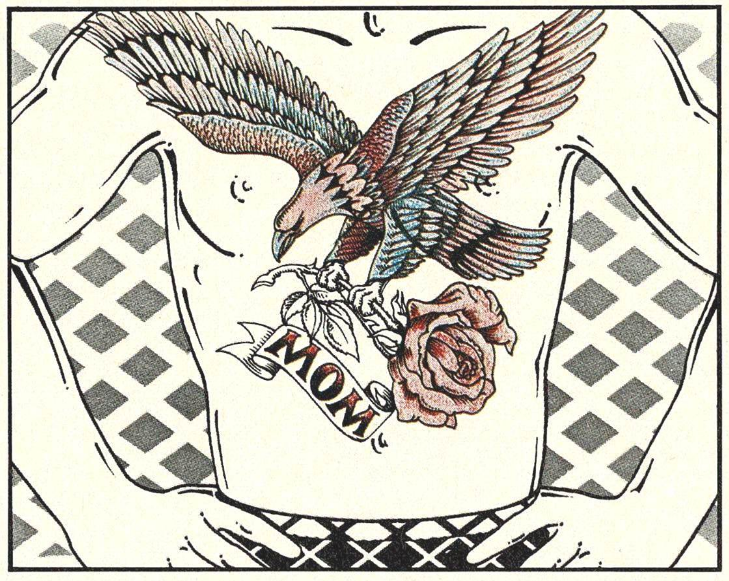
THE PLAYBOY ADVISER

I am 20, and until recently I had a girlfriend. When she was around, I was having sex two or three times a day. Now that she has gone, I find myself waking up at 3am desperately wanting sex. Worrying about it is making things more difficult, because when I meet a woman, all I can think about is sex, and I can't find anything to talk about. I suppose the best cure would be to find another girlfriend, but meanwhile, can you tell me some way of feeling less horny when I don't want to be? — T.B., NSW.

Most people have to adjust to periods of celibacy at some time in their lives, but with some luck and perseverance, the condition needn't continue for too long. It can be particularly hard to cope with after a period of intensive and highly satisfying sex. The shock can be great indeed, and the victim suffers what might be called withdrawal symptoms. Constantly thinking about the problem is bound to make it worse, and while being told to try thinking less about sex may seem like useless advice when sex is the only thing on your mind, it's remarkable how much control you can achieve if you really try. Certainly, your chances of finding another woman will be much greater if you can avoid coming across as a sex-crazed maniac. You'll still sometimes find yourself waking up at three in the morning desperate for sex, but then, you may at least learn to go back to sleep again.

I notice tattooing has made a bit of a comeback under the influence of the many rock and rollers who sport designs. I've always fancied having a tattoo, but my girlfriend is dead against the idea. Are there any reasons why tattooing might lose its popularity among men in the near future? — D.R., NSW.

It's certain that tattooing will drift in and out of style, as it has in the past. What you must remember is that it is still extremely difficult to have a tattoo removed without pain and the risk of scarring. Unlike rings, hairstyles and jewellery, you can't change your tattoos as fashions alter. If you can handle those problems of permanence and still insist on being tattooed, choose a reputable craftsman in the field. In recent times, cases of hepatitis from infected needles have been reported, and some researchers suggest there might be a link between skin cancer and infections caused by tattooing. If you're still in doubt, why not try some sophisticated skin decals or body art in removable inks? That way you'll still have the luxury of being able to remove them at will.



I'm wondering whether you could advise me how to locate two books — one is called *How to Pick up Girls*, the other *How to make Love to a Single Girl*. I have my eye on a certain girl, and feel they may help me push her boyfriend aside. The address of a shop which would have these books, and the approximate price, would be greatly appreciated — S.D., Qld.

Both books are available from bigger bookshops in the major cities and, being paperbacks, cost only a few dollars, but we wouldn't advise you to waste your time and money on them. Books which attempt to improve the reader's success with women rarely have much to offer. They provide clever, seductive lines to use in various situations, but few have anything to do with real life. Also, they assume that women behave like characters out of B-grade movies, which very few do. Your idea of pushing this girl's boyfriend aside through the use of techniques learned from books is only likely to end up making you feel foolish and embarrassed. If anything is going to happen between the two of you, it will do so because you have something to offer each other, and because the time is right. If it doesn't, don't get lost in daydreams. You had better start looking elsewhere, rather than waste your time.

I like the idea of owning a turbo-charged motorbike, and I am trying to figure out the best way of going about getting one, so I'd appreciate your advice. The bike would be something right out of the ordinary, as well as having great performance. I've seen a couple of turbo-charger kits advertised in bike magazines, and thought of getting one and fitting it to something like a Kawasaki 650 or Honda 500 4-cylinder. Do these kits work well, and are they easy to fit? Also, is it likely that if I wait a bit longer, one of the bike manufacturers will introduce a bike already fitted with a turbo and save me the trouble? — A.K., SA.

Those kits you've seen advertised appear to be easy enough to fit, and give great performance when in tune, but keeping them that way is the problem. No matter how well made, amateur fitted turbo-chargers tend to be extremely temperamental, and could easily end up driving you crazy. Those manufacturers who have successfully introduced turbo-charged production cars have been able to do so only after long development programs costing many millions of dollars, and the same will be necessary to produce a reliable turbo-charged bike. There have been rumors for some time that Honda are working on a turbo-charged version of their 500cc V-twin, and if you're really keen to own a turbo, it's probably worth waiting for this, rather than trying to put one together yourself. And you'll save money.

I am 60 and a bachelor — though not by choice. I find it impossible just to approach women because of a sexual problem. For a long time, I had a very tight foreskin which would not withdraw fully, and as a result, an erection was painful, and intercourse virtually impossible. For many years, my only sexual outlet was masturbation. Eventually, I had a complete circumcision, and cursed myself for not having it done years ago. Sadly, however, it hasn't improved my relations with women, because I am still too shy. I have had to turn to prostitutes, and find I am not shy with them. The main trouble now is that I have great difficulty reaching a climax, and can only achieve it by extremely fast and vigorous movements, which of course I can only maintain for short periods. Often, this fails, leaving me exhausted as well as frustrated. My doctor wasn't much help, but suggested I take a trip to the Philippines, and spend a week with one of the local girls. He told me Asian women have a completely different attitude to matters of sex, and the experience could help me psychologically. However, finances have prevented this so far. During my most recent encounter with a prostitute, she suggested the problem was caused by my long period of masturbation, as the hand provides much more friction than the vagina, and I'd become used to it. If she's right, what is the solution? I sometimes wonder also whether my penis lost a lot of its sensitivity with the removal of the foreskin, but if that's true, I can't see any solution. What do you suggest? — L.F., Qld.

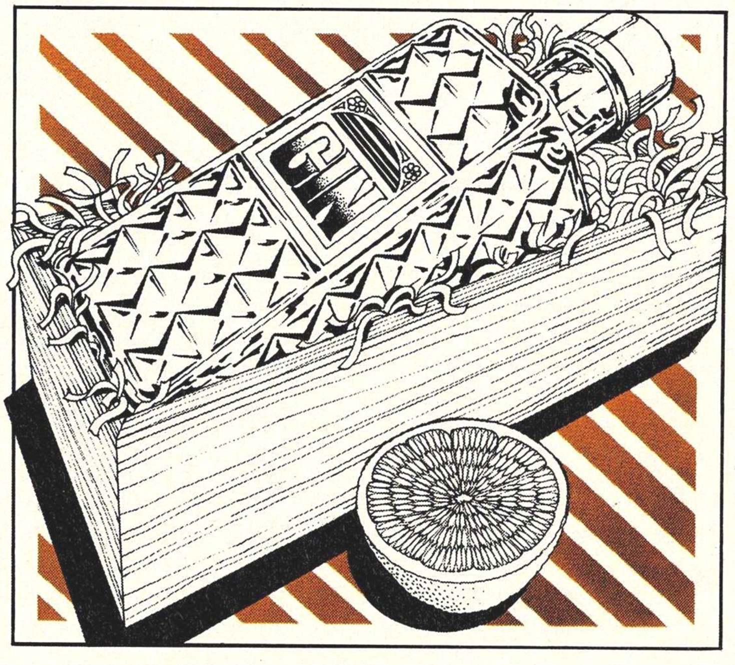
There is likely to be no instant solution to your problem but with a change of approach and a lot of patience, some gradual improvement could well be possible. With your past sex life being as it was, you may be feeling a need to make up for all those lost years. That urgency, however, will only make the situation worse if you allow it to obsess you. Each sexual encounter should be regarded as something to be enjoyed for its own sake, rather than as an obstacle to be overcome. While there may be some problems of physical sensitivity (and only further medical examination could determine that), it is probable that you expect to have difficulty reaching orgasm, and therefore try too hard. The resulting tension is bound to tie you up and limit your enjoyment. So taking things slower may help, though, of course, the best answer would be a sympathetic partner. It is still possible for you to find such a person, but it won't happen unless you can learn to stop regarding women as a sexual device for your use, and actually start enjoying being with them.

Recently, my girlfriend and I were reading a skin book which contained pictures of males with no pubic hair. Whether the hair had been shaved, or these blokes were just naturally bald in that region, I do not know. What has arisen is that my girlfriend would now like to see me minus my pubic hair. I don't have anything against shaving it off, but I am wondering about it from a health point of view. Can you tell me why we have pubic hair and what the effects would be of shaving it off? — P.S. Vic.

The groin being a fairly sweaty, not to say pungent, area of the body, it is necessary that it be covered in hair to take moisture away from the skin. If you remove your pubic hair, you'll find yourself prone to all kinds of skin rashes, specially when the weather is warm. You could also find, in the early stages of re-growth, that it becomes incredibly itchy.

In the many hours spent leaning on the bars of my favorite drinking haunts, I have had plenty of time to study the size and shape of the different spirit bottles on display. I can understand why there is some sales appeal in bottle shape, but I can't figure out why gin bottles are mainly square. Any clues? — D.S., Qld.

The drinker of 18th century England was so fond of his gin that the product could be bought in draught form from his favorite slops house, or dispensed from barrels in the street. This was all a bit too coarse for the true connoisseur, who preferred to have his gin shipped for home delivery in discreet wooden boxes. For packing convenience, the bottles were made square with very short necks to fit the boxes. Since then, the shape has been retained.



I am 42, and I have a normal sex life except for one thing — I have a fancy for women's high-heeled shoes, and they make me want to have sex with anybody who is around, especially when I've had a few drinks. Do you know why this is? — M.L.T., NSW.

The shoe fetish is more common than many people think, and is usually quite harmless. Theories abound as to why shoes sometimes produce the arousal they do, but one analyst has suggested that the empty shoe symbolises the vagina, with the foot standing in for the penis. A less dramatic interpretation is that an open-toed or sling-back woman's shoe simply gives a sensual, undressed impression, and makes the viewer think of the whole body in an unclad state.

A few months ago, I was going with a girl, but we could never get along. So we broke up but now we get along really well. Is this an indication that she finds me hard to get close to, or is it that I'm not romantic enough for her? — H.D., Vic.

It's often the case that people who are unsuited as lovers end up as quite good friends. If your sexual relationship was unstable, there would have been constant tension between you, as you each tried to anticipate what was going to happen next. That tension would have prevented you from properly getting to know each other, and from finding areas of common ground. So with that sexual anxiety gone, you have probably now begun to find other reasons to like each other.

My problem is a constant blush. My face reddens very easily from slight embarrassment or any physical activity, including all the things I love doing, like running, tennis, dancing, etc. My natural skin tone on my cheeks is slightly reddish, but the blush I refer to is very bright and remains for a long period after I have finished exercising. Can anything be done about it medically or any other way? Any advice? — B.O., Tas.

Your problem could have a number of possible causes, and the first thing we would suggest you do is seek medical advice. If it proves your tendency to blush is linked to a specific problem of circulation or blood pressure, your doctor will be the best person to provide a solution. On the other hand, if he can find no physical cause, there may be ways in which you can work to find more control over the way in which your feelings register on your face. To do so, it will be necessary, for you to achieve a certain tranquillity, so that while a new and embarrassing situation will still register, it will not overwhelm you. People have obtained good results by using various techniques of applied relaxation.

There seem to be so many ways of achieving physical fitness, through jogging, weight training, yoga, etc, but what ever happened to isometric exercises? A friend of mine told me they were no longer used because more modern, scientific methods of training had replaced them. Is this true? — W.D. NSW.

Isometrics are still used, though they are no longer regarded as the miracle exercise they once were. As a means of maintaining reasonable muscle tone, they are quite effective. They also have the advantage of requiring relatively little time each day, and no expensive equipment. Force is simply exerted against an immovable object, or one muscle pitted against another. However, they are not effective in increasing any cardio-vascular endurance where activities like jogging or swimming have the advantage, nor can they produce a significant increase in strength the way weight training can. But performed in conjunction with another sport, they can still be very useful.

The Playboy Adviser *will answer all reasonable questions about your lifestyle, pub arguments, hangups or fantasies. Send them to* Playboy Adviser, *Box 746 Darlinghurst, NSW 2010.*

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

EXTRA SEX

It's unfortunate that not enough research has been devoted to adultery and why so many people feel compelled to involve themselves in extra-marital sex. There is a genuine misunderstanding of the concept that there are men and women whose desire for new sexual experiences is so strong that they will risk home, marriage and often family happiness just to gain the satisfaction.

If we could come to grips with that realisation instead of sweeping it out of sight, perhaps we could find a way to rationalise adultery and remove much of the stigma. Currently, our conditioning leaves us wide open to decimated egos, emotional instability and often a desire for revenge if we find that a partner has been unfaithful. The unspoken lie of marriage is that it provides security of the emotional and the material kind. Too many marriage counsellors will attest to the fact that it is the false expectations of marriage which make it hard for people to come to grips with the reality of adultery. The sooner we stop portraying adultery as a terrible disease, the better life will be for those who are forced to view their own sex lives as a handicap that has to be endured.

Ms L.F.,
Croydon, NSW.

HORSE TALK

I'm a New Zealander and a horse fancier in that order and as much as I've admired the Australian racing game, I still can't fathom the folly of flogging the life out of young horses at the expense of what they might have been able to produce later on. I might be wrong but I relate strongly to that school of thought which suspects that the T.J. Smith success story has much to do with the situation. It is in Sydney — TJ's headquarters — that the prizemoney emphasis is greatest on the two-year-old end of the scale. I doubt if any other racing centre in the world would have such a disproportionate slice of the stakes weighted on the immature and inexperienced. In TJ Sinks The Slipper Into The Cup (PLAYBOY, November), your writer Russell Deiley draws a case which suggests that racing itself has become just an incidental sideshow to the higher art of breeding. It is correct to state that the young sprinters make better stud prospects but one must weigh this against TJ's woeful record as a trainer of stayers. After all, among those thousands of winners he (and his excellent staff) has led from his stables, there is still only one winner of the Melbourne Cup.

K. McLeod,
Earlwood, NSW.

NOBLE CAUSE

Great to hear that Ralph Sarich is alive and still challenging the internal combustion monopolies. Now that the raw idealism has been stripped from Sarich's noble cause to protect the engine's Australian identity, it is still refreshing to note that the man has not sold out. Few would be in a better position to determine whether the "great plot" theory of big companies buying a product purely to suppress it really occurs; Sarich has confirmed it does, and further tarnished the big corporate image. With a giant US-based medicinal group recently losing a US law suit over product suppression, perhaps there is a new sense of morality afoot out in the market place. We can at least live in hope and keep an eye on the endeavors of individuals like Ralph Sarich.

N. Plant,
Launceston, Tas.

HEROIN TRADE

The public response to the recent apprehension of a few big heroin fish suggests that our law enforcement agencies might be more interested in their public image than the real task of catching culprits and stemming the import flow. The simple facts about the heroin trade in Australia are that it cannot operate without some measure of support from corrupt individuals in the police agencies or customs departments; and that profitability is so handsome that as soon as one runner is caught, his place is immediately taken by another. All the police really achieve is to take a lower or middle order supplier out of the market and thereby succeed only in jacking up the street price of dope by virtue of heightening the risk of detection. Almost every addict has heard the standard answer when querying a price hike: "Your last man got caught, therefore you've got to pay for the risks." The lure of heroin profit appeals not only to the get-rich-quick small investor who might have made a quick $50,000 stake by dealing in grass, but also to the no-questions-asked big business investor. These are the people who fit the imagined Mr Big profile and the desire is not to get their hands soiled on the way to reaping huge profits. The reason why so many people do see the narcotics police as a sad joke is because informed speculation on just who has done well out of the heroin trade repeatedly unearths the same names. Many are a prominent figure in public life or the business world, advancing the theory that position can guarantee them immunity.

N.V.,
St Kilda, Vic.

ATHLETIC EQUALITY

I've never been able to determine why the debate on the merits of athletes screwing the night before an event has been confined almost exclusively to men. Perhaps people tend to forget that there are female athletes too, and, providing everything is in functioning order, they are just as capable of performing sex before competing. The question cuts even deeper considering the desperate emphasis placed on securing separate lodgings for Olympic competitors of a decade or so ago. The object here was to keep the male and female athletes out of each other's beds. When you have fit young people trained to express themselves in a physical fashion, you are bound to find an abnormally high level of sexual electricity.

I must commend those leading women athletes such as Dawn Fraser and Raelene Boyle who have been mature enough to admit that the sexual drive of the girl competitor has been known to outstrip official efforts to suppress or confine it. With a strong core of women athletes due to assemble for the Commonwealth Games in Brisbane, it will be interesting to observe whether the 1982 approach to the reality of sexual activity in the Games village is any more progressive than the appalling record of previous years.

Ms L.J.,
Woy Woy, NSW.

SCHOOL GUIDANCE

If we thought the question of sex education in schools had been solved years ago, the emergence of ultra-conservatism in sexual matters has thrown the issue wide open. I've noticed that those who say sex education belongs in the home are least likely to provide it there. I was the product of a prudish upbringing and had little genuine sexual knowledge when I became engaged.

My girl looked to me for guidance and, sadly, I hardly had a clue. We struggled through the first two years of our marriage in what was a painful period of sexual readjustment. That ignorance almost cost us our marriage and I know that if we had received proper sexual guidance from school, we would not have suffered so much as newly marrieds.

I'm convinced that many sex-related problems are compounded or even caused by ignorance. The subject is just too sensitive to ignore or be left in the hands of misguided parents. I know when my kids reach high school age, I'll be looking for an institution which offers them a healthy grounding in sexual education for the future.

T.Y.,
Frankston, Vic.

SERVICE COMPRIS

In the interests of that once great Aussie tradition of not tipping for services not rendered I offer my guide on how to handle uppity headwaiters. This guide will prove handy to the amateur restaurant goer who can't reconcile the fact the he has been shaken down for half of his past week's earnings for the dubious pleasure of being poisoned, terrorised and generally treated like mud. As most restaurants try to claim national immunity under the guise of one flag or other, then let's dissect them.

French: You might find the average French restaurant serviced by anyone from a Greek chef to a Lebanese headwaiter. But to outfox the genuine Frenchman, be arrogant, petty and mean. Scoff at the dishes on offer using terminology he is unlikely to understand — "I hear your lamb has cerebral palsy." They will expect you to tip so make sure to underpay and leave before the waiter has a chance to return for the rest.

Chinese: Claim they have given you the wrong bill and accuse them of trying to slip in one from another table. This ploy often works, especially when you remind the Cantonese waiter that all those Caucasians probably look the same to him.

Italian: Surround yourself with pretty women and make a great show of kissing and petting. This will either inflame the Italian headwaiter so much that he just might order you to leave (without paying). Alternatively, he might be a film buff (like so many of his countrymen) and automatically assume you're a star, and not bother charging. The third possibility is that his Latin libido will run so close to boiling that he will give you a meal on the house in the hope that you will return with the girls.

Greek: Ask the headwaiter if the chef received your postcard from Paros. Claim that it included a local recipe for a dish you have chosen. When it comes time to pay, tell the headwaiter that your meal fell terribly short of the one you had enjoyed in Greece.

As for the rest, you can devise your own rules. But remember, some of the small family concerns where the guest is warmly and sincerely *bienvenue* don't warrant his sort of treatment. Use your discretion and with a bit of organised anarchy we might all get some value for our restaurant dollar.

E.T.,
Fitzroy, Vic.

RETRIBUTION

Retribution as an alternative to imprisonment is a form of punishment our courts should seriously consider. The Commonwealth Commissioner of Police, Sir Colin Woods, is one leading enforcement officer in favor of the idea and I would like to see others follow his lead. Our overcrowded jails hold their share of offenders whose crimes or personalities make imprisonment an exercise in futility. The obvious forms of retribution are those which involve the offender performing a public service such as firebreak clearing on weekends, or helping the aged and needy. The work could help the offender realise his public responsibility and so better equip him to handle society. Too many prisoners leave jail scarred and embittered by an environment in which reform rates very low on the priority list. Worse still, many first-time or casual offenders are directed into areas of heavier crime by their contact with hardened criminals. Society must realise that when a man goes to jail, even for a very short term, he is not only deprived of his freedom but his family has to live with the shame. When that man is released, his problems of readjustment are immense and his employment chances low. Courts must take the attitude that any sentence must serve more good than harm, often not the case now.

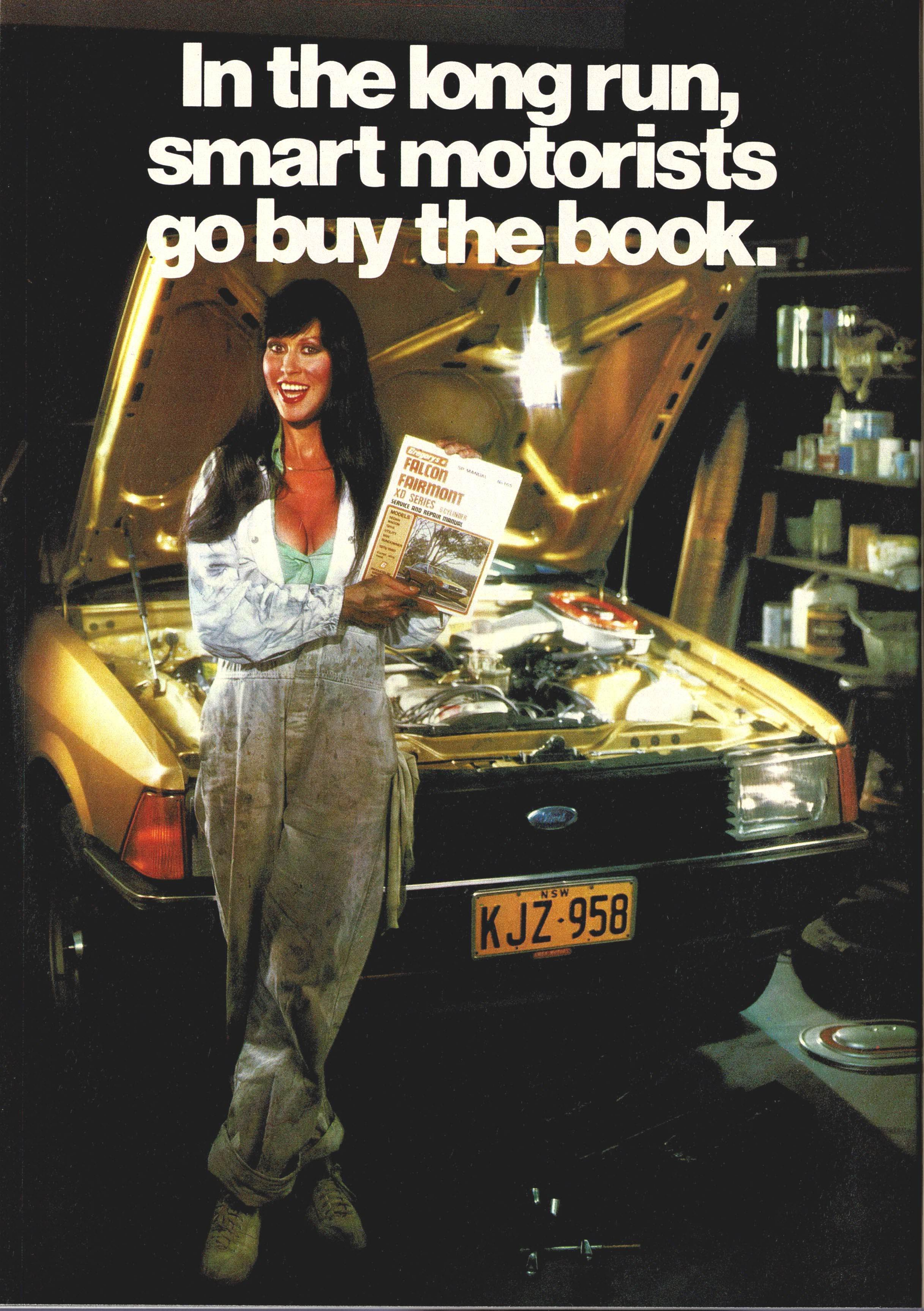
T.B.,
Kensington, Vic.

PREMIER RACE

Take a bow, Ray Alexander. The Australian Jockey Club staffer has got some guts to question the status of the Melbourne Cup and I thought his nomination of the AJC Derby as Australia's premier race (PLAYBOY, November) was really just spot on.

The distance of 2400 metres and the switch to autumn is a move which will encourage trainers from both the sprinting and staying schools of thought to nominate. It is perhaps the only race on the calendar which can provide a test of comparison with local horses and those competing abroad in such classics as the English Derby. The mile and a half is regarded as the true classic distance and I've always thought it a shame to follow the fortunes of such greats as Tobin Bronze and Gunsynd over the 3200 metres handicap that is known as the Melbourne Cup.

S.V.Ry.,
Glenelg, SA.



Check the list and find your car.

MOTOR VEHICLES	Book No.
AUSTIN	
1800 MKI, MKII (1965-70)	66
CHRYSLER	
Centura KB, KC 6 cyl. (1975-79)†	300†
Chrysler CJ-CK 6 cyl. (1973-77)	157
Galant GA, GB (1971-74)	05
Galant GC, GD (1974-78)	17
Lancer LA, LB (1974-79)	162
Sigma GE 1600-1850-2000-2600 (1978-80)	116A
Sigma GH 1600-2000-2600 (1980-81)*	189*
Valiant R, S, AP5, AP6, VC, VE, VF 6 cyl. (1962-70)	78
Valiant AP6, VC, VE, VF 8 cyl. (1965-70)	69
Valiant VG, VH 6 cyl. (1970-73)	52
Valiant VJ, VK, 6 cyl. (1973-77)	157
Valiant CL-CM 6 cyl. (1976-81)*	192*
DATSUN	
1000, 1200 (1967-74)	87
120Y (1974-June 76)	111
Sunny 1200-1400-1500 (1979-81)*	195*
1300, 1600 (1968-72)	88
160B, 180B (1972-77)	110
200B (1978-79)	175
Skyline (1978-80)†	301†
240 K (1973-78)†	302†
FORD	
Capri 1600 (1969-74)	82
Consul/Zephyr MKII (1956-62)	08
Cortina MKI, MKII (1962-71)	68
Cortina TC 4 cyl. (1971-74)	60
Cortina TC 6 cyl. (1972-74)	59
Cortina TE 4 cyl. (1977-78)	158
Cortina TE 6 cyl. (1977-79)	180
Escort MKI (1970-75)	81
Escort MKII (1975-76)	20
Escort BC (1977-81)	125
Falcon XK, XL, XM, XP, XR, XT, XW, 6 cyl. (1960-70)	62
Falcon/Fairlane XR, XT, XW, XY, ZD 8 cyl. (1966-72)	154
Falcon/Fairlane XY, XA, XB, ZD, ZF, ZG 6 cyl. (1970-76)	155
Falcon/Fairlane XA, XB, ZF, ZG, 8 cyl. (1972-76)	156
Falcon XC 6 cyl. (1976-79)	160
Falcon XC 8 cyl. (1976-79)	179
Falcon XD 6 cyl. except alloy head. (1979-80)	165
Falcon XD 8 cyl. (1979-80)	126
Fairlane ZH (1976-79)†	303†
HILLMAN	
Hunter, Arrow HB, HC (1967-70)	79
Imp (1964-70)	38
HOLDEN	
Commodore VB 6 cyl. (1978-80)	117
Commodore VB 8 cyl. (1978-80)	124
Commodore VC 6 cyl. (1980-81)	183
Commodore VC 4 cyl. (1980-81)*	185*
Gemini TX (1975-June 76)	113
Gemini TC, TD (1977-79)	118
Gemini TE (1980-81)	190
Holden FX, FJ, FE, FC, FB, EK, EJ, EH, HD, HR (1948-68)	67
Holden HK, HT, HG 6 cyl. (1968-71)	86
Holden HK, HT, HG 8 cyl. (1968-71)	85
Holden HQ, HJ 6 cyl. (1971-76)	146
Holden HQ, HJ 8 cyl. (1971-76)	147
Holden HX, HZ 6 cyl. (1976-80)	177
Holden HX, HZ 8 cyl. (1976-80)	178
Sunbird UC 4 cyl. (1978-80)	150
Torana/Sunbird 4 cyl. LH, LX (1974-78)	16
Torana HB (1967-69)	72
Torana LC, LJ, TA 1159, 1256 (1969-75)	56
Torana LC, LJ, TA 1600, 1760 (1971-75)	145
Torana LC, LJ 6 cyl. (1969-74)	84
Torana LH, LX 6 cyl. (1974-78)	58
Torana UC 6 cyl. (1978-79)	115
HONDA	
Civic Automatic (1973)	139
Civic Manual (1973)	140
JAGUAR	
Jaguar MKVII, MKVIII, MKIX, XK120, XK140, XK150 (1949-61)	21
Jaguar MKI, MKII (1956-61)	22
Jaguar E Type (1962-69)	77
LEYLAND/MORRIS	
Marina 4 cyl. 1500-1750 OHC (1972-75)	03
Mini (1971-78)	02
Mini (except Club-man) 1961-71)	64
Morris 8E, 10M, Minor MM-II (1939-56)	119
Morris Minor 1000 (1957-61)	24
Morris 1100 (1964-69)	65
P76 6 cyl. (1973-74)	141
P76 8 cyl. (1973-74)	04
MG	
MG TC-TD-TF-MGA MGB (1946-69)	70
MAZDA	
1000, 1300 (1967-73)	92
1500, 1800 (1967-73)	90
Capella 1600 (1970-73)	89
Rotary R100, RX2 (1969-74)	91
626 (1978-80)	181
323 (1977-80)	182
RENAULT	
Renault 12 (1975-76)	32
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Playboy Interview HENRY FONDA

at his twelfth hour, "young mr lincoln" warns of the approaching days of wrath

THE symbols in his Hollywood home signify illness, recuperation, activity and creativity. There is a full-time male nurse watching him as he slowly moves with the aid of a walker from one room to another. A hospital-bed has been installed in a small room off the kitchen.

Large cylindrical tanks of oxygen are delivered regularly to fit in a corner of a bedroom. In yet another room, a new painting of a rumpled denim jacket hanging over a chair awaits his finishing touches. A half-read biography of Thomas Jefferson is on a night table. On the dining room table, 350 prints of several of his drawings lie waiting to be picked up and sent to a gallery in New York for his first art show. And in the Galleria Room his paintings, drawings and watercolors line the walls: still lifes of fruit, a scene from the set of one of his western films, a London rooftop, an oil of a potted geranium plant on a chair, and folksy drawings which reveal the American Midwesterner: a pitchfork and horse bridle, three hats, work shoes, a Levi's jacket on a pole.

And then there is this: a drawing of a book opened to page 312. Resting on the top half of this page is a magnifying glass which highlights the last paragraph of Chapter 22. The words, all carefully printed in a hand that knows something of calligraphy, are these:

"And the companies, the banks worked at their own doom and they did not know it. The fields were fruitful and starving men moved on the roads. The great companies did not know that the line between hunger and anger is a thin line. And money that might have gone to wages went for gas, for guns, for agents and spies. On the highways the people moved like ants and searched for work, for food. And the anger began to ferment."

Below the magnifying glass, the words, much smaller in size, more difficult to draw, all still remarkably readable, continue: "It was late when Tom Joad drove along the road looking for the Weedpatch camp . . ." It is a page from John Steinbeck's The Grapes of Wrath, *and the artist is the man who brought Tom Joad to life in a 1940 film.*

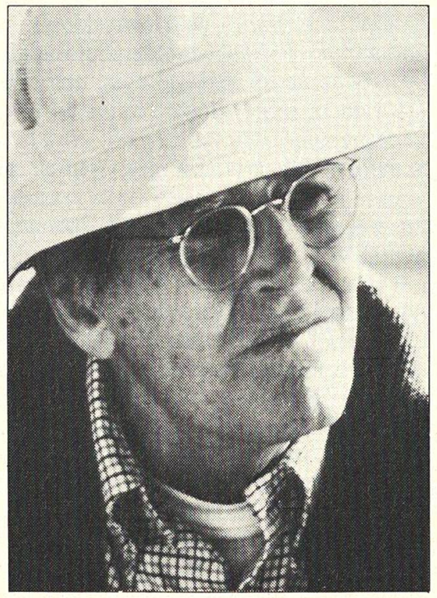
It was the twenty-first motion picture of Henry Fonda's career, a career that has spanned six decades, included more than 90 films, dozens of plays, two TV series, and two children who have followed his path to acting fame and fortune.

Of all the plays and films he has made, it is The Grapes of Wrath *for which he is most remembered. Tom Joad is a good, kind, decent, upright young man who believed in a better life and who drove his family out West to find it. In the end, he becomes a fugitive, a man on the run, someone who will always be out there, living as the conscience for a country: "I'll be all around in the dark — I'll be everywhere," he tells his Ma before he leaves. "Wherever there's a fight so hungry people can eat, I'll be there. Wherever there's a cop beating up a guy — I'll be there . . ." It's a speech many Americans know, whether they've read Steinbeck's book or not, because it's how John Ford ended the movie, and how Fonda left his stamp upon a character and a time.*

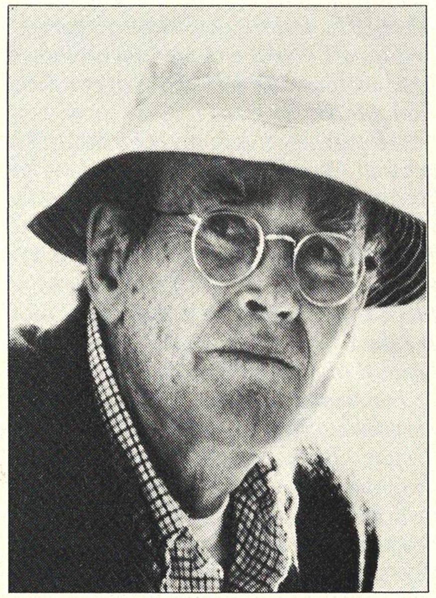
The role wasn't a surprise to critics and fans, who had seen what he could do in films like Fritz Lang's You Only Live Once, *William Wyler's* Jezebel, *and John Ford's* Drums Along The Mohawk. *It merely confirmed the fact that Henry Fonda was more than just a leading man — which he was from the very first film he made — but a performer of very high quality indeed.*

Even if he is not the most versatile of actors, Fonda has lasted because of the feelings of comfort and familiarity audiences have had with him. His voice is drawn from the Nebraskan soil, from the very heart of America, and it's the voice of the working man; the farmer, the laborer, the judge, the statesman. When he speaks, you believe what he's saying. There's no con in his manner or in his voice. People implictly trust the man. His son, Peter, spoke perceptively when he described his father as representing "what democracy is all about. He could be Everyman. He depicts great American honesty."

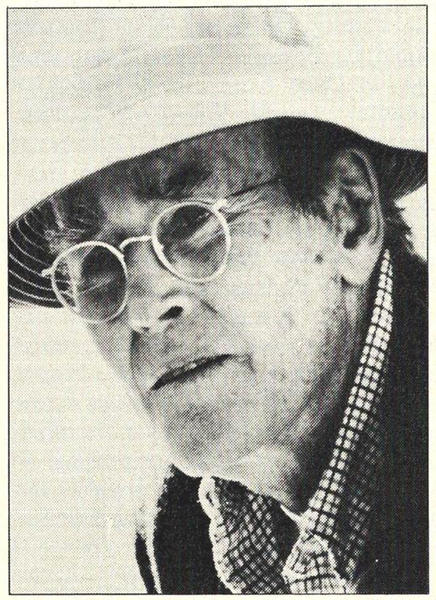
He was born in Grand Island, Nebraska, in 1905, and began acting 21 years



"Reagan is a major concern. I think we're headed for disaster. I'm surprised there isn't more opposition. He upsets me so it's hard to talk about. He's got us on his path for a long time."



"Jane (Fonda) is so smart that I'm in total awe of her. She's got so many things going that I don't see how she keeps them all juggled in the air. She works on every production she does."



"I've met Roosevelt, Truman and I knew John Kennedy intimately . . . Couldn't stand Eisenhower and Nixon, of course, was poison to me. I've hated Richard Nixon for 40 years."

later when a family friend, Dorothy Brando (who had an infant son, Marlon), asked him to take a small stage part in a local Playhouse production.

When the play closed, he made the decision to be an actor. He went to New York, where he auditioned unsuccessfully for every play he could, then travelled to Cape Cod to work in summer stock. There he joined a group of Princeton and Harvard undergraduates on vacation and became part of the University Players where he met and befriended Joshua Logan, Jimmy Stewart, Myron McCormick and Margaret Sullavan, among others.

Not long afterwards, in 1931, he and Sullavan married, and divorced a few months later. It was during the Depression, and Fonda, Logan, McCormick and Stewart wound up sharing an apartment in New York, mostly living on rice. Eventually they all found work, and in 1934 Fonda appeared in a comedy revue, New Faces, *with Imogene Coca. Leland Hayward saw him, became his agent, and flew him out to Hollywood, where producer Walter Wanger offered him $1000 a week to make two pictures a year. It was all very dazzling for the shy, introverted Nebraskan, who didn't think there was much of a future in the movies.*

His first film, The Farmer Takes a Wife, *was based on the play he had starred in in New York. Fonda was then sharing a house with Jimmy Stewart in Los Angeles. Two years and six pictures later he met Frances Seymour while on location in France. She became his second wife in 1936. Their daughter, Jane, was born a year later and son Peter in 1939.*

In the six years between his marriage and the time he enlisted in the Navy in 1942, Fonda appeared in 28 films, nine of which he's still proud to have made: You Only Live Once, Slim, Jezebel, Young Mr. Lincoln, Drums Along The Mohawk, The Grapes of Wrath, The Lady Eve, The Big Street *and* The Ox-Bow Incident.

After serving three years as a lieutenant in the Navy, where he received the Bronze Star, he returned to Hollywood and made seven more films in three years, including My Darling Clementine, The Fugitive *and* Fort Apache. *He then left the movies for seven years, returning East to the theatre, where he found his longest running and most memorable stage role in* Mr Roberts *which he played for three years without missing a performance — including the night he went on after his wife committed suicide following a mental breakdown in 1950.*

Their marriage had slowly disintegrated before this tragic event and they had agreed to divorce. Fonda had found solace with 21-year-old Susan Blanchard, step-daughter of lyricist Oscar Hammerstein II. They married in December 1950, and adopted a baby girl, Amy. Five years later, Susan left him.

After filming Mr. Roberts, *he went to Rome to do* War and Peace *with Audrey Hepburn. During this picture he met Afdera Franchetti, a woman who loved parties, travel and the good life, and by the time his divorce with Susan was settled they were engaged. They married in March 1957.*

That year Fonda's picture directed by Alfred Hitchcock, The Wrong Man, *appeared, as well as the only film he ever produced,* Twelve Angry Men, *which was made for $340,000 and won a number of critical prizes in Europe and Japan.*

In 1961, he divorced Afdera and a year later met a stewardess named Shirlee Adams. After telling her resolutely he'd never marry again she became his fifth wife in 1966.

While he had his share of problems as a father, including some sharp verbal jabs of rebellion from Jane and Peter as they were breaking their way into the public eye, the Fondas are a close family today, sharing similar liberal sentiments.

An avid deepsea fisherman, kite flier, beekeeper and gardener, Fonda is one of those rare actors who has never suffered bad reviews. He was, allegedly, the inspiration for cartoonist Al Capp's L'il Abner. His favorite American playwright is Eugene O'Neill and his taste in humor leans more toward Woody Allen and away from Mel Brooks.

> *"I'd never had a problem of being sick in my life. I had to do a narration spot . . . I could hardly get to the corner, I was so short of breath."*

Although he has been overlooked by his peers at Oscar time, being nominated for Best Actor only once and losing out at the time to his best friend, Jimmy Stewart, Fonda was given a special Oscar at last year's ceremony for his overall contribution to the movies. The American Film Institute and the Kennedy Centre both honored him for his life achievement.

But his achievements continue. His most recent film, On Golden Pond, *which co-stars Katharine Hepburn and his daughter Jane, whose company produced it, is bound to receive critical acclaim and Oscar nominations. Fonda himself is considered by insiders to be the frontrunner to win, at last, the golden statue for his extraordinary performance.*

The attention and acclaim couldn't happen at a better time. Taken ill seven years ago with a heart problem, he had a pacemaker installed. Some months back he suffered a relapse which has weakened his body. But he is determined to continue working. While recuperating, he consented to this interview.

PLAYBOY sent **Lawrence Grobel** *to talk with the legendary actor.*

FONDA: I'm deaf, so talk loud enough for me to hear your questions.

PLAYBOY: How loud?

FONDA: Well, I've lost 40 percent of my hearing in both ears.

PLAYBOY: You're not very fond of doing interviews, are you?

FONDA: I don't look forward to it. I'm doing it because it's important, and I've been persuaded.

PLAYBOY: Do you find it exhausting?

FONDA: No. Boring. I don't like to talk about myself, but that's the subject. Of course, I can also talk about the movie — *On Golden Pond.* It's something special. It's unusual, moving, touching, funny. It was a brilliant script, a wonderful story. Katie Hepburn was magic. Jane playing my daughter was special.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that it was the first time you and Katharine Hepburn met?

FONDA: Yeah. I'd never met her. I knew Spence, not well, but I knew him, but I'd never met Katie. I met her at a production meeting a month before we went into production. She came around to me and said: "Well, it's about time." From the first time it was as if we'd been working all our lives together.

PLAYBOY: How often does that happen with someone you've never met before?

FONDA: Rarely.

PLAYBOY: There's a scene in the film when Jane meets you on the pond and attempts a reconciliation. Considering some of the differences you've had in the past, which we'll be getting into, was it a very emotional scene for you?

FONDA: Oh, yeah. It was working almost on two levels: with your own daughter, and with an actress playing your daughter. Because of the context and the emotion of the scene, it could become very personal.

PLAYBOY: What is the exact nature of your illness?

FONDA: Well, the first thing that happened was about seven years ago. I'd never had a problem or been sick in my life. I had to do a narration for a Red Cross spot. I could hardly get to the corner, I was so short of breath. It was very unusual for me. I love walking and suddenly I can't walk a hundred feet without grabbing hold of the mailbox and hanging on. I couldn't think what was happening. I did the spot and then I had a doctor's appointment because my nose was dripping all the time and I didn't have a cold. This doctor called another doctor, an eye, ear, nose and throat man who recognised that my running nose somehow related to my heart and he sent me to a cardiac man who put the stethoscope to me and went into shock. He said: 'Shit, no wonder, you're fibrillating.' First time I'd ever heard the word. It meant my heart was out of rhythm, beating every which way. I was in the middle of a play, doing Clarence Darrow, so I had to call the producers and close down the play, went to the hospital and for a week went through a whole series of tests. They determined that what I needed was a pacemaker to keep my heart going at a certain rhythm, so they implanted one and that was no big deal. Done some of the best work in my life in the last six years. Until last autumn I began to have problems again with shortness of breath and was unsteady on my feet. They put me in the hospital again. Eventually, they operated and put a new pacemaker in. I came home and that's what I'm recovering from today.

PLAYBOY: Having gone through such an experience, do you fear death?

FONDA: Fear death? No.

PLAYBOY: You're on a strict diet. Do you hate it?

FONDA: I sure do. I miss chewing on kosher pickle. I dream about it.

PLAYBOY: Since words are what actors fall in love with, when did you first get a feeling for words?

FONDA: I don't think it happened until I was pushed on the stage of a little theatre by Dorothy Brando. Up to that time I was a painfully self-conscious, shy young man and had very little to say. I didn't think about words at all. Part of the whole attraction of acting was that it was therapy. I was wearing a mask. It was like hiding behind a character. I wasn't self-conscious at all.

PLAYBOY: Were your parents opposed to or supportive of your acting ambitions?

FONDA: Only supportive. I was very lucky in my parents. You couldn't ask for a better father and mother. I remember being shocked to go East in 1928 and began to hear of contemporaries who hated their parents.

PLAYBOY: Was your father the biggest influence in your life?

FONDA: I expect so.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't there a time, when you were 14, when he took you to witness a lynching?

FONDA: It was an experience I will never forget. This young black had been arrested on suspicion of rape and a mob started to collect. My dad's office looked down on the courthouse square and we went up and watched from the window. The mayor and his two assistants rode into the middle of this mob on horseback trying to calm them. They damn near lynched the mayor. You couldn't believe that they would overpower the law, force their way in, get this guy out of a cell, drag him through the streets, hang him from a lamp post, riddle him with bullets and then drag him in the back of an automobile. It was so horrifying. When it was all over we went home. My dad never talked about it, never lectured. He just knew the impression it would have on me.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in God?

FONDA: I'm an agnostic, which turns out to be a very hard thing to understand. I said it on a television show once when somebody asked the question. Everybody thought it meant atheist. An agnostic means that I don't know the answers. That's all.

PLAYBOY: When a 17-year-old Bette Davis wrote you a note proposing marriage, you didn't have an answer then either, did you?

FONDA: That's a long story. When I quit my job to go to New York, I went there to drive my friend, Hunter Scott, home from Princeton. He didn't want to stay at Princeton so I met him in New York and we drove down to Princeton before starting our trip back. He had two girls and their mother with him, a Mrs. Davis and her daughters, Bobbi and Bette. Neither of them were particularly attractive but Hunter was real keen on Bobbi. It was a thick, foggy night but we got to Princeton and put them up at the Nassau Inn. The next day we took the girls to look at the new Princeton stadium by moonlight. Anyway, I'm in the back seat with this Bette Davis and some way or other I just leaned over and gave her a peck. That's all it was. The next day we take them to this train and before we left Princeton to start our trip I got a letter, written on the train, from Bette. In essence it said: "I've told mother and she will announce our engagement when we get home." I thought, is that the way it happens? It scared the shit out of me. Never answered it. Never paid any more attention. Never heard anything more.

> *"This young black had been arrested . . . and a mob started to collect. You couldn't believe they would hang him from a lamp post."*

PLAYBOY: Was John Ford as great a director as people say he was?

FONDA: There will never be another Ford. He had instinctively a beautiful eye for the camera. He was so egomaniacal. He never would rehearse, didn't want to talk about a part. If an actor started to ask questions he'd either take those pages and tear them out of the script or insult him in an awful way. He loved getting his shot on the first take, which for him meant it was fresh.

PLAYBOY: That's how he shot that famous last scene in *The Grapes of Wrath* where you say goodbye to your mother and leave the workcamp, isn't it? He didn't let you and Jane Darwell rehearse until he was ready to shoot?

FONDA: He would stop the rehearsal the moment Ma and I got into a position where the dialogue started. We never did rehearse the dialogue until we shot. Jane Darwell and I both knew that it was a hell of a scene. When he finally said, 'Okay, roll 'em, this is a take,' we both sort of let the emotion take hold and then we realised that was all wrong. Don't let that emotion spill all over and become embarrassing. Hold it back. We played the scene like holding a horse that was trying to get away. The emotion was there in the back and it colored our faces, our looks, the tone of our voices and that's all there was to it. We just finished the scene, cut it and walked away.

PLAYBOY: And Ford never said a word?

FONDA: He didn't have to. You knew how he felt.

PLAYBOY: Is that the film you're most identified with?

FONDA: I guess so. Yeah.

PLAYBOY: Steinbeck has said of you: 'My impressions of Hank are of a man reaching but unreachable, gentle but capable of sudden wild and dangerous violence, sharply critical of others but equally self-critical, caged and fighting the bars but timid of the light, viciously opposed to external restraint, imposing an iron slavery on himself. His face is a picture of opposites in conflict.' Was he accurate?

FONDA: I would never think of me when I read those words.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider yourself an extreme man?

FONDA: No.

PLAYBOY: Are you capable of wild and dangerous violence?

FONDA: I don't think so.

PLAYBOY: When did you get to know John Steinbeck?

FONDA: After I'd done the film. I was in a restaurant and we just said hello, shook hands. We didn't fall all over each other. There were four or five others and we went on a tour of bars and got drunk and wound up at his apartment over on the East River and we were drunk at dawn. That's how I met him. He turned out to be a neighbor, only two blocks from my house in New York. We were never intimate or close. I think we had admiration for each other.

PLAYBOY: What did you think of him as a writer?

FONDA: I loved his work. I've read everything he's written. When he died his widow asked me if I'd come back and read two of John's favorite poems. At the end of the services I went into the little chapel and was with the widow. She handed me a tin cigar box that Steinbeck had lined with felt and it was a jewel case he had made for himself. In it were the gold studs and cuff links that he wore when he accepted the Nobel Prize. I have that upstairs, it's one of my prized possessions.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't it *The Grapes of Wrath* which forced you to sign a seven year contract with Darryl Zanuck at 20th Century Fox?

FONDA: Yep. I'd worked with Zanuck before, several times. I did *Young Mr. Lincoln, Drums Along The Mohawk,* and *Jesse James* and he was always after a contract but I wasn't interested. Until *Grapes of Wrath.* That was the bait.

PLAYBOY: He knew he had you?

FONDA: He said, 'I'm not going to let you play Tom Joad if I can't control you.' Well, bullshit. I did *Grapes of Wrath* and I followed it with some of the worst stuff that I've had to do in films.

PLAYBOY: Didn't Zanuck force Fritz Lang on you?

FONDA: Because *Jesse James* was so successful, Zanuck said he'd do *The Return of Frank James.* He came to me and said he'd get Fritz Lang to direct it and I almost flipped out. He didn't seem the right man to direct an American Western at all. I recognised that he was one of the giants of our business and his films were incredibly good, but his attitude with actors was so wrong. He treated them like puppets. He wanted to pull the strings. He was very frustrated by sound because he couldn't talk to them during the scene. He was off to the side of the camera gesticulating.

PLAYBOY: You did *The Wrong Man* for Hitchcock, wasn't he like that as well? Didn't he feel that actors were cattle?

FONDA: Not Hitch, no. He was funny all the time. Hitch would come in and tell a funny story just before he'd say 'roll 'em' into a serious scene. I loved working with Hitch. He blueprinted every scene he did carefully with the productions man and the assistant director and script supervisor, so that any one of the four of them could have lined up the shot and shot it.

PLAYBOY: Which was totally unlike John Ford. Which director did you prefer working for?

FONDA: I'd take Ford. He'd be at the top of the list. With Ford you were never really sure. He kept things secret from his own script supervisor. He'd dream up little pieces of business in the car driving to location and never say a word to anybody. As soon as he got to the scene, then he'd say: 'Why don't you do this and do that? Put your feet up on the post. Change position.' And they would always turn out to be the things that people would remember.

PLAYBOY: Did that rub off on your acting as well? Did you learn to improvise through Ford?

FONDA: No, I can't. I've got to have every word that's coming out of my mouth written and laid out.

PLAYBOY: Brando says if you can't improvise you don't belong on a set. Would you say most actors can or cannot improvise?

FONDA: I don't really know. Jane's one who loves to improvise. I'm told that most of Al Pacino's pictures are improvisations. I don't know whether that's true or not.

PLAYBOY: Did you see Brando in *A Streetcar Named Desire* on Broadway?

FONDA: Oh yeah. Memorable, memorable. I remember going backstage to see Bud and I was so moved I couldn't talk to him. I couldn't open my mouth. I was so emotional.

PLAYBOY: How good an actor is Brando?

FONDA: I don't think there's anybody better when he wants to be good. If he cares. I think he's absolutely the best.

PLAYBOY: Some critics say that about Henry Fonda.

FONDA: I don't think so. I actually feel quite limited. My middlewest accent is too pronounced. I can't lose it enough to play Restoration comedy or Shakespeare at all. I don't have a great ear. I can get away with East Tennessee or West Texas. I've even played a New Englander and got away with it and I was proud.

> *"Well, I did* Grapes of Wrath *and I followed it with some of the worst stuff that I've had to do in films."*

PLAYBOY: How did you initially get involved with producer Walter Wanger?

FONDA: I was under contract to Leland Hayward after I did the play *The Farmer Takes A Wife* and he dragged me off to Hollywood for a few days and he sold me to Walter Wanger, who had no idea who I was, to make movies for $1000 a week. Two movies a year in the winter and I could go back to New York in the summer.

PLAYBOY: Did the movies interest you at all then?

FONDA: No. I had no ambition to be a movie actor. I thought, they're crazy. I'll take their money and go back to New York.

PLAYBOY: All these years later, is your first love still the stage?

FONDA: Oh yeah. The theatre.

PLAYBOY: This was a few years after your marriage with Margaret Sullavan ended. How long did that marriage last?

FONDA: We were married the end of December [1931] and took an apartment in Greenwich Village. We must have been there three or four months before I moved out at her request. It was several months after that when she stopped off in Chicago on the way to California and got a divorce.

PLAYBOY: Was it temperaments?

FONDA: I never was temperamental. She was very.

PLAYBOY: Were you close with her when she died in 1960?

FONDA: No.

PLAYBOY: Your second marriage was with Frances Seymour, mother of Jane and Peter. How did you meet her?

FONDA: She was visiting Europe on a trip. I was doing a film with Annabella *(Wings of the Morning)* and Frances knew the producer who brought her out to the set.

PLAYBOY: Soon after you were married, Jane was born. You supposedly left your old "girlfriend", Bette Davis, to do her scenes in *Jezebel* without you so you could be with Frances at the birth of your daughter. How did that happen.?

FONDA: William Wyler (the director) talked me into doing the part, even though I knew I had to be in New York for Jane's birth on December 21. It was to be caesarian, so we knew the date. Wyler guaranteed that he'd finish me in time and he just did! He shot the second half of the film without me. Poor Bette, there's nothing tougher than that.

PLAYBOY: Wyler recently passed away. How was he to work with?

FONDA: I loved William Wyler. I was warned against him. I remember Bogart saying: "Don't go near him, the son of a bitch does 50 takes. He'll wear you out." Bogart hated him.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel close to Jane as a baby?

FONDA: I didn't get as close to Jane and Peter when they were babies as I did with my [adopted] child Amy years later. I used to come home from work and it would be Amy on my lap, get up in the morning and change her nappy. But there wasn't really that closeness with Jane and Peter.

PLAYBOY: Because you were working a lot?

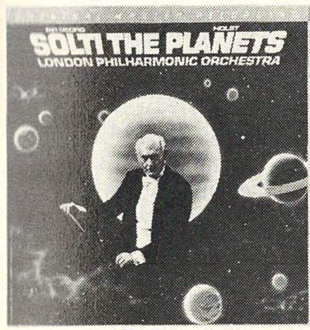
FONDA: I *never* was not working, and a lot of it was far away.

PLAYBOY: Before you enlisted in the Navy, you made a lot of, well, lousy pictures, didn't you?

FONDA: Just before the war, when it got closer and closer to the time that I knew I was going to be leaving and the studio knew it, they just crowded me into films and made as many as they could before I got away. Some of them were very forgettable. But you're under contract; you do what they tell you to do.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you also have to date actresses they told you to?

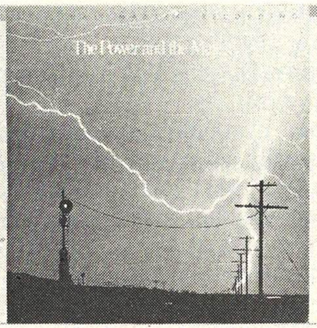
FONDA: I only once dated somebody that



1. The Planets

ORIGINAL MASTER RECORDING
Finger Paintings

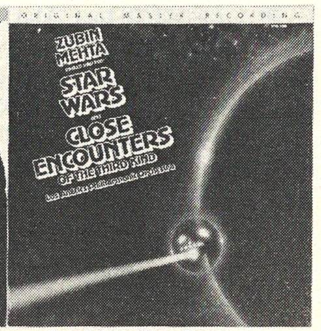
2. Finger Paintings



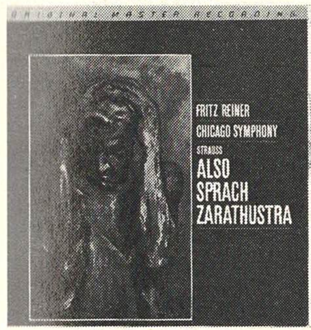
3. The Power and the Majesty

ORIGINAL MASTER RECORDING

4. Sticky Fingers



5. Star Wars, Close Encounters



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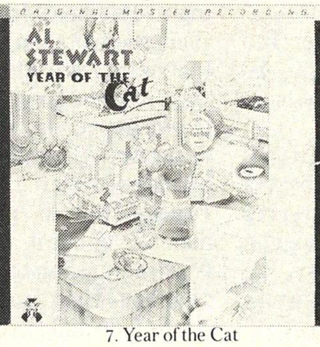
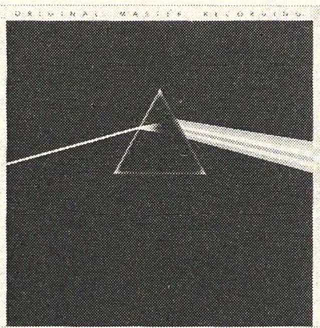
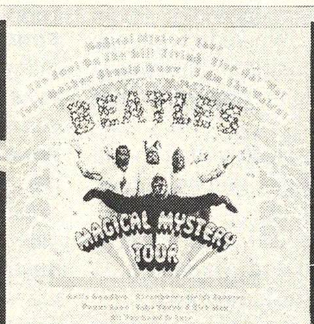


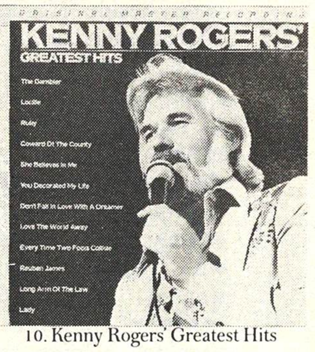
7. Year of the Cat



8. Dark Side of the Moon



9. Magical Mystery Tour



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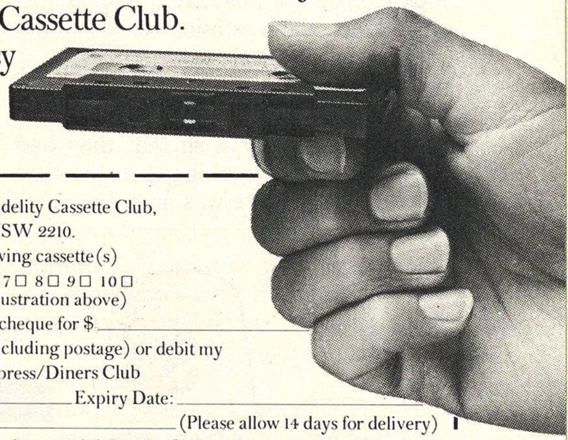

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Playboy

I was told to — Marlene Dietrich. It was very strange. I didn't know her and it was just like an assignment. She needed an escort to an opening, and I drove down to her house in my little Ford and waited for her to come down. When she did, it was the star's entrance down the staircase. We didn't go in my Ford, we went in her chauffeured limousine. I just sat there like a bump on a log. It was a typical opening night, lined with photographers. I remember this long walk beside Marlene Dietrich, being photographed a lot. We didn't have a great deal of conversation. She was a glamorous star. I don't remember her movies too much.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to your time in the Navy, were you gun-ho about fighting in the war?

FONDA: Yes. I was a typical beaver who wanted to shoot at Japanese. I wanted to go where the action was.

PLAYBOY: And you received a Bronze Star for helping to sink a Japanese submarine, didn't you?

FONDA: One of the things that I learned in my schooling was anti-sub warfare: how to find submarines, when to look for them and what to do when you know there is going to be one in the area. Through our secret code, we were given the news that a submarine was taking off from Tokyo. I organised a Marine squadron that searched a certain pattern. It was pre-arranged. Search planes flew another pattern and they found the submarine and sunk it.

PLAYBOY: How did you come to know about the dropping of the atomic bomb before it was dropped?

FONDA: We briefed the pilot about where he was going and what to look for. The next thing I remember was hearing about Hiroshima, which sort of took me back, I must say. I had no idea what kind of devastation that it would create there.

PLAYBOY: In retrospect, do you think it was the right thing to have done?

FONDA: I can only wish that they had never thought of making it in the first place and that there was no problem today about nuclear fusion or power stations or anything else.

PLAYBOY: Do you think it will eventually destroy us?

FONDA: I wouldn't be surprised. Not necessarily as a weapon of war. But what are they going to do with the waste? They keep looking and trying to figure out what to do with it. In the meantime we're getting more and more of it.

PLAYBOY: Do you think there's any way to stop it?

FONDA: I don't think it's possible. Too many people think it's progress.

PLAYBOY: Is there any issue that concerns you more than this?

FONDA: I can't think of one that disturbs me more. And I'm concerned about a great many things. About destroying park land. And water is becoming a major problem all over the country. We may just wither away because we're dry, the whole country.

PLAYBOY: Soon after you returned from the Navy you began a very successful run playing *Mr. Roberts* on Broadway. Frances, however, was not well by then, was she?

FONDA: She was sick off and on for three or four years.

PLAYBOY: When *did* you become aware of it?

FONDA: After we moved East and I was doing *Mr. Roberts.* That's when Frances first had to go to a home for disturbed people. It was not a place where you're committed, but she was in and out of there two or three times in one year.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever know what caused her disturbance?

FONDA: No.

PLAYBOY: Was it difficult to live with her then?

FONDA: Well, it wasn't easy. A lot of that I've put out of my mind so there's almost a blank. I never dreamed that it would be anything permanent.

PLAYBOY: Is this difficult to talk about?

FONDA: It ain't easy. Frances' suicide and death is just never easy to talk about. I don't like to be reminded of what happened. It was a tragedy.

PLAYBOY: Were you at all prepared for that kind of tragedy?

FONDA: I don't know *anybody* in the family who was prepared for that.

PLAYBOY: How did Jane and Peter find out about it?

FONDA: They were nine and eleven — too young to be told the truth, so we just simply said that mother had died in the hospital. They've both got their own stories about how they found out, hearing other children talk about it or reading it. I've been criticised for not telling them the truth and letting them find out that way. I still think I was right. Anyway, it was a tragedy and that's the way things happened.

PLAYBOY: When they found out, did they blame you? Were they angry with you?

FONDA: No. Oh, no. There was never dialogue about it at all. I never learned from them when they found out.

PLAYBOY: How much of Frances do you see in Jane and Peter?

FONDA: Very little.

PLAYBOY: On the day Frances took her life, you went to the theatre that night to do *Mr. Roberts.* Was that the most difficult performance of your career?

FONDA: Probably. Leland and Josh [Logan] persuaded me that I should go on, that it would be the best thing for me. I was just too numb to argue or even think about it. I just went out and played the show. I would eventually have had to go back and pick it up. If I'd waited two days or a week, the first performance after that would have been tougher than the one I played.

PLAYBOY: *Mr. Roberts* ran for almost four years. Isn't that unusual for an actor, especially a movie star, to stay in a play for that long?

FONDA: I am unusual. I don't know anybody else who likes long runs. Most actors say, shit, how could you do it night after night after night? I enjoyed it. I wouldn't have missed a performance and didn't: 1700 performances.

PLAYBOY: Are you ever nervous before going on live?

FONDA: On the contrary. I'm called a neurotic son of a bitch by my peers because I don't go and throw up in a corner on opening nights. I can't wait! I'm gonna get out there and I'm not going to be myself and people aren't going to be looking at *me!* I'm going to be smart, like Clarence Darrow. A character, like Mr. Roberts.

PLAYBOY: What film was the most awful of them all?

FONDA: *Sex and the Single Girl.* I turned it down when it was offered to me. My agents talked me into it because they said: 'You son of a bitch, you're not going to make a living out of *Ox-Bow Incidents* and *Twelve Angry Men's.* They can win awards but they don't make any money. In order to indulge yourself to do films like that you've got to be every so often in box-office pictures.' They were right. It was a terrible picture, but it was box-office.

PLAYBOY: There's a lot of talk in Hollywood about *On Golden Pond* being your Oscar-winning performance.

FONDA: I never think about an Oscar.

PLAYBOY: Have you felt cheated that you've never won one for a film?

FONDA: Shit no, it would embarrass me. The only time I was ever nominated, I got out of the country just to avoid having to be there. Getting the special Oscar last year was difficult because everybody knows how I feel about the Oscar. Yet getting it the way I did was all right because it was for a *body* of work and that was an honor.

PLAYBOY: Was it also a moving experience for you?

FONDA: Yeah, because the audience was so sensational. They just wouldn't stop applauding, it was a standing ovation. I kept standing there with Bob Redford for what seemed like five minutes before I could say a few words.

PLAYBOY: So, if you're nominated this year you won't attend?

FONDA: No.

PLAYBOY: You attended the life achievement awards presented to you by the American Film Institute at the Kennedy Centre. Were they meaningful for you?

FONDA: The Kennedy Centre was, particularly at the end when they had a Navy choral group on stage and they started singing *Anchors Away* and then sang *The Red River Valley* which is *Grapes of Wrath.* I cried like a baby. [Fonda's voice chokes.] Tears just streaming out of my eyes. I just couldn't stop crying. The Navy group came up both aisles in line and they saluted, 'Goodnight, Mr. Fonda.' It just broke me up.

PLAYBOY: Do you see many of your friends while you're recuperating?

FONDA: Jim [Stewart] comes out here about every three days to sit with me a while. He's my closest friend. And Barbara Stanwyck always comes to visit when I'm not well. Sends the goddamnest things to eat. She came the other day with five different boxes from a Beverly Hills dessert store. God, there were pecan pies and chocolate pies and lemon cake. I was madly in love with Barbara Stanwyck.

PLAYBOY: Was this a platonic love?

FONDA: Well, we were both married, so it was platonic. She was my favorite person. A damn good actress, too. I loved her then and I still do and Shirlee's learned to live with it.

PLAYBOY: Your reputation is that you never married your wives; they all married *you.*

FONDA: I'd say so. Except Shirlee.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember the first time you ever slept with a girl?

FONDA: The first couple of times was with a prostitute and it was very unsuccessful. Turned me off.

PLAYBOY: In retrospect, are you surprised now that you've been married five times?

FONDA: It not only surprises me, I'm ashamed. I'm really ashamed to have to admit to anybody that I've been married that many times. It just doesn't go with anybody else in the Fonda family.

> *"(Hemingway) was pathetic and it was sad to meet him. He was sort of half drunk, his beard was scaly. He just looked unclean."*

PLAYBOY: After you married Shirlee, Jane thought you should go into psychoanalysis because any man who married five times must be unhappy. Did you know she said that?

FONDA: No, but it doesn't surprise me. She'd be the first to say she was sorry she said it if she was reminded today.

PLAYBOY: How did your different marriages affect your children? Especially the third, with Oscar Hammerstein's step-daughter, Susan, whom you were seeing while Frances was still alive?

FONDA: They liked her very much, got along well with her. She was wonderful with them and when we married they moved in with us in our apartment in New York. Susan was a very good mother for them. They were 10 and 12 years old and she was a great help. They still adore Susan today. Didn't like Afdera at all. Who am I forgetting?

PLAYBOY: Just Shirlee.

FONDA: They adore Shirlee.

PLAYBOY: Didn't Afdera introduce you to Hemingway?

FONDA: That was in Pamplona or Madrid. Afdera knew him and she took me. He was pathetic and it was sad to meet him. Ava Gardner was there. He was sort of half drunk, his beard was scaly, you could see scale on his skin. He just looked unclean.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to Susan for a moment, what was she like?

FONDA: She was a beautiful girl, like Alice in Wonderland. Long blonde hair and she was gay, she was fun. I'm no good at this. You asked what she was like and I don't know how to answer.

PLAYBOY: Just what comes to mind when you think of her?

FONDA: We had a lot of good times until we went to Rome and she got bored. I was working and she was left alone a lot and by the end of the summer she decided she was going home and she did and took Amy. By this time we'd adopted Amy. And Jane and Peter had to go back to school, so she flew back with all of them and got them started in school and wrote me that it was all over.

PLAYBOY: How did you respond?

FONDA: I was heartbroken. I couldn't believe it. I begged her on the telephone not to give up, but it never worked again. I must say for years after that we were very unfriendly. At least, I was. I couldn't be friendly with her.

PLAYBOY: Can you see now that she might have had cause to leave?

FONDA: I don't blame *any* wife for having got fed up with me because I was impossible. Shirlee's lasted 19 years because I've mellowed and I'm easier to live with, obviously.

PLAYBOY: Would you say that Peter's use of drugs and Jane's early sexual activities were acts of rebellion against their father?

FONDA: I think so, yeah.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever discuss it with either of them?

FONDA: No.

PLAYBOY: And how long did their rebellion last?

FONDA: Not long. A year. They were both successful right away and it wasn't necessary to rebel after that.

PLAYBOY: Still, Peter was quoted as saying that while you depicted great American honesty, you had no way of telling them about your life?

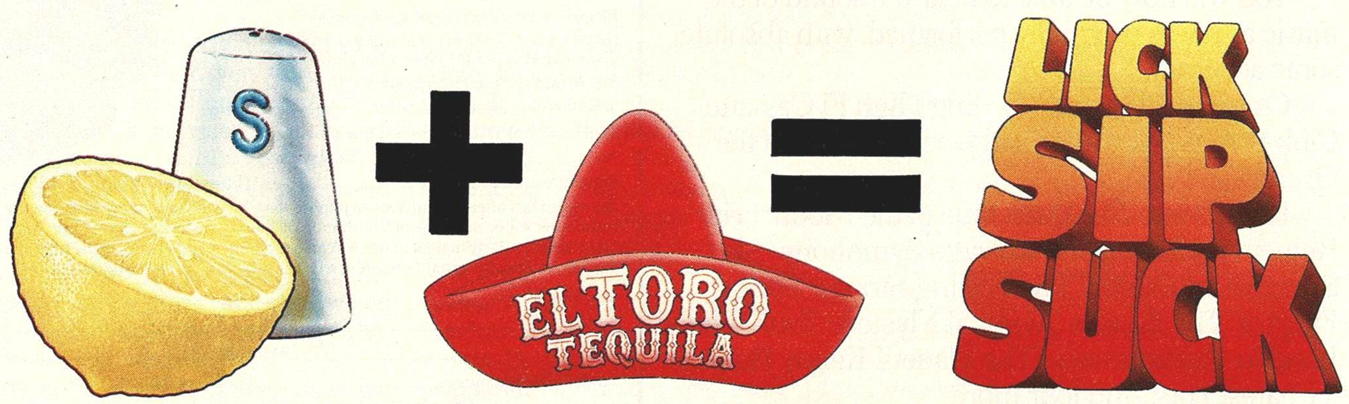
FONDA: I don't know what he meant. I don't talk about myself a lot. That's all.

PLAYBOY: How did it affect you, though, to hear what your children said about you in public?

FONDA: It was all happening at a time when they made the decision to go into acting. It was a classic rebellion. I like to think I was smart enough to recognise it as such and not let it touch me. A lot of it did. I was hurt. But it didn't take long and they came to me and apologised for the things they said that were at all hurtful.

PLAYBOY: Have either of them ever come to you for professional advice?

FONDA: No, they don't come to me. We



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talk, but not in the sense of advice on the subject of acting.

PLAYBOY: Have you seen all of your children's films?

FONDA: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: But you haven't seen all of yours, have you?

FONDA: No. That doesn't seem to me to be unusual.

PLAYBOY: Can you be objective when you watch them or are you just a proud father and no more?

FONDA: A little of both. Jane's films, particularly, I get totally taken in. They're so good. I think she gets better every time she goes to bat. There's nobody like her, she's unique. Peter's mostly are B pictures that he's not even proud of. Most of the time he says: 'Don't bother, Dad, I did it for the bucks so that I can do this on my own,' and then he'll do *Hired Hand,* which is a little classic; beautiful, beautiful film.

PLAYBOY: Jane's early films weren't very good. When did you start thinking she was good?

FONDA: Maybe *Klute.* The scene in *Klute* that I feel won her the Oscar was where she is talking to her analyst and the camera is on Jane. I remember thinking, shit, what a writer to find those words, they are so real, so right. I asked her about it and she said it was an improvisation.

PLAYBOY: Not being a believer in the Oscars, what do you think of Jane's two?

FONDA: Proud, of course. I know it meant a lot to her, not only just as an award but because it could mean money. Success for the films that she'd produced herself. They could make another million or so.

PLAYBOY: How important is money?

FONDA: It's very important. More important for Jane than for me because she uses it in so many ways. Almost all the good money she makes goes to the Campaign for Economic Democracy. I just need money to be able to live this way and I've got to continue to make it. I can't start living on savings.

PLAYBOY: How would you describe Jane and Peter to people who may not have heard of them?

FONDA: You ask questions that take such a long time for me to find answers. Jane is so smart that I'm in total awe of her — brilliant, talented . . . scary. She's got so many things going that I don't see how she keeps them all juggled in the air. She's got the most successful exercise place called Work Out with classes all day long. She runs this camp up at a ranch in Santa Barbara. She's producing a series on *Nine to Five* now and she herself found the principal gal to play in it — Dolly Parton's sister, who, she claims, is going to be the biggest, biggest star ever. She works on every production she does, is involved in her movies in every way. Peter is also scaringly smart. He seems to know something about any question you ask him. He was also a writer-producer-director-actor. Spends most of his time on his ranch in Montana.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that he made more money from *Easy Rider* than all the money you had earned up till then?

FONDA: Sure. I don't know what the figures are, but I know he bought a quarter-of-a-million dollar ketch sailboat within months after the picture.

PLAYBOY: Did that success surprise you?

FONDA: I think it surprised Peter. I thought it was a very interesting film, but I never thought it was going to go through the roof and become a cult film or anything like that.

PLAYBOY: When you were invited to tour in Vietnam, how did Peter and Jane react?

FONDA: Peter had very little to say about it. Jane didn't understand it at all. I had a lot of explaining to do to Jane, but I think she eventually understood. When I was asked if I would go on a handshake tour I said I was opposed to the war. They persuaded me it didn't make any difference, we had thousands of troops over there and it would mean a lot to see somebody from home. We

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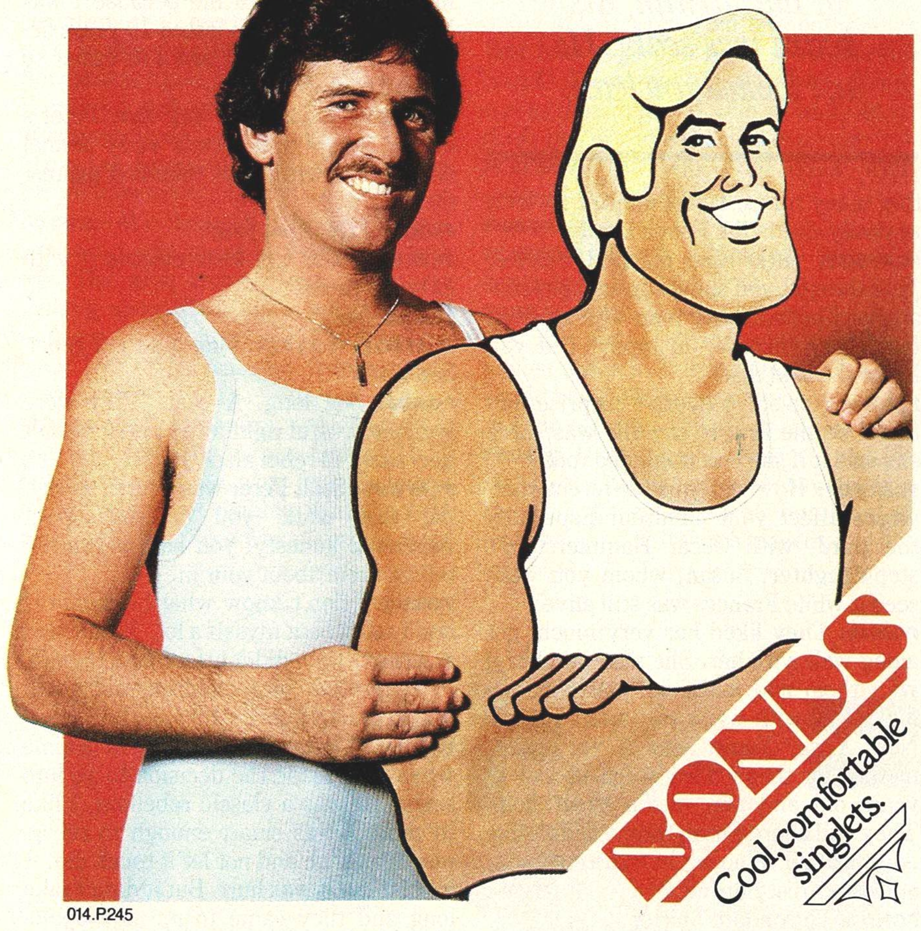

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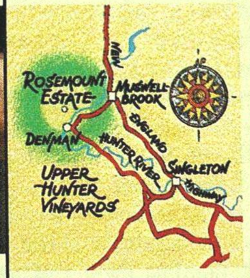

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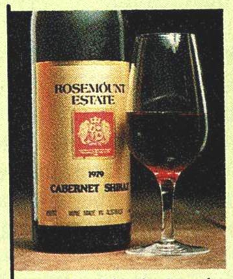

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rarely were in an area where there was gunfire. I don't know that I saw anything that shocked me or reminded me what a crock the whole thing was.

PLAYBOY: How did you react when Jane went to Hanoi and was called a traitor?

FONDA: I was very sorry. I thought she made a lot of mistakes. Told her so when she got back. She knew it, and was learning every day. She was making mistakes and was trying hard to learn.

PLAYBOY: Were you upset that she went or what happened once she was there and spoke on Hanoi radio?

FONDA: It was what she did when she was there that was upsetting.

PLAYBOY: Antagonised a lot of people?

FONDA: Oh, my God, I'll say.

PLAYBOY: How did you deal with that?

FONDA: I didn't have to deal with it.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you once say that she won't be satisfied until they burn her like Joan of Arc?

FONDA: I never said it. I think Vadim [Jane's ex-husband] said it.

PLAYBOY: What was your opinion of Roger Vadim when Jane married him?

FONDA: I always liked Roger. He was a very civilised man, very smart.

PLAYBOY: When Jane married Tom [Hayden], did you like him?

FONDA: It took time.

PLAYBOY: Were you supportive of his brand of politics?

FONDA: Oh yeah.

PLAYBOY: Did you think he had a chance to win the Democratic senatorial nomination when he ran against John Tunney?

FONDA: He damn near made it. It scared the shit out of Tunney.

PLAYBOY: Could you ever see Tom as a future Presidential candidate?

FONDA: Tom Hayden? Tom could do anything he wanted to. He's so smart he scares you. I don't think he'll ever try it and I don't think he could make it, but if he ever did, he'd be good.

PLAYBOY: Would you be surprised if Jane entered politics?

FONDA: I would be. I don't think she has any ambition to and has said as much.

PLAYBOY: You didn't think she had any ambition to be more than a model either. How do you think the media has treated Jane?

FONDA: She very gradually became the character that the media has helped to build and I don't know if I ever felt surprised about it.

PLAYBOY: Did you always support her?

FONDA: Oh yeah.

PLAYBOY: Are you ever concerned about the danger she might be in because of her position?

FONDA: Yeah. So is she.

PLAYBOY: Didn't Edward Albee write *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf* with you in mind, only your agents rejected it without showing it to you?

FONDA: I was told afterwards that it was submitted to my agents for me and they never gave it to me. When I saw the play I flipped out. It was the only fan letter I've ever written, to Arthur Hill who played the part. Later, when they were getting ready to do the movie there was talk for months about the casting: Bette Davis and I were often mentioned to do it together.

PLAYBOY: Did you like the film?

FONDA: Yes, I did. I didn't think Richard [Burton] was right for the part. I'm an admirer of Richard's but it's very difficult for him to be vulnerable. That character is a very vulnerable man.

PLAYBOY: *Vulnerable* is one of the adjectives often used to describe you. What would you say your image was?

FONDA: I know people think of me as the typical American; trustworthy, loyal, friendly, full of integrity and so on. And I know several directors who cast me against type for that reason.

PLAYBOY: With all the cowboys you've played, how do you relate to horses?

FONDA: I'm scared to death on a horse. You can't be sure that the horse isn't going to step into a hole or something and throw you on your arse and break your neck. Never happened to me but I always felt it was going to.

> *"Equal rights should be taken for granted. Abortion — that's up to the individual. It's insanity to me that we don't have gun control."*

PLAYBOY: How outspoken were you during the McCarthy era?

FONDA: The McCarthy era was just unbelievable to me. That's when I started to become less friendly with Duke Wayne and Ward Bond who, I felt, hadn't known how to *spell* politics until then. They'd never indicated any political leanings and suddenly these two characters are naming names of communists in the business, putting them on black lists. I called them both on it but it made no difference, of course.

PLAYBOY: Were you ever friendly with them after that?

FONDA: Never with Ward, I never spoke to him again. With Duke, a little warmer. He was a very nice guy and had a sense of humor, too. He'd always kid me about Jane.

PLAYBOY: As a man who's played the role of President a few times, how many real ones did you know?

FONDA: I've met Roosevelt, Truman and I knew John Kennedy intimately. He used to live at the Hotel Carlyle when he was in New York, about two blocks from my house. Afdera met him before I did and had a dinner party and he came. After that he was at the house quite a lot at parties or just to come over and sit with a drink.

PLAYBOY: When he was a Senator?

FONDA: No, President. We didn't talk politics. We were very social. He was an awful nice guy, easy to know. Funny. I enjoyed being with him.

PLAYBOY: Did you know Jacqueline?

FONDA: Not well, but I knew her. I had been to the White House to dinner parties when Kennedy was President, so I knew them, but you didn't get as close to her as you could to John or Teddy or Bobby.

PLAYBOY: Did you support Ted when he ran for President?

FONDA: Oh yeah. But I don't think he'll ever make it. I don't think he should try.

PLAYBOY: Chappaquidick?

FONDA: No question. A damn shame because he's a good man.

PLAYBOY: What about some of the Republican Presidents?

FONDA: Couldn't stand Eisenhower. Nixon, of course, was just poison to me. I've hated Nixon for 40 years. Started hating him when he whipped Helen Gahagen Douglas, saying she was a red and a pinko. Lies. I knew her and I've just had nothing but hatred for Nixon ever since and will never understand how the son of a bitch was ever elected.

PLAYBOY: Were you even more outraged when you found out the FBI under Nixon was tapping Jane's phone and opening her mail?

FONDA: I couldn't be more outraged. The name Nixon is enough to outrage me.

PLAYBOY: Briefly, we'd like to ask you your opinion on some current issues, like abortion and equal rights.

FONDA: It's ridiculous that it's even a problem. Equal rights should be taken for granted. Abortion — that's up to the individual.

PLAYBOY: Gun control?

FONDA: I never will understand why people are against it. It's insanity to me that we don't have gun control.

PLAYBOY: Pornography?

FONDA: I'm not curious about pornography. I've never gone to a pornographic film. If people want it, give it to them. But I'm ashamed that there is a problem of pornography.

PLAYBOY: Gay rights?

FONDA: I don't think they ought to be put back in the closet but there's a certain limit. You can't be a Boy Scout if you're known to be homosexual and I agree with that. I'm not sure how I feel about the army and navy. Homosexuals can make damn good teachers.

PLAYBOY: How concerned are you about Ronald Reagan?

FONDA: Reagan is a major concern. I think we're headed for disaster. I'm surprised there isn't more opposition. He upsets me so it's hard to talk about. He's got us on his path now . . . we're gonna be on it for a long time.

PLAYBOY: Do you know him?

FONDA: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: Friend?

FONDA: Acquaintance.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever think much of him as an actor?

FONDA: No.

PLAYBOY: Is he much of an actor now?

FONDA: No.

PLAYBOY: How did he get elected?

FONDA: He's a hell of a speechmaker. He says the things that people want to hear. He says them very convincingly and with what sounds like sincerity and he's talking a language that people haven't heard for a long time and it impresses them. I listen to a Reagan speech and want to throw up!

PLAYBOY: Let's then go from bad actors to good. Are there any actors you would have liked to have worked with? Today's actors?

FONDA: A lot. Brando, Pacino, DeNiro.

PLAYBOY: What is it about them that you like?

FONDA: That's asking me to analyse acting in a way and I can't do that. They're just exciting to watch.

PLAYBOY: You can't or you won't?

FONDA: I'm not good at it.

PLAYBOY: What about actresses? Any you regret not having worked with?

FONDA: No, I was very lucky, I worked with most of the exciting actresses that were around: Bette Davis, Joan Crawford, Barbara Stanwyck, Olivia De Havilland, Lucille Ball. All of 'em.

PLAYBOY: Ever meet anyone in or out of acting you consider a genius?

FONDA: Can't think of anybody. Aint' many geniuses in the world.

PLAYBOY: Can we ask you your opinion of certain actors — like Spencer Tracy?

FONDA: One of the greats, a real natural.

PLAYBOY: Clark Gable?

FONDA: Clark was who he was, the King. A great personality. He wasn't the actor Spencer Tracy was, but he was good.

PLAYBOY: Bogart?

FONDA: I loved working with him, he was unique. There was never anybody before him and there won't be anybody like Bogart ever.

PLAYBOY: John Wayne?

FONDA: Duke was different from all of them in that he had great limitations as an actor, but he had a great personality.

PLAYBOY: James Dean?

FONDA: I don't know that I saw anything, except *Giant*, in which he was very good.

PLAYBOY: Olivier?

FONDA: I'm a good friend of Olivier's and I think he's brilliant in his Shakespeare. But he's a mechanical actor. He admits he is. That is the way he works. He says he doesn't work from his heart, he works from his head. But he's awful damn good. He can be just as bad, and so can Brando. I mean, some of the things he's done recently are embarrassing. He wants to make enough money to put his kids through college.

PLAYBOY: George C. Scott?

FONDA: A brilliant, brilliant actor.

PLAYBOY: Paul Newman?

FONDA: I enjoyed a lot of his things. He's a mechanical actor technically, but a lot of it is very effective.

PLAYBOY: Warren Beatty?

FONDA: I can't think of anything that I've seen of his that I didn't like.

PLAYBOY: Dustin Hoffman?

FONDA: Brilliant. Love his work.

PLAYBOY: Jack Nicholson?

FONDA: I've become disappointed in Jack recently. He started out to be one of the most exciting young actors we could have. Now I don't like to hear myself say these things because they're going to be printed. But I'm not close enough to him to tell him to straighten himself up.

> *"(Reagan) is a hell of a speechmaker. He says the things that people want to hear. I listen to a Reagan speech and want to throw-up."*

PLAYBOY: Do you think he's destroying his career?

FONDA: If he continues like this he will. Wallace Reed was an example of a guy that drugs put out of business.

PLAYBOY: And what do you think of Faye Dunaway?

FONDA: I don't like her work at all. There you are. I know she's a very naughty girl about her conduct on the set. I'm told that. I'm talking now and I don't want to think of these things printed in a magazine.

PLAYBOY: They say she got locked into her role as Joan Crawford after making *Mommie Dearest.*

FONDA: I've heard stories around town that she can't get out of the character. I resent them making a movie of that in the first place.

PLAYBOY: Did you read the book?

FONDA: No, but I know all about it and I resent the book. I resent the daughter and the publisher and everything about it. I knew Joan Crawford during those days.Worked with her and was often at parties at her home, pool parties in the afternoon when the children were there and I never saw or heard anything that would have given me a clue that the stories the daughter wrote are true. I think whatever is true about them has been exaggerated so that it makes her more of a monster than she was.

PLAYBOY: Do you dislike Hollywood books in general?

FONDA: I hate them. I didn't read it but I hate Shelley Winters' book from what I've heard. Susan Strasberg's book, I didn't read it, but I'm told. I resent the shit out of Garson Kanin and his wife [Ruth Gordon]. They're making capital today and a good living on writing about the people they knew and worked with, including Katharine and Spencer. Now that was a well-known relationship, there wasn't anybody who didn't know about it. But the Kanins wrote about it in detail and they're supposed to have been good friends of Katie's. She'll never forgive them.

PLAYBOY: Do you like yourself?

FONDA: If I've made any sense at all in the days that I've talked to you, you should understand that I don't like myself. I wish I was somebody better and also smarter.

PLAYBOY: Yet you've played such likeable characters.

FONDA: Look at the chances I've had to play and pretend that I'm Clarence Darrow, Mr Roberts, Tom Joad, all these wonderful people. For somebody who doesn't like himself, that's great therapy indeed.

PLAYBOY: Do you like yourself more now than in the past?

FONDA: No.

PLAYBOY: What don't you like about yourself? What things?

FONDA: I'm not able to be articulate with you and make a lot of good answers to your questions, that's one thing.

PLAYBOY: George C. Scott has said that the curse of an actor is that he continues to question how important he really is outside his narrow scope.

FONDA: See, that kind of answer is what I mean. I haven't got those good words.

PLAYBOY: What worries you most as an actor other than not getting a part?

FONDA: I can't think of anything. I'm very proud. I guess because I've done well. I know I have respect and a good reputation. I'm proud of that.

PLAYBOY: And you'd like to be remembered as . . .?

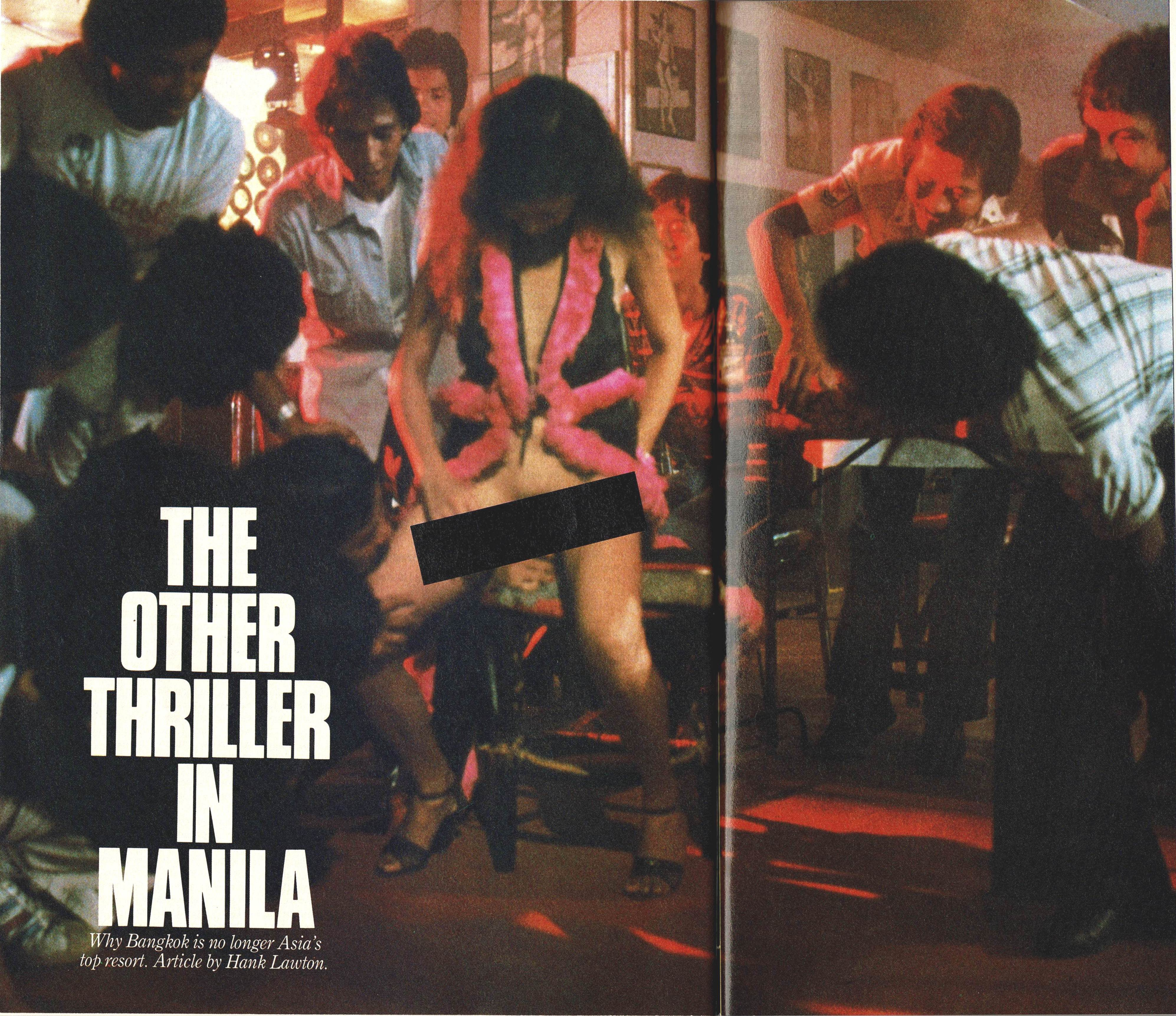
FONDA: [Pauses] As a good actor.

PLAYBOY: Would you consider yours a happy life?

FONDA: Not counting the tragedies that have happened, most of my life has been happy, yeah. I've been very lucky.

PLAYBOY: Well, with everything breaking for you at the same time — a book about you, a new movie, this long interview — it sure looks like it's going to be a Henry Fonda Christmas.

FONDA: Yeah. [Long pause, slow smile.] It is.



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THE OTHER THRILLER IN MANILA

Why Bangkok is no longer Asia's top resort. Article by Hank Lawton.

LET'S SAY you're single and you've decided to take a trip to the Orient. You plan to spend a few days, possibly a week, in Manila. The travel agent tells you about the tourist attractions, particularly the historic sites. Don't believe a word of it. Manila was virtually razed during World War Two, and there is little of historic interest; the museums are dreadful and the well-advertised trip to Corregidor, to see the site of MacArthur's last stand before shipping out to Australia, is a rip-off. True, a few churches (San Agustin, Quiapo, Binondo) are worth seeing, as is Fort Santiago, the Chinese cemetery and the old walled city of Intramuros. And you should definitely take a stroll down Roxas Boulevard in the late afternoon to see the spectacular Manila Bay sunset. But that's about it — and that's not a whole lot.

So how are you going to spend your time? Well, if you like beautiful women and your heart can take it, you should do what thousands of male tourists do every day in that metropolis — spend most of your time in the pursuit of sexual satisfaction. Slowly but steadily, Manila is replacing Bangkok as the sin capital of Asia. The city boasts hundreds of bars, massage parlors and saunas, where for a minimal cash outlay, you can buy sex with some of the most attractive girls and women in Asia.

The sex centre of Manila is the Ermita district, commonly known as the "tourist belt", where you'll find the Manila Hilton, the Bayview Terrace and several other popular hotels, plus a wide assortment of good restaurants, and many shops specialising in local handicrafts. Ermita is also where you can find Marcelo H. del Pilar and Mabini Streets, two thoroughfares which run parallel to each other through the district and which, for much of their length, are lined with bars which cater primarily to the tourist traffic.

Wait until the sun has set, then go to the corner of T.M. Kalaw and del Pilar

Streets, just across from the Luneta Park, and start to walk up del Pilar. The traffic is deafening: taxis and jeepneys crawl along, constantly gunning their engines, honking their horns, and changing gears. The footpaths, are alive; neon signs flash the names of the bars — D'Leggs, The Love Nest, The Yellow Brick Road, and so on. Outside virtually every one, there are girls — young, pretty, sexy girls, most of them wearing cheap perfume and excessive make-up and dressed in tight-fitting long dresses. All of them beg you to enter their place of business and buy them a drink. Occasionally, they suggest they have more on their minds than simply alcohol and conversation. "Hi, handsome. I bet you have a big one," says one lovely girl in a bright red dress who looks no more than 15. "I want to spend the night with you, darling," says yet another.

Of course, it's overt solicitation, and of course, it's against the law, but you can be certain nobody who walks down del Pilar Street after dark is going to make a complaint to the police.

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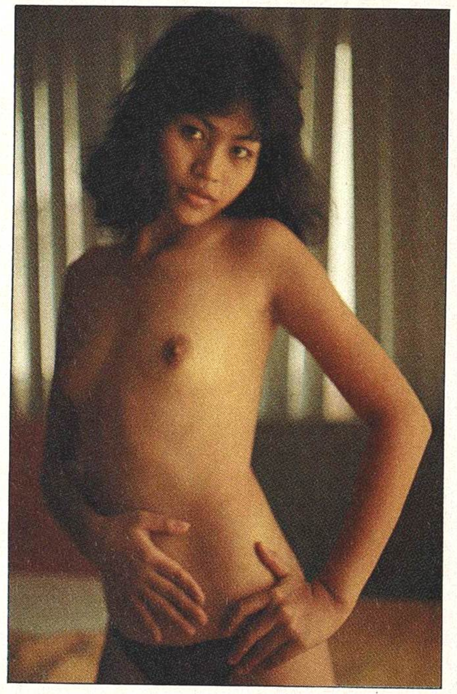
She comes from Leyte, an island several hundred kilometres south of Manila, and her name is Lilia. At least that's the name she uses. "Hospitality" girls in Manila rarely use their real names. Most, like Lilia, are from the provinces, and they tell the folks back home they have respectable jobs as waitresses, sales clerks, office workers or something of the sort. Often too, they invent a past. Lilia's story, for what it's worth, is that she was a secretary in Tacloban, Leyte's capital, but her salary was so low that she decided to go to Manila to find a better-paying job. Once in the city, she had been unable to find an office position, and when her funds were exhausted, she was forced to take up her present line of work.

Lilia is about five feet — short even for a Filipina — but she is pretty and appears to have a good figure. I say "appears," because like her name and past, a hospitality girl's figure is often not what it seems. On the whole, Filipinas are small-breasted, and the hospitality girls, aware their customers mainly prefer well-endowed women, generally wear padded bras. Lilia has a pleasant personality. She is outgoing, cheerful, almost bubbly and seems to enjoy life, even though one might reasonably expect that a girl in her line of work would be bored with it.

There is something about her I particularly like — something which turns me on when I first see her outside her bar. There is a look in her eyes that tells me that *she* likes *me.* I may be wrong; it may be that what I see in her eyes is what I *want* to see, but this is neither the time nor place for self-analysis. I am interested and aroused, so I go inside and buy her a drink.



Lilia — typical of her sisters.

Buying a drink in Manila constitutes foreplay. I find myself in a smoke-filled, dimly-lit room; the jukebox is playing one of the latest pop hits from the US. An older woman — the floor manager — asks us what we want to drink. I ask for a San Miguel beer and Lilia for a gin and tonic. My drink will cost five pesos (about $A0.55) and hers will cost 15 (about $A1.70). When the drinks arrive, I taste Lilia's to make sure the bartender has included some gin. It is watered-down, and the little gin I can taste is rot-gut, but Manila bars are not charitable institutions, and the management makes a lot of money from drinks.

As we drink, we talk, or more accurately, we shout, since the music is incredibly loud. Lilia then tells me her life story — or what she *claims* is her life story — and I do my best to disguise my disbelief. I order another round of drinks, and she asks about me — where I come from whether I'm married, how many kids I have, what sort of work I do and how long I plan to stay.

As I talk, she moves closer, so close in fact, that her thigh begins to press against mine. A few minutes pass and I put my arm around her. Conversation stops; we kiss, and all at once a grappling session commences. One of her hands opens the buttons of my sports shirt and rubs the hair on my chest; one of my hands runs along the front of her dress and explores the outlines of her breasts. I feel some padding, but also two firm, rounded mounds, and I am pleased. Her hand moves from my chest to my leg; her fingers stroke it gently, and slowly they inch toward my crutch.

We do all this in the full view of everybody else in the bar, but nobody is even slightly interested. At other tables, couples are engaged in similar clutching sessions, and one girl has even inserted her hand into a customer's trousers. The girls without partners are either singing or sleeping; they have seen it all before many times.

Lilia now asks me whether I find her attractive. It is a rhetorical question, since she has the answer at her fingertips. I tell her I think she is beautiful — a slight exaggeration, but in the circumstances, understandable — then we negotiate. I ask her the price of the "bar fine" — the amount the establishment charges to part with a girl's services for the night. Lilia says 80 pesos (about $A9), which is reasonable, and we then turn to the matter of her fee. She is reluctant to suggest a figure, ands asks how much I am willing to pay, so I offer 200 pesos ($A22), which is slightly above the standard fee for del Pilar girls, but I consider her better-looking than most. She smiles her assent and goes off to collect her handbag; I pay for the drinks and the fine, and button up all the buttons Lilia has undone.

The rest of the evening is terrific. Immediately after we return to my hotel room, we begin to kiss, and within minutes we are undressed. We shower together, jump into bed and for the next 12 hours make love. One remarkable thing about Filipino bar girls is that most seem to *enjoy* sex with their customers. On the whole, they are sensuous young girls (Lilia, for one is only 19) and are far more enthusiastic about lovemaking than the girls one often finds in western countries. Lilia, as it turns out, is a sexaholic. She reaches orgasm easily (and often), and each time she does, her body shudders and she moans with unmistakable delight.

There are a few disappointments. She refuses to engage in oral sex, but in this respect she is like most Filipino bar girls. In most hospitality bars, there are one or two girls who specialise in oral sex, and if that's your thing, you must speak to the manager before choosing a girl for the night. Like most of the girls, Lilia insists that the light is off while we make love. But it is still a memorable night, if an exhausting one.

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Some Manila nights are memorable for other reasons. Rose is a spectacular beauty, a tall Chinese *mestizo* with beautiful long legs and an aristocratic face and a story to match. She claims she grew up in the Santa Cruz area of Manila, where her father was a prosperous lawyer. She went first to a posh boarding school, then to Sta Scolastica, a prestigious girls' college in Manila, where she had been an honors student. Then her father developed cancer; his treatment has been costly, then he had died, leaving only a stack of bills. So

"I thought he was glib
until he said Gilbey's."
GILBEY'S
Special Dry
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Rose went to work in a bar to help out. It is, of course, pure invention. There are definitely no Sta Scolastica girls on del Pilar, only girls from poor families, but if Rose is not college material, she is certainly bright by del Pilar standards. Her English is fairly good — far above the norm for bar girls, most of whom have only a few years of schooling.

During our petting session at her place of work, Rose appears to be a hot number. She kisses well, she massages my member with relish and she promises me unmentionable pleasures. I quickly offer to pay her 200 pesos for the night and as we leave the bar for my hotel room, I entertain visions of a night of pure ecstasy.

My visions disappear as soon as we get into bed. To my shock, Rose proves to be a remarkably lousy lay. She is unwilling to adopt any position except the missionary, and she is not even especially adept at that. Despite my earnest efforts to arouse her, she remains somewhat passive, and while she moves her hips and grunts and sighs, and tells me I am a regular Casanova, she doesn't reach orgasm. In fact, she doesn't even come close to it. After a while, I conclude that I could do as well with an inflatable plastic doll.

But the *coup de grace* does not occur on the night of our coupling, but rather some two days later, when I discover that my cock hurts like hell when I urinate. Rose sleeps around a bit, and she has a nasty dose of the clap, so my evening turns out to be considerably more expensive than it appeared. What's worse, I am put out of action for a week — a terrible state of affairs for a young man vacationing in Manila.

Venereal disease has reached epidemic proportions in the Ermita district, and the situation is not likely to improve. Theoretically, the girls who work in the bars are required by local ordinance to have a weekly check-up at a clinic, and it is the responsibility of their employers to see they comply. If the girls pass the examination, the clinics affix a dated stamp to their health certificates, and in effect, they are licensed to practise their profession for another week. Theoretically too, the local authorities are charged with checking the girls' health certificates, and are supposed to take action against any establishment which fails to comply, but in the Philippines, there is invariably a huge gap between theory and practice. In the circumstances, it is not surprising so many bar girls have one form of venereal disease or another.

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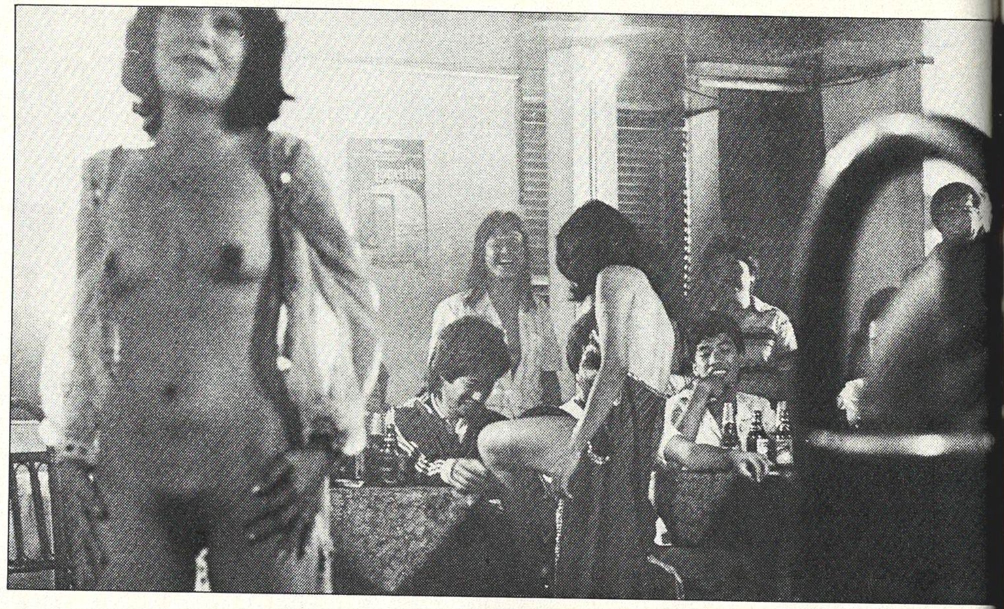
A variation on hospitality bars is the bar which features dance girls, and there are dozens of them in Ermita. In all, dancers gyrate to hard-rock music (always played at ear-shattering level) and as they dance, customers size the girls up as sexual partners. One of the most popular establishments of this type on del Pilar is the Zuri Pub, run by a Swiss and frequented primarily by Europeans. At all times, a group of three or four girls will be dancing on a floodlit stage, located close to the bar. They wear the skimpiest of costumes — a bikini top, a G-string, and high-heeled shoes — and dance for a few records before another group of girls relieves them. When they finish a shift, the girls slip on a robe, mingle with the customers and negotiate their services for the evening.



Filipino girls, on the average, have small breasts, but they make up for their deficiencies with vibrant, bubbling personalities. And they genuinely enjoy sex — particularly with western men.

On the whole, the girls at these places are not particularly graceful, and some are downright unco-ordinated. Most are remarkably well-built, with firm torsos and slender, muscular legs, and many men prefer them to the average bar girls. Because their dancing is so enervating, these girls are usually very tired at the end of the day and their sexual performance suffers.

Some bars cater specifically for the Japanese, who have been going to the Philippines in increasing numbers in recent years, and Manila's sex industry has welcomed them with open arms. These bars are usually far more costly than those frequented by westerners. Bar "fines" are typically twice as high, and the girls might charge as much as 400 pesos for a night's "labor".

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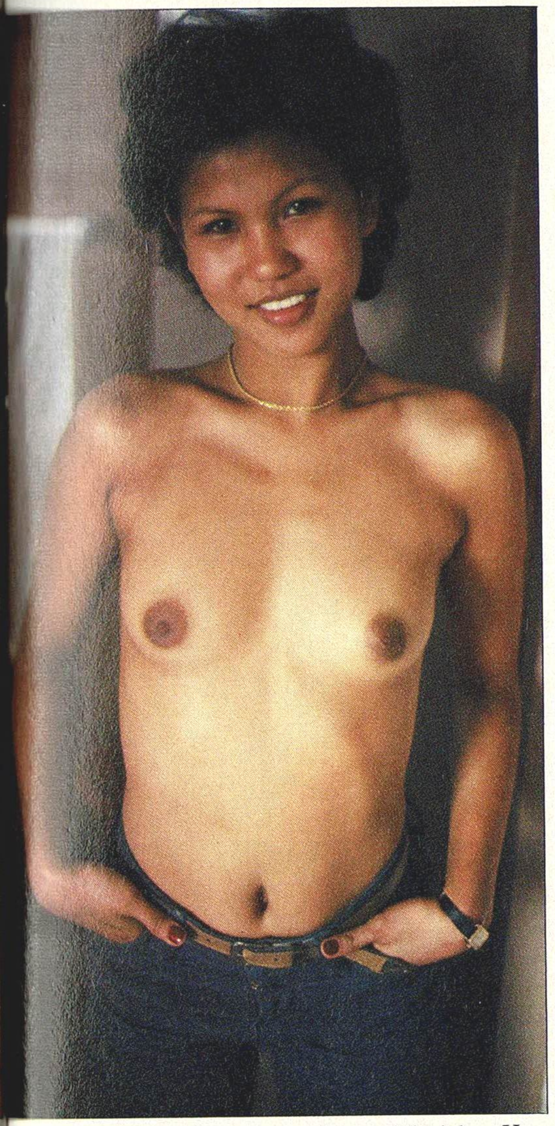
Espanolas is a big outdoor cafe on the corner of del Pilar and Padre Faura Streets, right in the center of Manila's tourist belt. It is not a hospitality bar; but there are lot of girls, most of them freelance hookers. Some are old and ugly, and some young and strikingly beautiful. The old and ugly go there because they are unable to find employment in the bars; the attractive ones choose to operate on their own because they find the seven-day-a-week grind in the bars too exhausting.

The place is chaotic; a band plays music constantly, waiters dash about taking orders for food and drink, there are hundreds of male tourists on the make, and hundreds of girls willing to make it for the right price. There are no rules at Espanolas. In a bar, the manager makes certain two girls do not compete for the same customer, but here, there are no managers. When a man arrives he is immediately surrounded by girls.

I recently went to Espanolas about 1am with a German friend. When we arrived, many of the girls were worried they might not find a customer for the night, and dozens of them immediately moved in for the kill. After only a few minutes' bargaining, he was able to secure the services of a very pretty girl for only 80 pesos, and went off happily into the night. I, too, was tempted, but remembered my experience with Rose.

The problem with Espanolas is also its attraction. Because there are no rules, there are substantial risks. You can be certain none of the girls submits to regular medical check-ups, and consequently, anybody who does not use condoms during intercourse with an Espanolas girl, is asking for trouble. Espanolas is, in effect, the discount house of sex-for-sale operations in Manila. Occasionally, the customer might find a good buy, but more often than not, he would have been wiser to go elsewhere and pay a bit more.



If you are ill-advised to have sex with an Espanolas girl, you are plumb crazy to pick up a street-walker in Manila. The best you can expect from a night with one is a dose of the clap; the worst is that you will end up with a "biniboy" — men disguised as women. They are so well-disguised that a well-known Manila newspaper columnist once said the only difference between a biniboy and a Filipina is that the biniboys usually have better legs.

The only reliable means of establishing whether a streetwalker is a woman or biniboy is to take her/him back to your hotel, and if matters reach that point, it's too late. Underneath their dresses, biniboys are tough street-fighters, quite capable of overpowering and mugging the average overweight, slightly-inebriated tourist. They generally carry a knife or another weapon. If you are unlucky enough to pick up a biniboy and take him to your room, you should consider yourself lucky if you lose nothing more than the money. It is difficult to determine how often biniboys rip-off tourists in Manila, since victims rarely complain to the police.

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There are hundreds of massage parlors in Manila, but few where you can actually get a good massage. Most specialise in quick, passionless sex, and fall into two general categories. The most common is the establishment which features massage and "sensation". The girls at these places generally make an effort to knead the muscles, though few can do so skilfully. After giving a massage, the "masseuse" then perfunctorily asks her customer whether he would like a "sensation" — a euphemism for a hand job, which comes at no additional cost and is generally performed without enthusiasm. The girls usually remain dressed throughout and reject any suggestions of extracurricular activities. The cost of both massage and "sensation" will rarely exceed 40 pesos ($A4.50)

The other type of massage parlor features "special services". There is one on Mabini Street where I go which is more or less typical. A receptionist greets you as you enter and asks which girl you would like to see. The girls are assigned numbers, and are a motley lot — far less attractive than the bar girls. The few good-looking ones are overweight, and the slender ones homely. I select the prettiest (Number 9) and we go off to a private room.

The room is dimly lit. Inside there is a massage table, a closet, a bathing area, and a small table on which there is an assortment of bottles. I undress, lie face down on the table, and No 9 goes into action. She works on my neck and shoulders for a while, then asks whether I would object if she took of her white nurse's uniform. I offer no objections, and she disrobes. Her breasts are big and so unfortunately, is the rest of her. She is about 5ft 5in, and must weigh at least 12 stone.

She resumes her massage, now concentrating on my crutch. "I want to make you very sexy," she explains, and it is not long before I respond. No 9 then asks me what sort of "special services" I desire. Fellatio will cost 100 pesos; intercourse 150, and both will cost 200. She adds that if I choose intercourse, I will have to use a condom, a standard procedure in Manila massage parlors. I choose the combined package, and 45 minutes later, after receiving my "special services" and taking a quick shower, I leave.

Including the fee for the massage (50 pesos), I have paid 250 pesos ($A27) for less than an hour's entertainment, which by Manila standards is a comparatively costly form of recreation. For roughly the same money, I could have spent a whole night with a far more attractive girl from a bar. Even so, massage parlors of this kind do a thriving business, but for the tourist, they are probably not worth investigating.

But even if the tourist in the Philippines does not go out on the town in the search of sex, sex will certainly come to him. Only a few hours after I arrived at my hotel, I received a telephone call from a strange woman who suggested she was available for the evening. I told her I was busy, so she offered to get together the following night. I again said I had plans, but she persisted. Then convinced that I swung from the other side, she told me she could provide young boys for an evening's entertainment. I finally brought the conversation to a close by telling her I was a visiting priest. "Forgive me, Father," she said reverently, then hung up.

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No discussion of sex in Manila would be complete without at least an allusion to the gay scene. In recent years, Manila has attracted big numbers of gay tourists, who, like the straights are interested in cheap sex. Ermita has at least 20 bar and discos which cater for gays, and business is thriving. These establishments are easy enough to spot. Instead of young girls, there are young boys outside them, who like their female counterparts, urge passersby to buy them a drink. Gay tourists also find sexual partners among the shoe-shine boys, newspaper vendors and other urchins who work in the streets of Ermita. These boys range in age from seven to 15 and most wear nothing more than a T-shirt, shorts and thongs. Many are homeless and they are willing to engage in sex for a little extra cash. One of the better known places where the gays pick up boys is the Fish Net Restaurant on the corner of United Nations Avenue and del Pilar Street.

Manila is also a place for kinky sex. One Italian couple I know go to Manila each year for their holiday. The man is homosexual, but his wife heterosexual.They often go out together to the bars, pick up two young men and take them back to their apartment for an evening of group sex. Another German prefers watching to participating, so every night a different group would arrive at his apartment — sometimes two girls; sometimes a couple; sometimes a threesome — and he would pay them to perform. He once invited me to watch while his houseboy served spring rolls and expensive cognac.

We're All Right Jack

When will Australia shrug off the trappings of the Monarchy and become a republic? With our Bicentennial looming, Geoffrey Dutton puts the question

WHY ON earth, in the 1980s, is a young, virile and allegedly progressive nation like Australia still kissing the ermine of Royalty? The Monarchy may be just the thing to cheer up poor tired old Britain, and the Queen, her husband and Prince Charles are all thoroughly decent, hard-working people, but what relevance has either the institution or its incumbents to Australia today?

The wheels of history never work by turning the clock back. There are few monarchies left in the world, and they range from the feudal dynasty of Saudi Arabia to the bicycling, sensible-tweeds monarchs of Scandinavia and Holland. In Australia, we have inherited from our colonial past a feudal institution democratised to a pageantry puppet who is beginning to look bored with the whole show, even at her eldest son's wedding. A nation, like a family, moves into the future by respecting the past — not by living in it. And when the children grow up and move on to their own houses, they don't break off relations with their parents.

Let us see what would be involved for different sections of the Australian community in establishing an Australian republic at the ideal time — 1988, our Bicentennial Year.

For the true-blue, dyed-in-the-pure-merino-wool monarchists, it would, of course, be a disaster. Those dear old enthusiasts, God bless 'em, really do love the Queen, God bless her. Let them. Why shouldn't they? But they must not play it dirty. They must not say that to urge Australians to go republican is divisive, as if that were a bad thing. Almost everything in a democracy, fortunately, *is* divisive. Unanimity, or that 99.8 percent vote favored by most dictators, is a token of tyranny. In democracies, the wish of the majority carries the day, and it is the constant prerogative of the minority to attempt to influence the opinions of the majority. More than 80 years ago, it took hard work and planning and arguing to convince the people in the Australian States that they should unite in a federation.

Nor should the monarchists accuse the republicans of disloyalty, though they are not so likely to do so these days. Certainly, 15 years ago, when I published *Australia and the Monarchy,* a mild enough symposium about the future of the Monarchy in Australia, I was accused by the more rabid monarchists of being disloyal. The South Australian president of the RSL, a truculent brigadier, was on the front page of the *Adelaide News* shouting: "Dutton should be sent back to Russia where he belongs!" I don't think something like that is quite possible today — even in Queensland. But when I published an article in *The Bulletin* in April, 1981, about an Australian republic, one correspondent from Darling Point, NSW, wrote to say: "Geoffrey Dutton needs a jolly good slap on his bottom," a letter which *The Bulletin* headed "Naughty Geoffrey". It is probably true to say that for most Australians today, "loyalty" means loyalty to Australia, and not to the Queen.

Nevertheless, the question of loyalty toward the Queen does disturb several million Australians profoundly. One recent survey among migrants showed that perhaps two million of them will not become naturalised because of the oath by which they have to renounce other loyalties and swear allegiance to Elizabeth. For some time, our approach to our ethnic communities has been that they should become Australian, but not renounce their traditions and distinctive national attitudes to life and culture (and of course cooking). A Dutch monarchist, for example, wants to become an Australian but keep his affection for his own monarch intact. He didn't come all this way to swear allegiance to a Queen who lives in Britain. An Italian or a Hungarian may detest the whole principle of monarchy, having seen kings licking the backsides of dictators in their own countries. They will not become naturalised Australians if they have to swear allegiance to a foreign Queen. And an Irishman — well, the less said the better.

For the Queen *is* foreign to these people, and to millions of Australians of British descent who think of themselves as Australians at home and find themselves treated as foreigners when they go through immigration formalities in London. The British today are as different from average Australians as Americans are, but there is no reason why an Australian republic should not remain on cordial terms with the Monarchy. Those Australians of British descent who still love the Queen will be welcome to keep her portrait on the walls of their homes.

"To Australians, the Queen is not only a foreigner — somebody living somewhere else — but she inhabits a foreign world of class and money and ceremony."

There would be no need for an Australian republic to be anti-British, any more than there is any need to forget the enormous historical involvement of Australia with Britain. The history of Anglo-Australian relations has certainly needed reinterpretation, and several of our best historians have been busy doing this for a number of years, but neither they nor any rational republican would want to deny that history. Many of the British — and maybe even the Royal Family themselves — might feel much more free and easy in their relations with Australians if Australia were a republic. There would be no need for Australia to break away from the Commonwealth, and the Queen would remain at its head. And the Commonwealth is an organisation in which republics far outnumber monarchies.

In my *Bulletin* article, I recalled taking Prince Philip around an art exhibition based on a book of mine, and was surprised when he suddenly turned to me and said: "You're the republican chap, aren't you?" I admitted I was, and complimented him on his homework, to which he responded, "Well, when you want us to go, tell us, and we'll go"

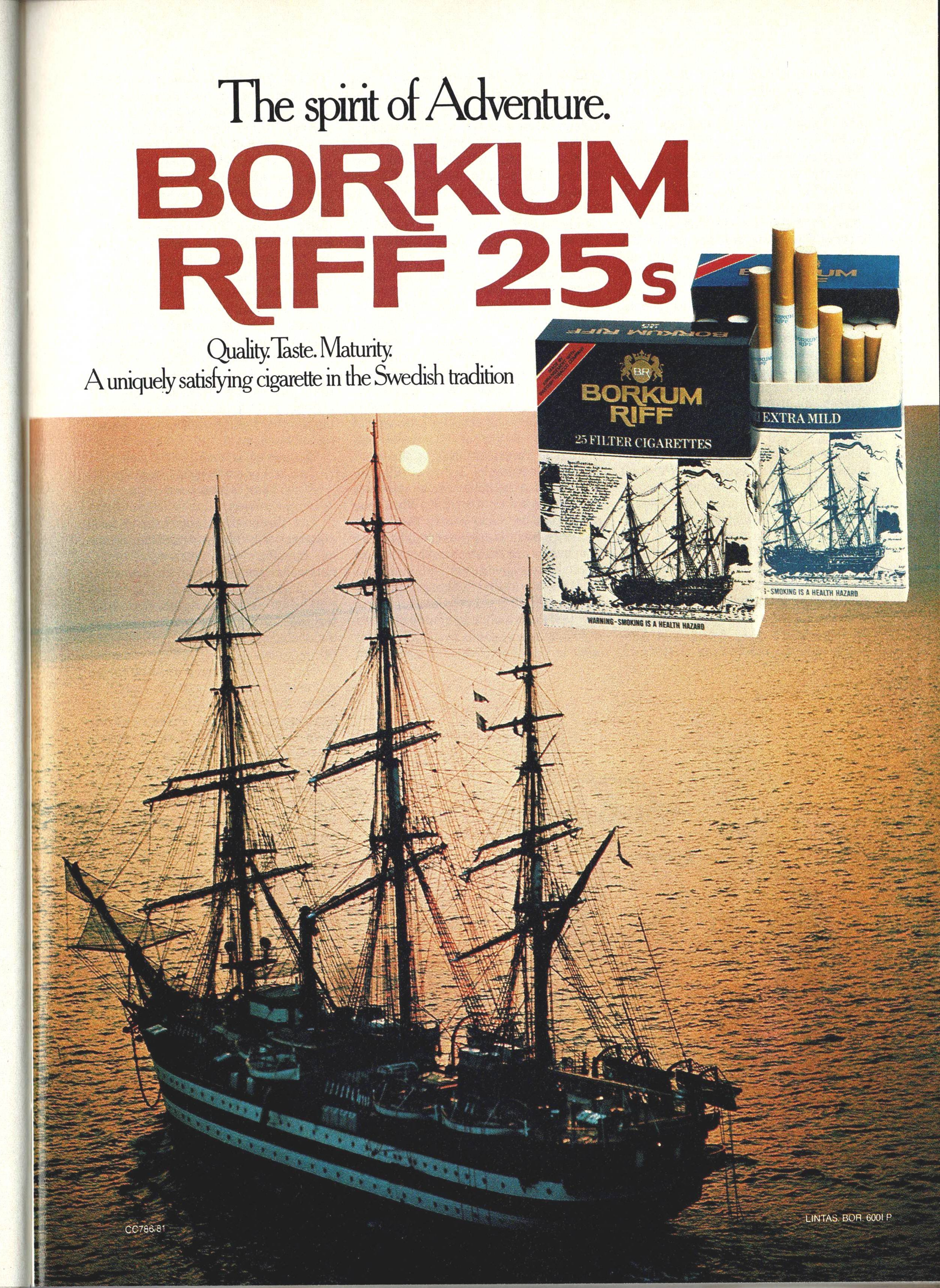
I thought this a fine, honest comment. I was also interested, recently, to hear a similar story from John Olsen, the artist. A couple of years ago, Olsen took Prince Philip birdwatching along South Australia's wonderful Coorong. Over the campfire one evening, the Duke asked Olsen about the state of republicanism in Australia, and made the same comment that they would go as soon as we wanted them to. The old days of "Traitor — off with his head!" are long gone.

Bicentennial year, 1988, is the obvious time to make the move, and we would then have a real national independence day to celebrate. Every nation needs its rituals; even a tiny nation like Singapore has tremendous independence day celebrations. All we have at the moment is Australia Day, when most Australians who can go to the beach and ignore the occasion, which is only fitting seeing it is the commemoration of the dumping of a lot of miserable convicts in NSW. Australia Day is not even mentioned in the 10-volume *Australian Encyclopaedia.* Our other much more true national day is Anzac Day, that strange commemoration of a tragic failure inspired by that inveterate evil spirit of Australia at war, Winston Churchill. But Anzac Day can never be a day that will unite the nation, especially since the great migration after World War Two. For those migrants and their descendants, Gallipoli cannot be the magic word it is for the descendants of those who were living in Australia in the year 1915.

The other focal point of celebration is the flag. In the top corner of the present flag, the union jack still holds sway. Why can't we, like the Canadians, have our own flag? Their beautiful maple leaf didn't just sprout in its own spring. It took a long, slow campaign to make Canadians think deeply enough about the issue so that the change could be brought about. Chris Hurford, the Labor MP for Adelaide whose speech in Parliament in support of a new flag has been causing a lot of ripples, does not underestimate the work and time which will be involved to achieve a new flag, whatever design and color it may be.

What is certain even now is that neither the Monarchy nor the republic is a matter of party politics. In various polls during the past few years, there are (naturally) more Liberals and more British migrants in favor of the Monarchy than others, but what is important is that there are also Labor voters who are monarchists — and, at the other extreme, a solid percentage of Liberal, Labor and Democrat voters who want Australia to become a republic.

And all these people (somewhere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Quality. Taste. Maturity.
A uniquely satisfying cigarette in the Swedish tradition
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BORKUM RIFF
25 FILTER CIGARETTES
WARNING - SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD
EXTRA MILD
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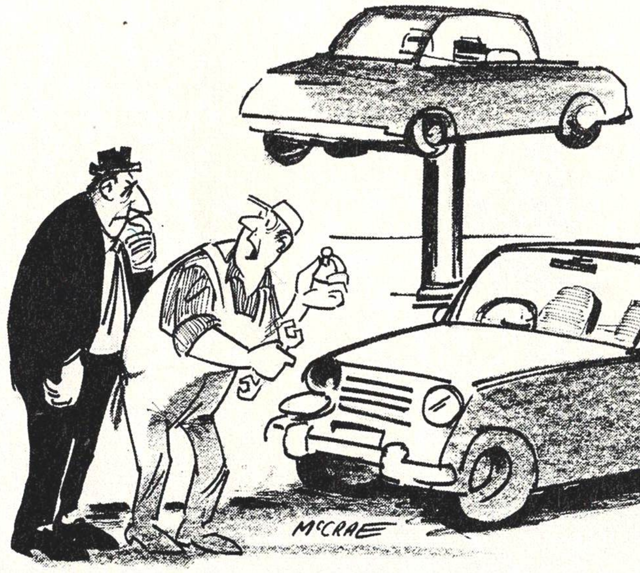
between three and five million if the polls are any indication) think that way without any campaign, any p.r. or any advertising. In our consumer-based society, no change in taste or opinion usually takes place without tremendous publicity, so there must be a great number of people who have not yet made up their minds, or even started to think about the issue. What manufacturer or salesman would not give his eye teeth to have a basis for a campaign of three to five million ready-made potential customers?

Australians, like most other people, are ideologically lazy. They don't bother to argue the toss unless their strongest beliefs or their economic security are threatened. At present, most people don't care much one way or another about the Monarchy, and it seems quite divorced from economic realities (though Royal visits don't come cheaply), but there are some deeper points to do with economics. We don't pay much in hard cash for the Monarchy, but there are some severe clashes with our national lifestyle.

The Queen is one of the richest women in the world, and though most of the Royal Family live relatively modestly, their style is quite amazingly irrelevant to that of Australians. The Queen is at the top of a pyramid of class and privilege which does not exist in Australia; indeed, some of the aristocracy and the rich in England probably live rather better than she does. To Australians, the Queen is not only a foreigner, somebody who lives somewhere else, but she inhabits a foreign world of class and money and ceremony. Surely it is unhealthy for an organism not to be in touch with its head? The Queen symbolises an endemic failure of communication between the top and other levels of Australian society.

Constitutional reform on many major and minor issues is badly needed in Australia, and all-party moves are under way to achieve some reforms by 1988. The constitutional aspects of a republic baffle many Australians. The other day, a highly intelligent and successful businessman said to me: "What would happen to this government if this republic came about? I suppose both houses of Parliament would be dismissed and there'd be a president making decrees." Instant dictatorship! To many who are nervous of a republic, the alternatives are monarchy or anarchy. When one points out to such people that most countries in the world are republics, and that every democratic republic has an elected government, they fall quiet, but they are obviously thinking that some madness would engulf the Australian people if the crown were removed.

In fact, few changes would have to be made to our basic system if the present governor-general became an elected president. The lawyers, of course, raise difficulties, but their job is to solve them (see Sir Zelman Cowen's chapter in my second symposium, *Republican Australia?*, which, incidentally, was published just as he entered office).



"I'm sorry, sir, they don't supply the light bulb separately — you have to buy the whole car!"

This brings me to perhaps the most basic point in any discussion of an Australian republic. Why are we so afraid to trust ourselves? Why can't we respect our fellow-Australians more? Time and again, I find people say to me: "Well, who could we have as president? Who would everybody respect enough?" It is an amazing situation. It wasn't all that many years ago that similar people were telling us we had no history, no literature, no art. A.D. Hope's infamous lines from his poem, *Australia*, are still quoted with relish by such people, though the poet himself is now embarrassed by them:

Without songs, architecture, history,
The river of her immense stupidity
Floods her monotonous tribes from Cairns to Perth.

The Bicentennial may offer a focal point not only for an Australian republic, but also for a celebration of the national awareness which already exists and is growing. It existed long before A.D. Hope wrote his poem, but within the past 20 years it has expanded prodigiously. Yet we are still half-ashamed of Australia.

The problem — and it must be solved for our national self-respect — is how to make Australians proud of Australia and things Australian without offering them some crude patriotic formulae. Fortunately, Dr Armstrong and others running the Bicentennial Authority are casting their nets wide and are well aware of the dangers. These are easy enough to identify: xenophobia; the boasting of the "I'm a bloody Australian and proud of it" type; commercialism disguised as patriotism; ignorance and distrust of foreigners and of our own migrants; and the acceptance of second-rate standards in almost anything other than sport.

True pride, and indeed love, cannot exist without knowledge. There is today among ordinary people an infinitely greater love and knowledge of Australia than existed in 1939 when Hope's poem was first published. Incidentally, that poem was reprinted in books 28 times in the following 20 years! One should also add that at the end of the poem, Hope allows a gleam of optimism, and while still maintaining Australia to be "the Arabian desert of the human mind," remembers that "from the deserts prophets come," and hopes that a new life will spring in the Australian waste.

For a nation not yet 200 years old, we are of course not a desert of the mind. We have a remarkable list of achievements in art, science, literature, music, humor and the ability to get along with each other. The recent publication of that splendid volume, *Australia's Heritage*, shows what there is to value in architecture and landscape.

We are just beginning to get confident enough to admit publicly to loving our own country — albeit not as forthrightly as Sir Walter Scott in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.* It is really worth quoting the whole relevant section, the first and last lines of which are so famous:

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said.
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

Scott is not crudely praising patriotism or justifying homesickness, but defining love in classic, almost religious terms, as the transcendence of self. "The wretch, concentred all in self," is not only vile but incapable of love, his soul is dead.

This does not at all conflict with that other famous, and often misunderstood, pronouncement on patriotism by an equally robust man of letters, one Dr Samuel Johnson. When he said: "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel," he was intent on discrediting scoundrels, not patriotism. There was never a more proud and splendidly British character than Dr Johnson! But scoundrels are all selfish wretches and incapable of love, whether of woman or of country.

Australians, slowness in acknowledging love of country, as in establishing an Australian head of state, may in fact be related to our notorious bashfulness in matters of love. Whereas other nations have ballads and folk songs about lovers, and plays and novels and paintings and operas about love, we (until recently) have had practically none. It may be a good omen that almost the only Australian love poems of the 19th century worth keeping were written by Charles Harpur, who was a staunch republican! Partly, this lack of love themes came from the imbalance of the sexes in early Australian society, and in the bush, from which so many songs and ballads came. But in other nations, a man deprived of woman's company is likely to burst into sad or lecherous love songs. Not so Australians.

It is interesting that the late David Campbell, who wrote some of the finest love poetry in Australian history, was also a farmer and fisherman who was in love with the Australian country and celebrated that love in many poems. To confound the Australian male image still further, he was also a champion boxer and footballer and a highly decorated pilot in the RAAF. *And* he was a republican. Finally, he wrote the funniest poem about Australians and the Monarchy which exists (based on the story of a dream of a friend, who invites a homeless Royal Family to his house, where the Queen Mother and the Queen share his bed).

This brings me to another puzzle: there is no doubt at all of the strength and hilarious range of Australian humor. Why then aren't there more humorous stories about the Monarchy? Pomp and ceremony are the ideal targets for that characteristic dry, sardonic Australian comment.

Oddly enough, it is precisely this pomp and ceremony which monarchists on the defensive often produce as their trump card. The republic would have no pomp and ceremony, they cry. How boring: look at the millions around the world who watched the Royal wedding. All one can say to that is that those millions aren't rushing off to join the British Monarchy. They have enjoyed the spectacle, but they remain loyal Americans or French or whatever. There is no reason why we should not do so, too, and have our own national ceremonies. Look at the way the Americans and the French celebrate the 4th and the 14th of July.

The main drawback to the achievement of an Australian republic in 1988 is that there is no organisation to promote the cause. The Labor Party and the Democrats have, in a mild way, endorsed the cause, as have some branches of the Young Liberals. It is truly a non-party issue. Some damage has already been done by extremists from the lunatic left, who have also attempted to appropriate the Eureka flag. It is a moderate and constitutional cause, not a revolutionary one.

It is almost 100 years since Henry Lawson's first published poem, *A Song of the Republic*, appeared in *The Bulletin* in 1887, when he called on Australians to make a choice between

The old dead tree and the young tree green,
The land that belongs to the lord and queen,
And the land that belongs to you.

The old tree is even more dead now than it was then, and there may well be a few dead branches on our own green tree. Instead of commemorating the chain-gang in 1988, let's get out the chain saw!

"Do tell them the thing you told me not to tell them."

Striptease
GIRLS, GIRLS
SH MASSAGE
SEX
ADULT MOVIES

GAMES MEN PLAY

Sex-play is his favorite pursuit, but here are eight other games he plays in the meantime. Your game is to guess just what they are.

PHOTO/ILLUSTRATION BY NICK BROKENSHA AND MARK SALWOWSKI

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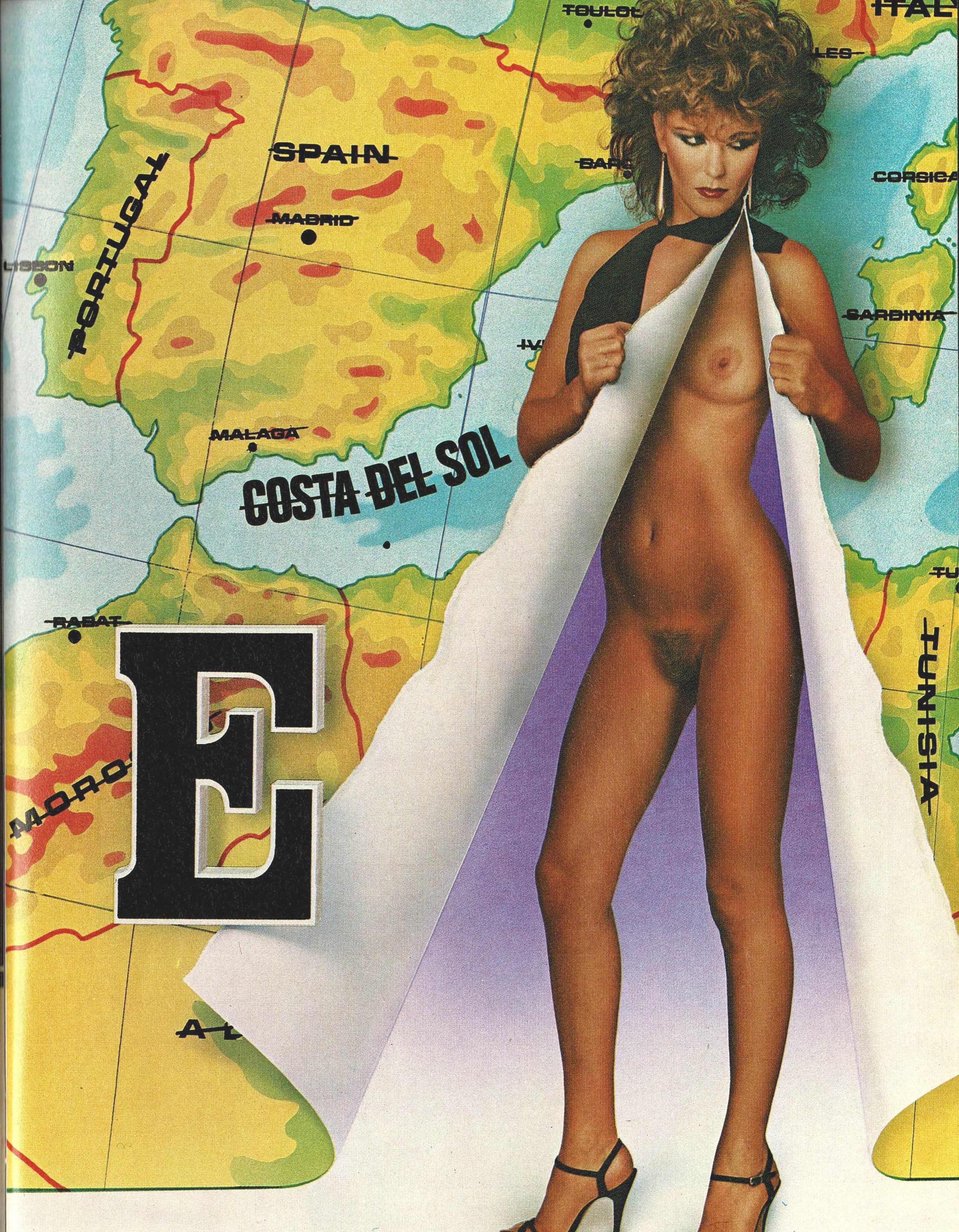
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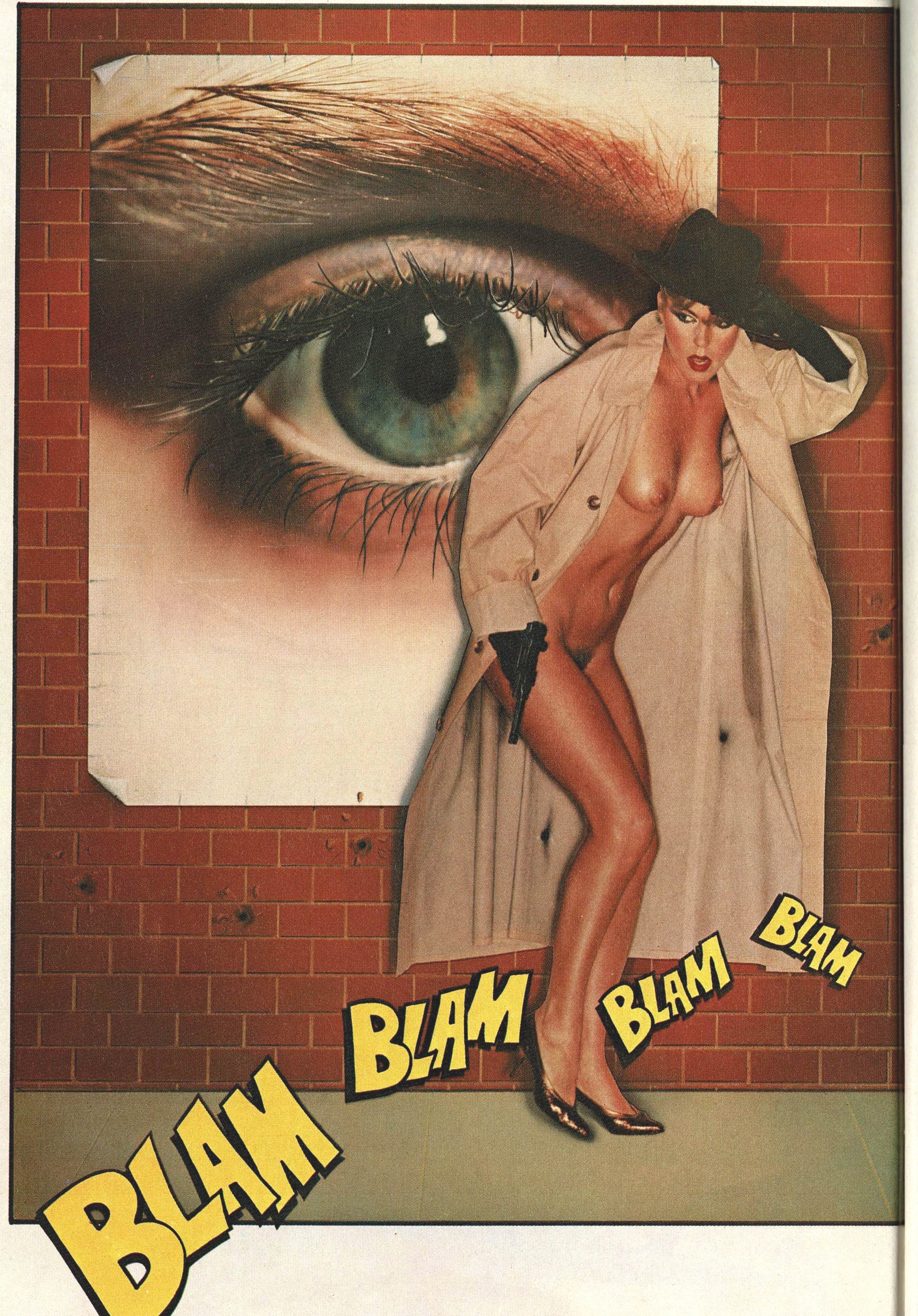
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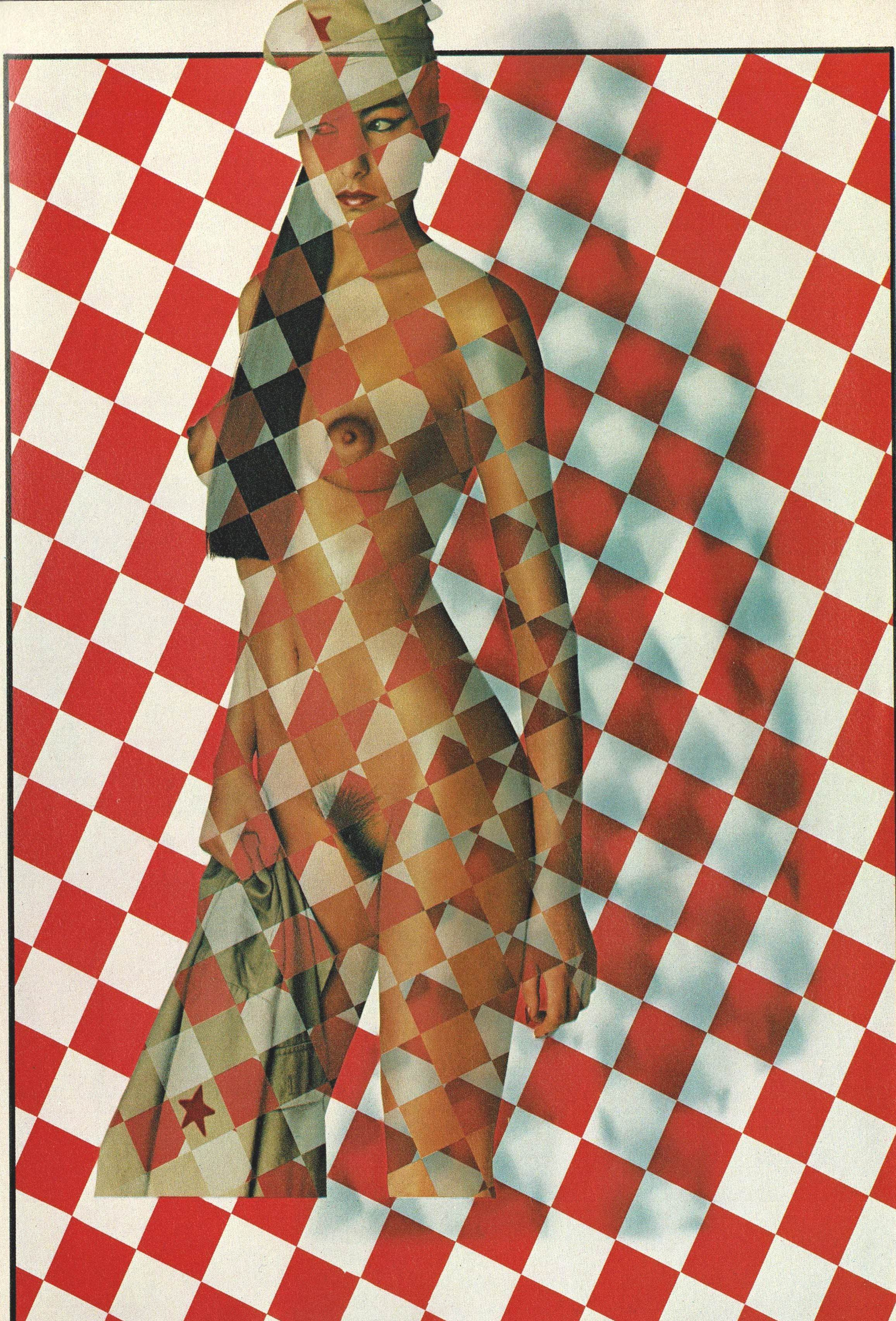


I'M DREAMING OF A BLUE MOVIE

The girls saw red when the boys decided to show a blue movie in the Wilsons' garage. Humor by John Regan.

Illustration by Otto and Chris

"AT THE LAST Christmas party the Wilsons put on," my wife said caustically, "I seem to remember Tim jumping off the roof shouting 'Yo, Ho, Ho!' after trying unsuccessfully to climb down the chimney."

"Yes, but he tells me he's a reformed character," I said. "He says he's got entertainment tonight."

"I bet he has," said my wife darkly, fastening the bib of her new floral pattern bib-and-brace overalls. I was convinced she'd only put them on because she knew I hated them.

Wilson was a mate of mine of many years' standing, an engineer of sorts who worked for a firm of doubtful integrity that often sent him on trips overseas on a fat expense account. He'd just returned from a trip to Europe, and had phoned to tell me in a mysterious voice to make sure not to miss the chrissy do.

"Well, if you don't want to go we can always have tea and crumpets at your mother's," I'd told my wife.

"There's no need to be sarcastic," she said, and for a moment she seemed almost on the point of tears, though I should have known better. When we arrived at the Wilsons and found more yobbos and yahoos than is customary, even for that haunt of the loud, the brash, the uncouth and raucous, she gave me one of those tight-lipped little smiles that drip with a mixture of sugar and cyanide.

It was a hot evening with a cacophany of cicadas like machine-gun fire in the no-man's land beyond the Wilsons' back fence, and the yobbos in question were standing around the pool watching Wilson trying to light the barby with a can of cold gold in one hand and of kerosene in the other. I could tell he was already far gone when he poured beer on the barby and tossed in a match. The yobbos hooted with laughter and passed comments like:

"Ya flamin' galah! Ya gunna drink the kero now?"

Sensing disaster, I took over from him and soon had the fire alight.

"Jeez, thanks mate," he said. "Hey, we've got a real rort to show in a minute. Send the missus inside and we'll put her on."

"Put her on what?" I asked, for though we'd had our little tiff, I was not vindictive. She's not a bad sort really.

"*You* know mate. Jeez, I don't have to spell it out for ya, do I? We're gunna have a show in the garage."

"What sort of show?"

"A flamin' blue movie, ya dope," he said disgustedly. "Shirl and the other sheilas are inside. We'll let her roll as soon as ya get rid of the missus."

"She might want to watch, too."

"*What?*" said Wilson, taking two steps back and looking at me as if I were stark raving mad.

"She might want to watch it, too — she's a broad-minded lass," I said.

"You must be out of your *mind.* Sheilas don't watch blue movies."

"Why not?"

"Because they just don't. It's not right. Tell her to go inside and have a look at the new Mixmaster I brought back for Shirl."

My wife is not only a broad-minded lass, but also has an independent streak, which is what was responsible for the floral overalls, and I knew that one thing she was not interested in was looking at Shirl's new Mixmaster. I thought there was nothing for it but to make a clean breast of it.

"Listen," I said, taking her by the arm and beginning to walk her towards the house. "They want to show a movie in the garage. You know how it is."

"No, I don't. You tell me."

"All the wives are up in the house, and, er, um, all the fellas are going into the garage."

"I might want to watch it, too."

"That's exactly what I said to Tim. Those were my very words. 'She might want to watch it, too,' is what I said, but he said it was better for you to go up to the house with the other ladies."

"Balls!" my wife said, and stormed off to the house.

Wilson had been accosted in Piccadilly Circus, he told us when we were seated on plastic chairs in the garage, facing the upward swinging door that was to serve as the screen, by a little man whom he had at first taken for a flasher, in his big dark overcoat. Like the traditional hawker of filthy Christmas cards, he had tugged at Wilson's sleeve and said: " 'Ere, guv, I've got something to show you." And opened the coat to reveal an extensive range of books, movies, cassettes, lingerie and marital aids — a walking supermarket of smut. Wilson had already bought presents for Shirl and the kids, and thought it was about the time he bought a present for himself.

He draped a hessian bag over the window so the wives couldn't see in, then started the movie rolling. It was faded and scratched and jumpy, and the color was all wrong; there was neither music nor dialogue, neither plot nor delineation of character, but the audience's attention was riveted from the first frame, which showed a busty young bird in a negligee opening the door of her cottage to greet Santa, who had just rolled up in his sleigh. The reindeer pawed the snow as Santa climbed down with his bag of toys, and three dwarfs ran circles around him as he walked up to the cottage. The girl smiled sweetly and kissed him on the cheek, then the camera zoomed in on Santa's hand caressing her bum and the three dwarfs falling about her legs.

They all went inside, where there was a log fire burning in a cheery room with white cushions scattered around the floor. Santa dumped his bag and began pawing again while the dwarfs darted about the room exploring. She unbuckled Santa's big leather belt, then

began unbuttoning his red suit, thus solving one of the mysteries of my childhood. I'd always wondered how the fat slob got into that suit.

She guided him to an armchair and sat him down in it, then began pulling off his boots. Soon, Santa was dressed only in his long johns and the audience in the garage was begining to get restless. Nobody was interested in seeing Santa Claus in the raw, and the girl still swore the negligee, which you couldn't quite see through.

Just then, there was a loud banging on the side door of the garage.

"Open up!" cried a loud female voice.

"Bugger off, Shirl!" Wilson replied, slipping the bolt on the door. "Can't a man have a bit a fun in peace?"

"Tim. Open this door at once! Don't be so childish!"

"Ya can't come in! Go and put the steaks on the barby."

It seemed the attack had been repulsed, because the noises receded, and when we returned our attention to the screen, there was big fat Santa, stark naked, sprawled in the chair while the girl was on her knees fondling his flaccid penis.

The crowd hooted derisively, everybody making sure everybody else knew that nobody here had ever been unable to get it up. Every man in that garage at that moment was a prize stud.

Then there was a sudden, ear-shattering din, as if a freak hailstorm were pelting golf-ball-sized stones on the garage's iron roof.

"I'll murder that woman," Wilson muttered, though I had a fair idea that the driving force behind the insurrection was not Shirl, but my own wife. Then he shouted at the night beyond the brick walls of the garage: "Shirl, if you don't bugger off, I'll pull yer bloody arms orf!"

There was another fusillade of stones, but the shouts from outside were indistinguishable — presumably because the ladies had to retreat a fair distance to lob their stones on the roof. The block on which the Wilsons' house is built is fairly large, and the suburb is a newish development with many big houses of salmon brick in the Spanish style, but I had no doubt the neighbors — or at least the ones not invited to the do — would be peeking around their curtains trying to decide whether to call the police and/or fire brigade.

Now the girl at this stage was lying on a cushion on the floor with her head in her arms, apparently weeping. The three dwarfs crept up and one put his hand on her shoulder, gently, in commiseration. She looked up, then rolled over and the dwarf began running his hand along her arm, caressing her shoulder, gently pulling the negligee aside. She stopped crying and watched in a kind of fascination as the other two began caressing her legs, lifting the negligee and peering beneath it.

Then in frantic haste, the dwarfs unbuckled their wide leather belts, tossed their caps on the floor and began stripping off their jerkins. They kicked off their pointed shoes and pulled off their trousers, dancing around excitedly in their underwear with great bulges in front. Then the underwear came off and the dwarfs were gripping their long, pointed, flexible and vividly red penises, sharp as lances and as willowy as bamboo poles. The girl's eyes widened and she clapped a hand to her mouth as she tried to retreat, but one of the dwarfs was charging her like Sir Lancelot thundering through the lists.

Just at that moment, the picture disappeared. For a moment there was a stunned silence while the audience worked out that what had happened was that somebody had lifted the garage door. For a second, the image of the all-but-naked woman and the galloping dwarf played over the faces of the 10 or 12 wives storming into the garage in triumph and scorn, while the rest of the picture beamed out into the night, across the road, being intercepted by who knows what. From the audience, by now sitting on the edge of their chairs, there was a howl of frustration mixed with anger.

"Shut the bloody door!"

The wives ducked their heads and scuttled in, pulling the door down behind them and dispersing into the flickering twilight within the garage. Nobody offered them chairs, and there were grunts of satisfaction as the picture resumed as the men found that only the moment of penetration had been missed. The heroine was successfully impaled. She squirmed in delight (or agony), stuck on the end of this monstrous whanger like a fish on the end of a spear while the dwarf gripped the base of it with both hands, his tiny wrinkled face contorted with the effort like a big game fisherman landing a swordfish. The other two paraded up and down waving their penises like banners.

There was quite a bit of heavy breathing from the men in the garage by now, though the women maintained a frigid silence till my own beloved wife suddenly exclaimed:

"This is *filthy!*"

Nobody paid any attention. The projector rattled on and the picture shifted to poor old Santa Claus, who by now had nearly fallen out of his chair, feverishly fondling himself in an effort to get some response from his lifeless member.

"This is abolutely disgusting!" Shirl said, and switched the projector off and the lights on. There was an immediate outraged uproar.

"Whaddaya think you're doing?" Wilson roared. "Get out of it!"

He went to switch the projector on again, but Shirl pulled out the plug. The men cursed and raged while the wives stood in a small group against the wall, like early Christians in an arena full of lions: defiant, proud and unrelenting.

"Jesus Christ!" Wilson wailed bitterly. "I told you to keep out in the first place. If you don't like it, whyncha bugger off? Go and cook the steaks."

"I had no idea you were watching filth like this," Shirl said. "It's absolutely degrading to women."

"It's a bloody woman doing it. Nobody's forcing her."

"Muck!" Shirl screeched. "Muck! Muck! Muck!"

She shoved the projector and the little table on which it stood capsized, and the projector fell heavily to the floor, bits flying off it.

"Now look what you've done!" Wilson shouted and raised his hand to slap her, but she stared him down with sheer cold grit. The other wives gasped collectively and glared hatefully at Wilson and at their own husbands, who seemed a bit bewildered at the speed with which a nice quiet blue movie session had turned into an incipient brawl. I was getting the glare from my wife, too, but then I'd been getting the glare all night.

The projector was wrecked and the night's viewing over, and surly men and domineering women shuffled out of the garage and made their way down to the barby and the pool. Wilson put on his silly apron and chef's hat and, flourishing a can of beer in one hand, sent steaks and chops sizzling on to the hot plates; flagons and casks of riesling and claret were tapped. Shirl fussed about the trolley that carried the salad and the buttered rolls and BBQ sauce. She spotted her two kids, Jimmy and Tina, who should have been in bed, and went haring after them when they scooted around the corner of the house. She must have caught them, because their cries rose to the sky along with the harsh screech of the cicadas, the smoke from the barby, the hubbub of voices and laughter which grew steadily in pitch and volume as the wine sloshed into glasses and the pile of empty beer cans grew. Shirl came back and buttered more buns.

I don't know about the other blokes, but I still had a hard-on from the movie.

"Listen," I said, taking my wife away from her chore at the hotplate. "I've got a hard on."

"Bully for you."

"I wouldn't mind a root."

"You'll just have to wait. I've got chops on the fire."

"If you leave it too long you might miss out."

"Tsk, tsk," she said sarcastically, flourishing a long fork dangerously close to the family jewels. "Then I'll just have to wait for Santa and his dwarfs, won't I?"

She burrowed her way back into the crowd around the barby, and for several seconds I gazed wistfully at her neat little bum, then wandered over to refill my glass at the claret cask.

"John, would you mind nipping up to the house for more buns?" Shirl asked with that rabbity, crinkle-nosed smile of hers. "We're nearly out."

"Righty-oh," I said, more or less grateful for being given a purpose in life amidst all this idleness and dissipation.

The trip up to the house and back was a revelation: One couple rolled around on the lawn under the orange tree; Billy Watson and Annette Lagrange came out of the house holding hands just as I went in; and in the kitchen, Sandy Milligan had his hand up Julie Snow's dress.

"Excuse me," I said, trying to ease round them to get to the fridge. "We need more buns."

"Buns?" said Sandy. "No buns here mate. Only crumpets. Har, har!"

Julie gave him a smack, but I could tell her heart wasn't in it. I found the buns — a big plastic bag of them — and carried them back to Shirl.

"Thanks, love," she said, and gave me a peck on the cheek.

"I deserve more thanks than that. You should see the gauntlet I had to run in there."

"Diddums," she said, taking my head between her hands and planting a big-wet-slobbery kiss smack on my lips. "Diddums have to run the gauntlet? There, there. Never mind."

Jesus, I thought, resisting the impulse to wipe my mouth, Shirl's gone back to her second childhood. She was a little on the plump side, but had nice legs and beaut tits, and a great gash of a mouth, very kissable, with smeary scarlet lipstick. I felt I'd taken on more than I could handle. I smiled and backed off, heading in the direction of the cask.

The party had developed to the stage where at any moment I was expecting somebody to fall or be pushed into the pool. In spite of the fauns frolicking under the orange tree and in the kitchen, the numbers in the backyard seemed to be swelling, and I could only assume the neighbors had given up trying to ignore the noise, sent their kids to bed and come to join the Christmas cheer. Somebody had brought the record player out of the house and set it up on the back steps and *cha-cha* music (Wilson was of that sort of era) blared out to challenge the cicadas.

My wife brought me a couple of charred chops and a bun.

"Mmm, delicious," I said. "Listen, how about we go home now? I've just about had it."

"You mean you haven't had it," she said, making a grab for my crotch. "That's your trouble, isn't it?"

"Well, yes, if you put it like that."

She gave me a cheeky smile, performed a pirouette on the verge of the pool and glided away to join the bunch hanging around the barby, batting her eyelids at Bernie Richardson. Wilson was doing party tricks with a plastic figure of a little boy that pissed in your eye. Shirl must have seen me standing there at a loose end, so to speak, for she came over and said: "Lord, I've just got to put my feet up for a sec. Bring your drink inside."

We went up to the house, passing through the kitchen, where Sandy Milligan hadn't managed to get his hand any further up Julie Snow's dress, and into the living room where an unidentifiable couple wrestled on the couch. Shirl watched them for a moment and said:

"Well! Some people certainly know how to make themselves at home, don't they, John?"

They didn't even hear her. She glared at them for another moment then turned and led me into the main bedroom which, like all the other rooms, had been very nicely decorated, thanks to Wilson's trips away on the expense account. The huge bed had a pink chenille bedspread with a needlework design of the Golden Gate Bridge, and on the wall there was a set of geese in genuine Wedgwood.

"I'm surprised at you, John," she said, sitting on the edge of the bed, carefully guiding her glass down with her. "I didn't think you were the type to enjoy that sort of movie."

"I'm not, really," I said, sitting beside her where she patted the bed. "I mean, I certainly wouldn't go out of my way to see a blue movie, but you know . . ."

"Yes, I know. Sometimes, I wonder how I put up with Tim."

"Ah well. These things are sent to try us, Shirl."

"I've always thought you were the only one of Tim's mates who's not a yobbo like the others."

"I try to keep up the standard."

"I've always hoped you might find me, well, attractive."

"I think you've got beaut tits, Shirl."

"Yes my breasts *are* my best point."

She stared morosely into her Ben Ean and I put my arm around her to comfort her in this sorrow. She turned and stared me in the face.

"You just don't know," she said. "You don't know what it's like."

"I think I've got a fair idea, Shirl," I said, slipping her cotton print frock down over one shoulder."

"Lord, I'm just like a prisoner in this house. Sometimes I think I'd just like to clear out."

"But what about the kids?"

I slipped off the other shoulder of her frock and eased it down to her waist, gazing at the cleavage between her sumptuous norks. They seemed all the bigger because she was wearing an uplift bra.

"That's the only thing that keeps me here, John, I can tell you. What sort of Christmas do you think this is going to be for them?"

"Pretty rotten."

I got the hooks on the bra undone and she wriggled her shoulders until the straps fell free and I cupped my hands over the luscious mountains.

"Just listen to the racket out there. Drunks staggering around. An orgy in the kitchen and rape on the lounge."

"Would you mind lifting up a bit Shirl so I can get your panties off?"

"You just wait," she said, lifting first one cheek then the other. "Tim will come staggering in at some ungodly hour, shouting and swearing, and scare the daylights out of them."

"If I know Tim, he'll be pretty harmless by the time he's knocked over those flagons," I said.

I slipped her dress and panties down over her ankles and gently pushed her back on the bed, then began nuzzling her bushy cleft.

"I hope so. Lord, for the first two nights after he got back, he was just like an animal. Ooh," she said, and sighed. "That's nice."

By the time my wife was ready to go home the party had dwindled to four or five stalwarts around the pool and an unknown number of couples in the shadows. Shirl had cleared the people out of the house and locked the doors. While my wife walked ahead to the car parked out in the street, Wilson took my arm and beckoned to indicate that he wanted to talk to me.

"I been wantin' to have a word with ya, mate," he said.

"I was up in the kitchen washing dishes for shirl."

"It's Shirl I want to have a word about. You're the only bloke here tonight who's not a nong."

"What's the trouble?"

"Jeez, I'm that embarrassed. I've got a bit of the old dribbly dick and I don't want to go bargin' up to just any old doctor. I thought you might be able to put me on to a good bloke."

"You mean you've got the bloody *jack?*" I asked.

"I dunno how I'm gunna break the news to Shirl. Not much of a Chrissy present for her. I didn't even know I had it until today and we've had three nights in the cot since I got home."

"You dirty rotten bastard!"

"Fair go, mate," he said. "Jeez a bloke's only human."

MAJOR ISSUE OVER MINOR TISSUE

Humor by Kathy Lette

BEING SEXUALLY "liberated" is very oppressive. Today, to be a virgin, monogamous or celibate is not socially acceptable. What has developed is a genital dictatorship.

Ignoring pangs of guilt, we women have felt beholden to prove our newly won sexual freedom. Dutifully, we've roamed the "meat markets" in high-heeled packs, spunk spotting, skewering bronzed hunks on the end of our stilettos on the dance floor. We've compared your performances, stamina and size, and giggled over your anatomical details. Like men, we've tried to be below-navel-geared and blase about sex. After all, it *is* only a bodily function.

You wanted it as much as he did, you say, ignoring his snores. All said and done, it's just a physical release. Your mouth to his back. You feel wonderful, really. But then what *is* this empty ache afterwards? Lying there counting the cracks in the ceiling and watching the luminous minutes blink by on his digital clock, the awful notion gnaws away at you: am I really liberated?

Modern men are taking full advantage of our confused situation. With their *Le Coq Sportif* tracksuits, smooth talk and vasectomies, they think they have it all sewn up. They prey on "liberated" girls, stressing profusely that they believe men and women have equal libidos and sexuality; that promiscuity is an obsolete word now babe, you know; and that they're all for "free love". When they don't ring or write or smile at you again, you can't help thinking all that means is they don't have to pay for it.

It takes a few Close Encounters of the Grope Kind to realise that these Modern Men are just as pussy-struck as the yobbos and surfies you left behind in suburbia — but much more dishonest. They don't "tool", "root", "poke", "plug" or "stab a chick". They make her "aware of her sexuality." "Liberation" to them simply means they can be more upfront about their intentions.

For my initial evening with one amorous gentleman, we shared a candlelit dinner. The music was sensuous, the wine elegant, the ambience

warm and arousing. His conversation became intimate: " . . . and darling, did you know that the vaginal vault has the same lining as the mouth? It's the Bartholin glands that. . . " Only a couple of nibbles into my bread roll, he inquired about my tastes, preferences and favorite positions. The hovering waiter interrupted, and in the confusion I ordered a rear-entry entree and a double-flavored fellatio. For dessert, it was diseases. "Have you ever contracted herpes?" he checked, before putting me on his menu. "A slight case of monilia?"

"Vanilla . . . ?" the waiter inquired.

Inevitably, after a first date, you're asked back for an R-rated drink (there's no such thing as a gin and platonic). Spontaneity never has anything to do with it. After spending an hour or two of forepay, it's just par for the cost of the course. Besides, your reputation's at stake. What'll he think if you *don't*? People will think you a prude. You'll get a bad name!

There's no spur of the moment passion. What finally influences you is whether you've shaved your legs and remembered your diaphragm.

With emotions extricated, it's more like aerobics than an act of love — a series of orgasm-obsessed mattress gymnastics. You strain and contort your way through the upside down vibrating lunges and interlocked lotus-positions.

"Did you come?" he puffs eagerly. "Did you come good?"

You're so worried about whether you did, that you don't know.

"OH YES!"

"Was it vaginal or clitoral?"

"Um . . . "

Other couples spend all their time agonising over an egalitarian position. If the man's on top, that's establishing his male dominance; if the woman mounts, that's undermining his masculinity; a side-by-side full frontal is the only compromise. With minimum penetration, the only sensation is acute pins and needles of the inside arm. Neither of you knows quite where to put it.

Though traditionally done by hand, sex has become very mechanised. It's textbook love. You can almost tell what page he's up to in the *Joy of Sex.* Poking and peering, his muffled voice drifts up to you. An endearment? A vow of love? An exclamation of ecstasy?

"Gee, this is really interesting."

Pinned down on the Slumberland Posture springing, you start to feel like a specimen on the science lab slab.

"Hmmmmm," he mumbles. "A fascinating *labia major.*"

Liberation leaves nothing to the imagination. You get to wishing that sex could be left, for the rare sake of subtlety, fully dressed and undiagnosed. At least in its underwear. How titillating to have just a little mystery and magic, a couple of harmless inhibitions. Or a wicked twinge or two of delicious guilt.

"You're pretty good," he concedes, patting your thigh. Breathless, you wait for a mark out of 10. A report card? Maybe a reading from the Richter Rooting Scale?

But the most embarrassing part of casual encounters is yet to come. No, it's not the act, but the encore. When the puff and pant has passed, there *has* to be pillow-talk. Coupled so closely under the doona, it dawns on you that you really don't know each other too well. Frantically, you pick over topics, steering away from anything too intimate and revealing. Mentally, you're painfully modest. You cover your character from neck to knee, and lock up your personality so it can't be promiscuous. To expose a bare minimum, words are kept serene and pretty, and preferably witty. Soft topics include the latest Australian film you've seen, newly discovered restaurants, sailing, asthma, socialism, vegetarianism, house renovation hints, how to grow bean sprouts, what to have on your toast, ingrown toenails and the thrust of feminism. There is so much censorship in bed these days.

> *"Sexual liberation is oppressive. We're all so busy being laid, we've somehow waylaid the essential ingredients of romance and devotion."*

As well as keeping your personality frigid, jealousy and possessiveness must be treated like the pox. You learn not to dare ask when he can next slot you in between his yoga, squash and Men's Consciousness Raising Meeting. And it's fatal to flinch when he confides in you that he just *had* to help Luke "become aware of his sexuality". (Modern Men aren't homo, hetero, bi or tri — anything "sexuals." They're just plain "sexual".)

Sentimental phrases also have to be consciously choked back. Anything affectionate sounds fake and straight off the TV screen. "I-love-you-darlings" must be watered down to "Gee, I think you really are quite an interesting person . . ." Anything stronger will scare the living daylights out of him. He'll start shrieking that you're trying to "possess and suppress him", that you want to "own", "manipulate", "emotionally blackmail . . ."

As a result, you men have forced us to fake it. Pretending to be "cas", cool and uncomplaining, seems to always bring me the greatest success. "I've got it off with a lot of chicks prettier than you, and it's really disastrous. They claw, you know, and cling. When I'm with you, I feel I'm with an old mate," one partner flattered. "You're independent, intelligent, a good sport. I feel as if we're really equals. That's it! We're equal. Basically, you're just like a guy!"

(To be as blase as men about sex, we girls really do need some drip-dry feelings to hang up alongside the synthetic sheets.)

After yoghurt and black coffee, he's off, flinging a casual "check ya later" in your dishevelled direction. It's just a bodily function . . . you wanted it as much as he did . . . it was only a physical release.

Then why do you feel like a two-legged used Kleenex, blown in, crumpled, discarded? Perhaps it's the different make of our bodies. For men, it's all come and go; for women it's take it, and you're left with it. How *can* you put him out of your mind when there are little moist reminders all day in the crutch of your underpants?

Sexual liberation really is oppressive. We're all so busy being laid, we've somehow waylaid the essential ingredients of romance, rapture, passion, anguish, ardor, adoration, torment and devotion. And great emotion — not an all-night performance and well-read penis — is really the whole point.

If only men knew the secret fantasies that most women cherish — not of throbbing dildos, nymphomaniacal alsatians, chains, bikies, whips and bondage, but of the piquant pain when hands accidentally brush, the ache in your fingertips just to touch and the culmination in a kiss so exquisite, so delicate that it is pure poetry. But passion's not the fashion.

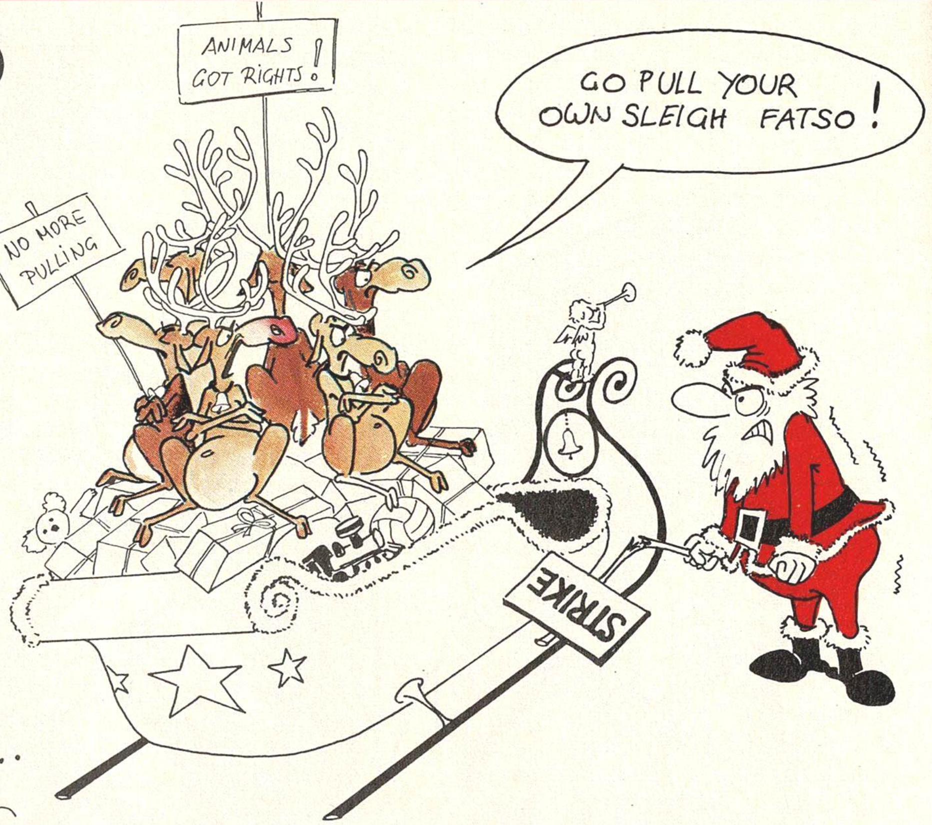
All we're ever asked is to "come across", "cut a rug", "get clammed", "leap into the cot", "share an orgasmic experience", "have a meat injection", or "fork it or walk it".

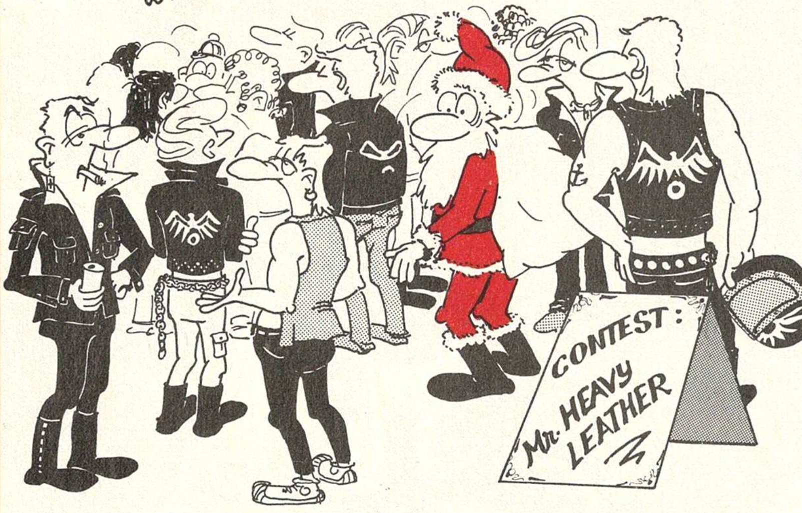
Tired of being ruled by the rod, it's time to rebel against genital dictatorship. I've decided, despite what people may think, to be liberated enough *not* to be liberated. I've already rallied a few girlfriends to the cause, that together we're going to sing along to an old refrain. Sure, it'll take a lot of will-power, but it'll be no more gruelling than a diet. After gorging ourselves on the "meat market", we feel over-stuffed — but not very nourished. Until men learn to satisfy our emotional appetites, the only thing liberated will be our libidos. Be warned — there's a popular, wholesome, menless, delightful new menu: Radish and celery, or if you prefer — Radical Celibacy.

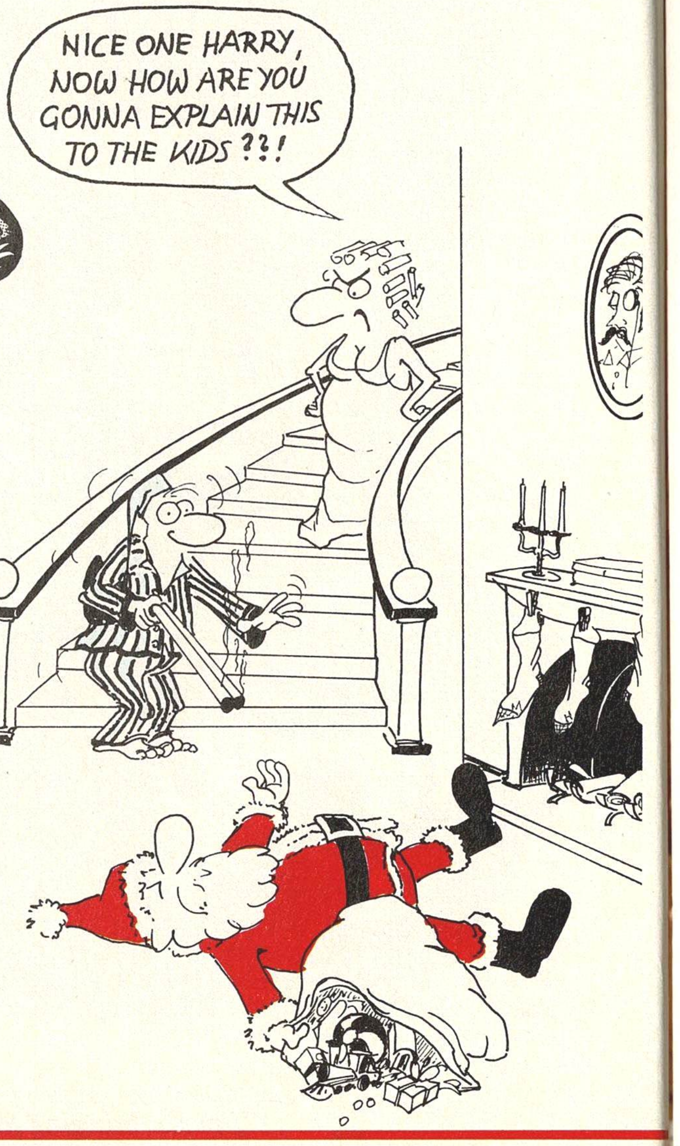
"I'm not bringing presents this year, I'm bringing insults."

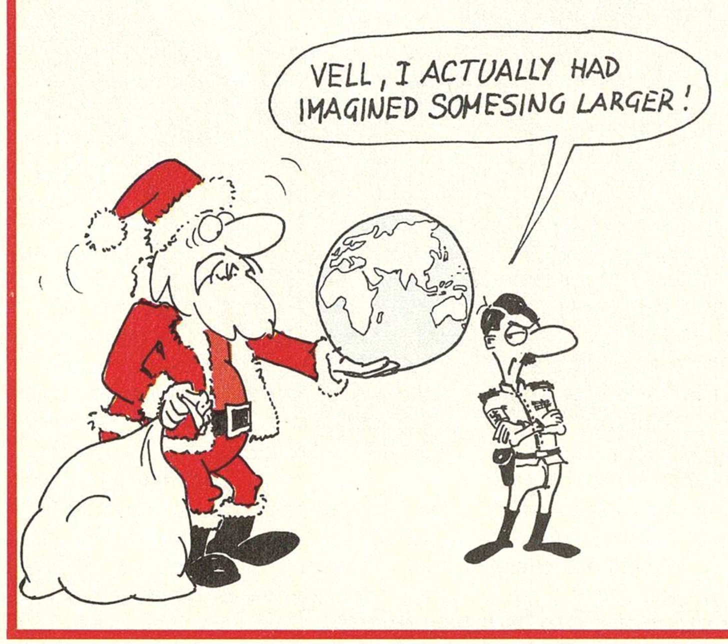
THIS'LL SLEIGH YOU!

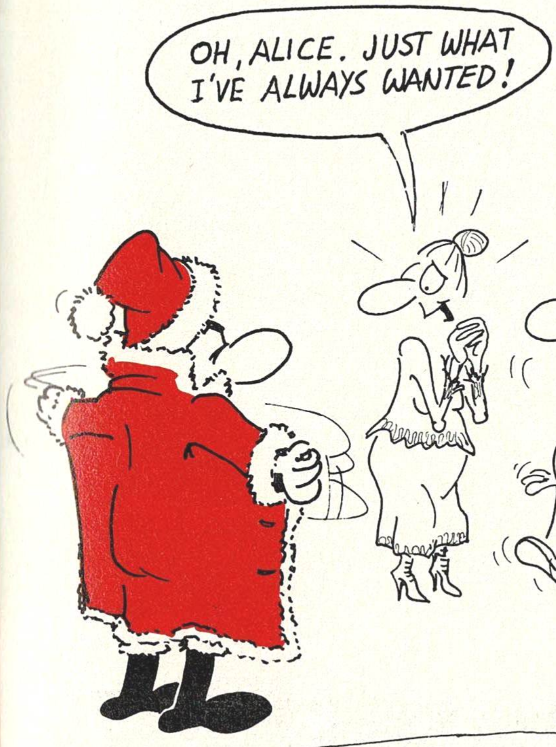
Here he is, Santa in situations you never dreamed of as a kid . . .

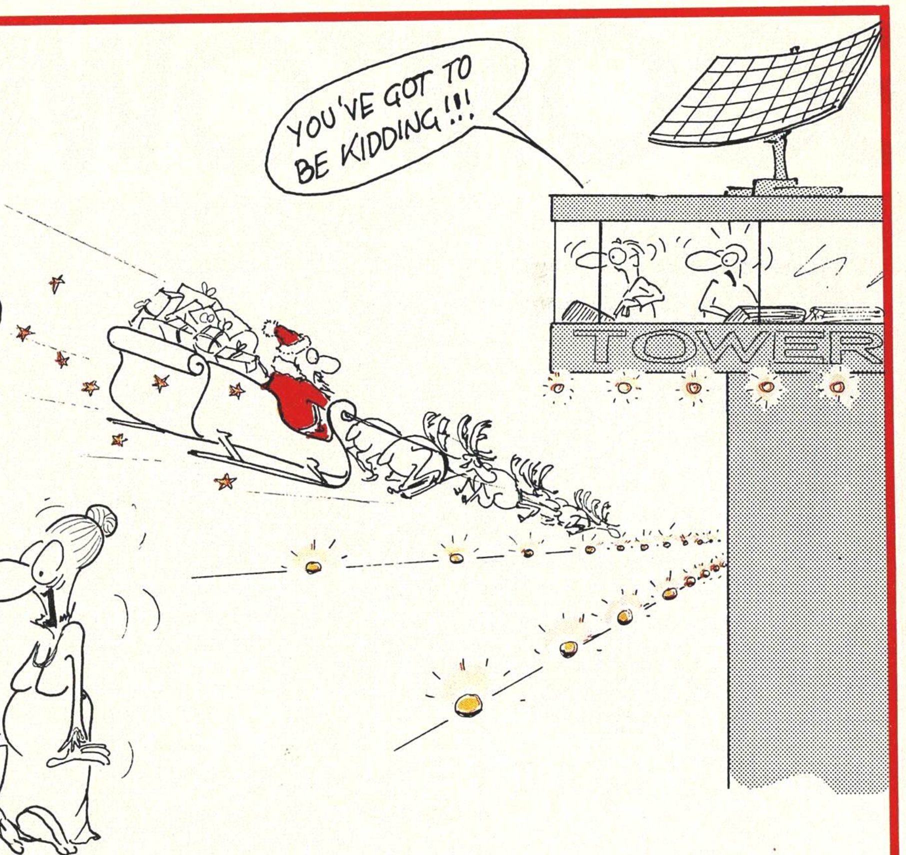

ANIMALS GOT RIGHTS!
NO MORE PULLING
GO PULL YOUR OWN SLEIGH FATSO!
STRIKE

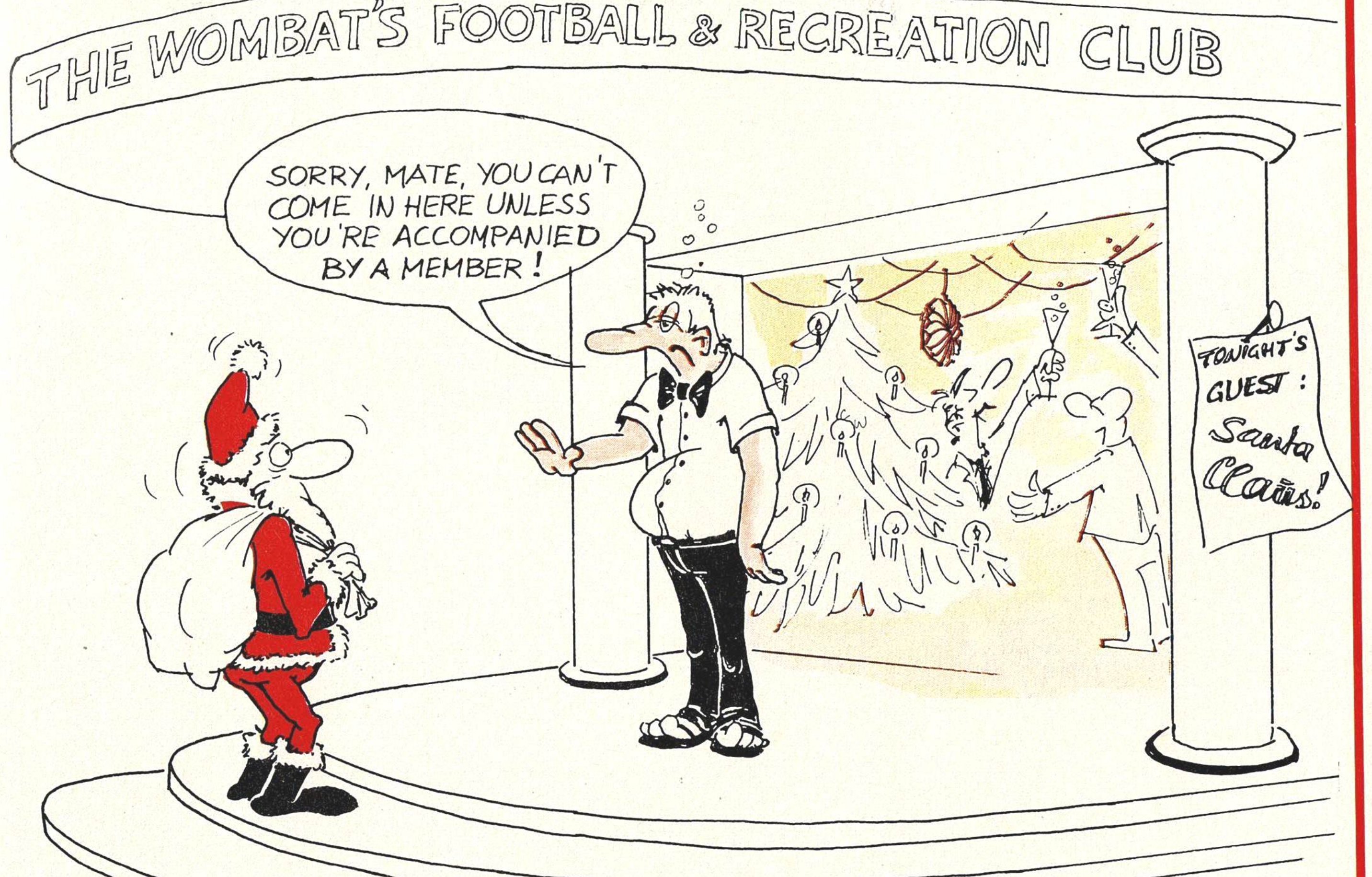

".. AND THE WINNER, IN AN IMAGINATIVE RED COSTUME WITH BLACK BOOTS.....
CONTEST: Mr. HEAVY LEATHER


NICE ONE HARRY, NOW HOW ARE YOU GONNA EXPLAIN THIS TO THE KIDS ??!


VELL, I ACTUALLY HAD IMAGINED SOMESING LARGER!


OH, ALICE. JUST WHAT I'VE ALWAYS WANTED!


YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING!!!
TOWER


THE WOMBAT'S FOOTBALL & RECREATION CLUB
SORRY, MATE, YOU CAN'T COME IN HERE UNLESS YOU'RE ACCOMPANIED BY A MEMBER!
TONIGHT'S GUEST: Santa Claus!

BOOMTOWN BLUES

The sign used to say: "Welcome to Australia's Boom City," but somebody changed the B to a D.

Article by John Flack

YOU HAVE to lay off the booze," the Doctor said, scratching an eyebrow and affecting his most clinically concerned tone. "You're overloading your system and it can't cope." He scribbled a prescription with professional rapidity and pushed it toward me. "Take a few of these tranquillisers, get yourself some vitamin tablets, make sure you eat three square meals a day, and LAY OFF THE BOOZE!"

"Th-thanks, Doc."

"Next!"

I rose shakily and stumbled out into the light, my head buzzing, my mind still trying to piece together the memory-gaps, my body still reeling from the effects of alcoholic poisoning.

•

The city of Gladstone gleams like a giant Meccano set only recently erected on the Queensland coast at the southern tip of the Great Barrier Reef, 530km north of Brisbane. Located on the outskirts of the rich Central Queensland coalfields, Gladstone is Queensland's busiest port, main power generation centre and industrial hub. It is literally the heart of the State's resources boom — pumping coal and alumina to all its dependent bodies and supplying the raw power to keep its ever-hungry industrial fledgings thriving.

The city was named in 1846 after William Ewart Gladstone, the British statesman famous for being four times Prime Minister and infamous for his reputed brothel-creeping escapades. The English novelist Anthony Trollope (author of *The Pallisers)* wrote of Gladstone after he visited it in the 1870s: "A more melancholy failure to the eye, men cannot behold. Lengthened residence would certainly be rendered impossible by suicide." More than a century later, ABC-TV *Nationwide* reporter Gary Neat offered a somewhat more succinct description of the city when he told viewers: "Ugly is the only way to describe Gladstone."

But he was wrong. Ugly is not the right word, either. Gladstone is not so much ugly as industrially bland, a Darth Vaderian monument to the technological prowess of man.

The sign on the outskirts of Gladstone used to say: "Welcome to Australia's Boom City," but somebody converted the "B" to a "D." Still later, somebody else hacked the whole thing down — a sign of things to come. Drink on.

•

Alex MacDonald had just swept around the defence and booted home a scorcher past the outstretched hands of the goalie, when the kitchen caught fire. I was so stupefied by both the heart-stopping action and the heart-charging booze that I failed to pay any serious attention until Ben and Burnie came rushing down the hall. It was only then I noticed the living room was filled with smoke. It was only then I remembered the huge pot of cooking oil and chips I'd put on the stove an hour just before switching on the trannie and stumbling on a broadcast of the Scottish FA Cup final.

I dragged myself away from the game and staggered downfield to the kitchen. The stove, the wall and the ceiling were on fire, and the boys were frantically hurling panfuls of water around the room.

"But it's an electrical fire!" Ben was yelling, coughing back smoke. "You're not supposed to throw water on an electrical fire, are you?"

"No!" Burnie screamed, "but for Christ's sake don't stop now!"

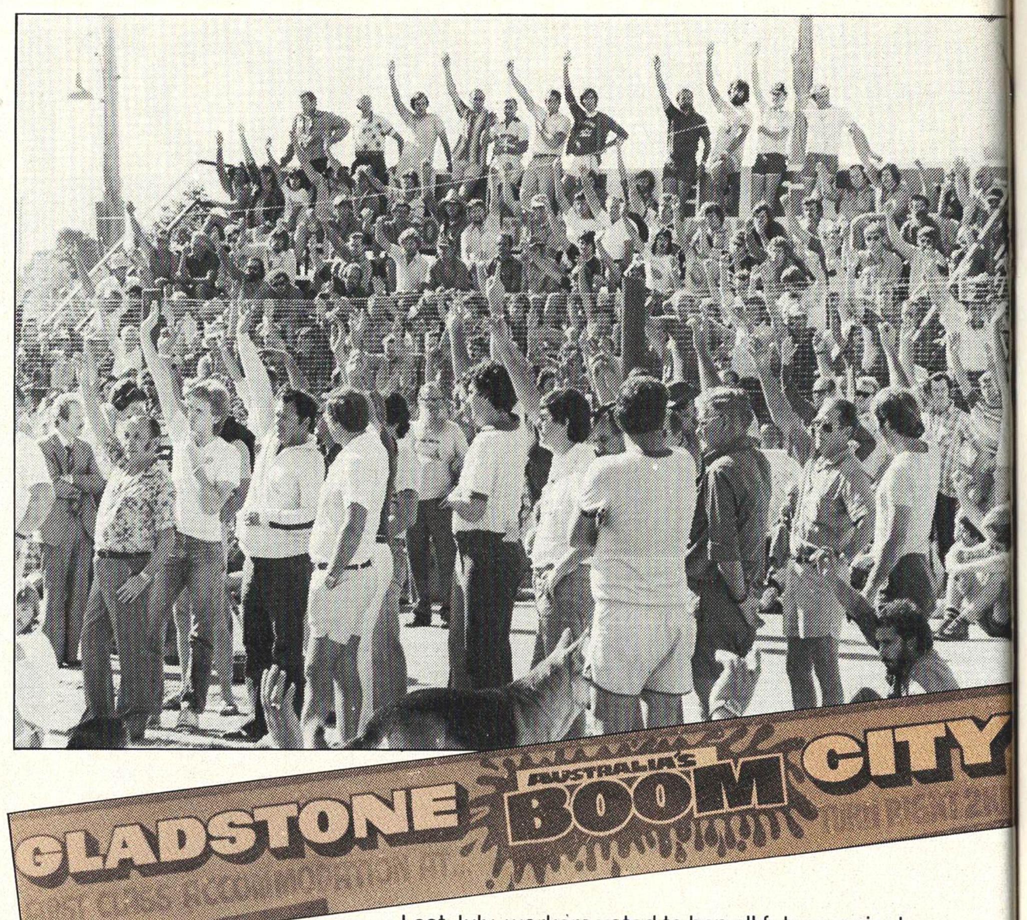
They were bailing frenziedly, as though they were the last passengers, left without a lifeboat, on the *Titanic.* I stood in the doorway, laughing to myself helplessly.

•

The message scribbled on the hotel's toilet wall said: "Gladstone — where men had to be men (and sometimes they had to be women)." At a grass roots level, the most obvious sociological aspect of Boom City's traumatic industrial growth is the lack of women. "Sure, there are women around," the men moan over their beer, "but you have to be prepared to fight the nine other blokes in line." Drink on.

But there are many deeper problems for the workers than the monastic existence. Boom pains. Technocrats delight in building industrial citadels and expect the people to revere them.

"And verily, it came to pass that there was only one true God, and its name was Industry. All hail Industry. Praise Industry. Worship Industry as your savior, and offer up sacrifices in its glory."



Last July, workers voted to ban all future projects in Gladstone until the city gets adequate social facilities.

Sacrifices indeed. Gladstone is the 13th biggest city in Queensland, but last year had the second highest council rates (more than $500 a year average). An average brick home there sells for $65,000 — comparable with certain sections of the Gold Coast. Rents cost up to $160 a week and there have been continual reports of people living in caravans in the bush, in tents on riverbanks, in the back of cars, sardined nine to a small flat, in parks, under bridges, even in a toilet block.

Those families lucky enough to make it to the top of the waiting lists and get accommodation in the claustrophic caravan parks mushrooming around the city, are creating a growing headache for the under-staffed social welfare and children's services offices, which are being flooded with cases of marital crises, family breakdowns, child abuse and bashings. The police admit the local station is understaffed, but say they can't bring more officers in because there is nowhere to accommodate them.

The city's only men's hostel was forced to close some time ago because of lack of finance; the local social welfare referral centre, the Citizen's Advisory Service, was forced to close because of lack of finance; the city's only full-time industrial chaplain was forced to leave because of lack of finance.

Overcrowding in Gladstone's schools was described by the Queensland Combined Parents and Citizens' Association chief, Bill Yarrow, earlier this year as "nothing short of disgusting," and later prompted the local Teacher's Action Committee to erect huge signs across the approaches to the city advising motorists: "You are now entering an overcrowded school zone."

Although Gladstone has the State's most modern coal rail handling facilities, people living in the city don't get quite the same attention — the local railway station has been described by Queensland Railway Station Officers' Union secretary Peter Beattie as "antiquated . . . a bloody disgrace." Gladstone's airport has no air traffic controllers, and authorities admit it's the busiest uncontrolled, unmanned airport in Australia. A Main Roads Department report published earlier this year concluded that Gladstone will face a $44 million shortfall in funds required to carry out essential roadworks over the next 10 years.

The city has no public bus service, no qualified Health Department social workers, no psychologists, no resident police inspector, no centre for the handicapped. Its entertainment centres are the bars of its pubs. Drink on. A survey carried out by the local Trades and Labor Council showed power station maintenance workers needed an extra $81.29 a week to offset the city's high cost of living just to keep them on a par with their southern workmates. (They subsequently went on strike for this locality allowance, and 11 weeks of lost pay later, the State Government agreed to give them an extra $9.25 a week.) Welcome to Boom City.

•

"I told you to lay off the booze," the Doc said with a nod of impatient disapproval. "When are you going to listen to me? I thought I told you to ease up. What happened?"

"W-w-well, I'm not sure. There was th-this big weekend tennis comp, you see, Doc, and Jaco and the boys talked me into going. W-w-we won a few early sets, 'nd we had to celebrate. H-had to. Well, one th-thing led to another, and before I knew it, we were into it again. We didn't have much time for eating or sleeping — or t-tennis for that matter — but we s-sure had a great time . . . But when I woke this morning, I felt a bit off. I knew s-something was wrong when I picked up the paper and started reading this story. Wh-when I got to the end, it suddenly struck me I couldn't remember what I'd read, so I w-went back and r-read it again, but no matter how h-h-hard I tried, I couldn't k-keep up my concentration long enough to remember what I'd r-read by the time I g-got to the end of it. Th-th-that's when the dizziness hit me, when things went blurry, when the p-panic set in."

The doctor started scribbling again.

"Take a few days off work. Take a few of these tranquilisers, get yourself some vitamins, make sure you have at least three square meals a day, and LAY OFF THE BOOZE!"

"Th-thanks, Doc."

"Next!"

I stumbled back to the flat, trying to remember the doctor's advice. My mind was drained, my brain numb. Random thoughts were whizzing through my head, bouncing and exploding off the walls of my skull like pinballs richocheting across an endless minefield.

•

"Gragging" has quickly become the most popular political sport in Gladstone. It was originated late last year by the Gladstone Ratepayers' Action Group, a sort of "people's front" formed to spearhead the push for outside funds to relieve the city's problems. To "grag" somebody, you simply grab him by the shirt-tail and demand money. There are few politicians who have been to Gladstone, or have had anything to do with the city at all, who have escaped a good gragging by the City Council or ratepayers.

Local Government Minister. Russ Hinze has been gragged; the Minister for National Development and Energy, Senator John Carrick, has been gragged; the deputy Prime Minister, Doug Anthony, has been gragged; Queensland's Premier, Joh Bjelke-Petersen, was once gragged by a special team of crack graggers, captained by Gladstone's Mayor, Ald Col Brown, who accosted him in the VIP lounge at Brisbane Airport.

Although Joh would not part with any of his hard-earned cash, he did promise to have a go at gragging the Prime Minister for funds, and promptly prepared a submission which showed Gladstone urgently needed a $159 million injection just to upgrade its facilities and amenities to cope with industrial development, then gragged Mal for the money.

AFTER careful perusal of the submission, Mr Fraser gave the city an undertaking he would seriously consider thinking about making a decision on whether the Federal Government would move ahead with its anticipated plan to contemplate some form of financial assistance for the city in the very near future, or shortly thereafter — maybe. Shortly after, Mr Fraser announced he had changed his mind, and the matter was a State responsibility. Drink on.

•

"I tell you, there is no violence here," said Doug Davies, the then publican of the popular Comm Hotel, as he stopped for a beer. "It's all been blown out of proportion by the papers." He was referring to stories about fights in cabarets, about wild west-style punch-ups, and about a bloke being pushed over a balcony. The memory of the 1980 rugby league final celebration, when the boys wrecked bars and staged a day-long series of Golden Gloves bouts that spilled out on to the main street and disrupted the traffic, still lingers.

"There's no real violence here," the publican said.

I nodded in sceptical agreement, quaffed down my drink and staggered to the men's room. Two young gentlemen were wrestling on the tiled floor, trading punches in most ungentlemanly fashion. They obviously hadn't heard the edict.

"Say, don't you blokes know there is no violence here?" I asked. The fight stopped, suddenly and one of them walked over and promptly punched me to the floor.

•

Pollution is the favorite topic of the ecomaniacs, and in Gladstone, they're having a field day. In October, 1979, the Queensland Government's environmental consultant, Dr Peter Saenger, warned the city had "the potential to be an environmental disaster area." Last February, the Senate Opposition Leader, Sen John Button, warned the city was in danger of becoming one of "the dark satanic mills of the 20th Century." In April, the chairman of the Queensland Conservation Council, John McCabe, warned the city could become the "dumping ground" for the noxious industries other countries were trying to get rid of.

There have been complaints about the coal dust nuisance in residential areas around the harbor stockpiles; complaints about the acidic fallout from the alumina plant, which has been known to eat the paint off workers' cars; complaints that the 350-metre buffer zone around the Boyne Island aluminium smelter will be too narrow to offer any protection against fluoride fallout (the United Nations' environment program recommends a buffer zone width of one or two kilometres).

But mostly there have been complaints that the city's biggest polluter, the most blatant abrogator of Queensland's Clean Air Act, is the State Government-run power station. Locals continually complain that the thick black smoke from the station's stacks is harming their health; nearby farmers claim the fallout is killing their pawpaw crops; helicopter pilots say the smog is drifting as far out to sea as Heron Island (72km east of the city) and the tourists travelling to the popular reef resort are complaining about the stench. Even school children have got into the act, one class embarking on a letter-writing complaint campaign to the Premier as part of a school project.

•

It was a cricket or a tennis or volleyball grand final, or something or other, that we won, and we had to celebrate. Had to. There was no getting out of it. And after the celebration, there was a party, so we went, but the Doc's advice suddenly floated back to me, and I knew I had to take things easy.

There was a bowl of punch on the kitchen table, and the host assured me it was "almost non-alcoholic," so I started ladelling it down. Drink on. (It was only later I found out its prime ingredient was industrial alcohol. Then a school teacher, a chap with shiny hair and a strange smile, brought out the dope. A dozen joints later, I started to slip into unconsciousness, but something snapped me back to near-reality. I came out of the drug haze and found myself sitting on a mattress on the floor in a back room. Beside me was the chap with the strange smile, and he was going down on me.

"Wh-wh-what?" I mumbled, pushing him off and zipping up my jeans. "Wh-wh-what!" I dragged myself to my feet and stumbled for the door and off into the darkness.

Even the normally lock-lipped industry chiefs are starting to let slip their fears about the industrial putsch. After Comalco's Boyne Island smelter was well under way, the company's managing director, Mark Rayner, hinted he was a trifle concerned that the development flood could place crippling burdens on Gladstone.

"Unless great care is taken by all people concerned, there is a potentially dangerous situation here," he told newsmen after a businessmen's lunch at a local pub. "We're becoming increasingly concerned at the amount of industrial development proposed in a short space of time."

My Rayner also said he did not think his company should have to make any financial contribution to Gladstone itself, because its $1 billion smelter would not place any burden on the city. The workers would all live in the immediate vicinity of the smelter in the Boyne Island/Tannum Sands area to the south in their own, self-contained community. A later survey conducted personally by Mayor Brown showed hundreds of smelter workers were living in Gladstone and commuting the 25km to the site daily. And the Mayor was quite adamant who should shoulder much of the blame for the city's problems.

"I don't think anybody can deny that our present problems — the accommodation shortage, the overcrowding of caravan parks and the exorbitant rents — can be traced to one body, and that's Comalco," he told council's July meeting. "We've done everything in our power to try to bring Comalco out of the woodwork and back to the negotiating table, but they've got out from under without paying a cent. As far as I'm concerned, the unions are the ones who should now get them back to the negotiating table."

•

I'm dead. No. I'm not — there's too much pain. I'm dying. The room is throbbing to the beat of the blood pounding through the veins in my temple. I try to focus my eyes on something familiar — a stationary reference point — but nothing will stop moving. The ceiling, the walls, the floor, the furniture are all sliding, falling, creeping, shying away from me. It's the same with my thoughts. I can't control them. I can hear myself thinking, and I can't turn off the sound — can't even turn it down. I can hear a voice — my own — shouting inside my head, and I can't escape it. It's saying: "You've done it! You've blown it! And you're never going to get it back together! I can hear my thoughts leaping across the synaptic connections between the neurons in my brain, and with every leap there's a flash of pain, a burst of uncontrollable fear. I sit on the bed, pull the sheets off, turn and drag myself to my feet.

THE ENERGY required to perform these simple functions drains me of most of my remaining strength. I start to walk, but there's something wrong with my rhythm. What should be quite automatic requires a consciously forced effort. I have to think before accomplishing each separate movement.

"Lift the left leg. Extend it. Lower it. Shift your balance forward. Now lift the right leg. Atta boy. Now move it forward . . ."

My mind is scrambled and the only thing crashing through the confusion is wave on wave of panic.

•

Joh Bjelke-Petersen fondly refers to Gladstone as "the development glamor centre of Australia," a strange euphemism which conjures up images of a city full of *Vogue* models posing seductively on bauxite piles and slurry pipelines. And he has a simple solution for those who are finding the industrial glamor is starting to pale: "Those who don't like the city are welcome to leave," he told the nation on the ABC's *Four Corners.*

"Glamorous" is hardly a word you can apply to Gladstone. It's a hard-faced worker's city full of hard-working, hard-drinking, hard-brained men. They're on the arse-end of the much-lauded resources boom, but they can't see the golden nuggets for the dirt and coal and alumina dust in their eyes. They can't see that "wave of prosperity" the politicians told them they're surfing on, because the dumper is swallowing them. All they can see is the millions and millions of dollars in resources flowing through the city, sailing out to sea, being transported from the colonies to the empires.

•

As the days pass, my system registers the shock waves. First comes the headaches, then the stomach-aches, then earaches, chest pains, burning throats, heat palpitations, muscle spasms, hot and cold flushes, dizziness blurred vision, spots before the eyes, delirium tremens and weirdness. Weeks, months pass, but still the terrible hangover won't fade. It takes all my energy, all my concentration just to go through the routines. Eat, work, sleep. Eat, work, sleep. Eat, work . . . I need sleeping pills at night to knock me out, tranquillisers during the day to allay the panic.

"I've got the results of your tests here," the Doc said, "the blood tests, the urine tests, the skull X-rays, the EEC scans, and there's nothing we can find physically wrong with you. Nothing."

He leaned closer. "It's the booze that's scrambled your mind. I tell you, if you don't give up drinking now, you'll end up on skid row. There's nothing more I can do for you. It's up to you."

"Th-thanks, Doc."

"Next!"

I try everything — drugs, pep pills, depressants, mega-doses of vitamins, herbal medicines, hypno-therapy, self-hypnosis, yoga, transcendental meditation, Dr William Schuessler's system of biochemic remedies, Dr Hans Eysenck's behavior therapy for control of neuroses, Dr Herbert Benson's "relaxation response" technique for fighting anxiety, the Alexander principle of body control, Dr James Paupst's anti-insomnia formulae, Dr Ainslie Meares' sure-fire method of relieving pain and strain, but nothing works.

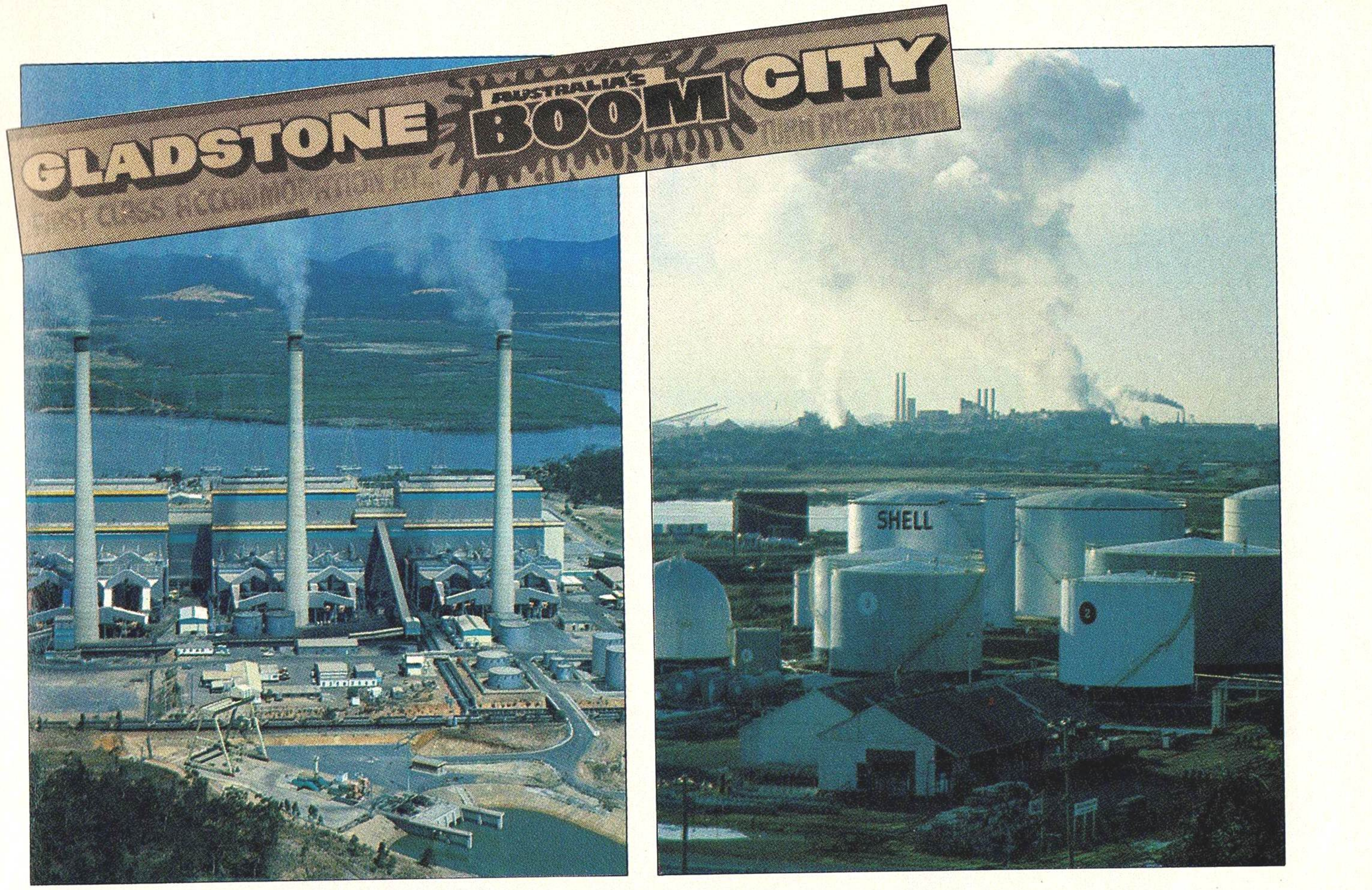
Then suddenly, the hangover haze starts to clear, the mind-fog starts to lift. Something must have worked, or maybe it's just that the sentence is up. My brain must have finally managed to fit together all the little tendrilled jigsaw pieces that were blown apart by over-boozing.

•

On July 1, 1981, the workers cried: "Enough!" In an unprecedented move which could herald the second coming of the Luddites as far as the resources boom is concerned, the workers rejected industrial development at any price. A mass meeting of thousands of Gladstone workers organised by the State Trade and Labor Council voted to ban all future major construction projects in the area until adequate aid is given to the city to upgrade its facilities in line with the pace of industry.

The motion was moved by the State secretary of the Building Workers' Industrial Union and executive officer of the State TLC, Hugh Hamilton, who later claimed Gladstone was no longer "boom city" or even "doom city," but "slum city" for its workers. The State conference of the ALP gave its unanimous support to the move.

"WE'RE BLOODY AUSTRALIANS!" the front page headline of the city's daily newspaper, *The Observer,* screamed the next day, above a picture of the union mob standing with hands raised to the sky in defiant endorsement of their action. The paper's editorial commented: "The revolution has come. Gladstone is a city in revolt. The Gladstone workers who voted overwhelmingly at a mass meeting yesterday to ban major future construction work until the city gets aid, have issued governments and big companies alike with the final ultimatum. The ultimatum is simply this: Pay up, or stay out."



Gladstone's industrial outlook . . . behind the smokestacks, discontent smoulders.

•

It was a party, a farewell booze-up for a workmate, a hot-shot who had earned the nickname "Joe Cool," and after the champagne ran out and we were thrown out of the bar, we headed into the night to continue the celebrations. But it was late, and there was nothing open; nowhere to go, as usual, so we crept into the office and partied on there.

But going-aways are sometimes melancholic affairs, specially for those who feel they're being left behind in The Race. The dope came out, the party grew philosophic, then things got out of hand. A ruler snapped, a paperweight crashed against a wall, an ashtray shattered across a floor, piles of papers fluttered through the air. Things started smashing, falling apart, then a fire broke out in the middle of the room, and there was a mad rush to stomp it out. Then the mind-phaze fell and fogged out the night.

The next morning, the boss called me into his office. "It looks like we had some vandals in here last night," he said. "Do you know anything about it?"

"Wh-what? Er, no, no. I got a bit drunk last night. I c-can't remember much about anything. No, nothing."

He dismissed me, and I stumbled from the room, but in mid-stride I froze, turned around, staggered back and sat down before him, the morning sun glaring through a side window like the beam from a cop's desklamp.

"I remember now . . . it was a party. We got a bit carried away. I'm sorry. We were just mucking around, you know, just . . . just . . ."

Just trying to chase away those Boom Town Blues.

On August 17, the State Government did an uncharacteristic thing and gave in a bit to the people. It announced it would spend $50 million on Gladstone over the next five years to upgrade infrastructure works. Though the gesture didn't turn out to be quite as generous as it first seemed — much of the money had been earmarked for essential works for the city long before, some it was for works in the surrounding district, and several million dollars of the "spending" was in the form of loans to the local council — it did represent something of a minor triumph for local civic groups.

"We have finally been recognised," Mayor Brown said. "At last, the government is taking notice of our needs and is giving assistance. There is indirect assistance for the council, and any assistance in this area is better than none."

But council, unions and local parliamentary representatives alike agree that the injection was only the start.

The battle is certainly not over. The rich industrial city has a wealth of present-day problems which can only be solved with government or corporate handouts. It remains to be seen whether the council, which this year was forced to slash its works' budget to the bone and freeze its staff levels to ease the burden on ratepayers, can solve all these troubles. It remains to be seen whether it can chase away those Boom Town Blues.

BELLA DONNA

MISS January, Patti Farinelli leads a simple life — and she likes it that way. She has no desire for a life in the spotlight. Not that the world of show-business is not important; it's just that it's not important to *her.*

What our Playmate really wants is to become a mother. "What I *really* would like is a family — a big one — a house that I can decorate and my own garden," she says. "Other than that, material things aren't that important to me.

"I'm happy doing whatever I'm doing. I could be a supermarket cashier

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS

"I like a guy with a good head on his shoulders, but he also has to be very affectionate. I don't care even if I'm on a crowded street, I like to hug and kiss, so he'd have to go along with that."

for the rest of my life and be happy." The trouble is, Patti is not just an ordinary girl, because Mother Nature has given her a most extraordinary body which, in one way or another, has influenced her life. And until Year 11 in high school, she was often known as "Flatty Patti". There was just nothing there, then, all of a sudden, she blossomed, going from famine to all-out feast.

Patti's newly-discovered attractiveness played havoc with her life. She went from being unpopular to being the toast of her neighborhood, and it convinced her to come to terms with who she was.

"I used to be embarrassed about the

"The whole thing about being a Playmate is that it says you're a very special person. It's an honor."

size of my breasts," she said. "People used to make fun of me, but now I'm learning to be proud of the way I look. When I met my current boyfriend, I was working at a local supermarket.

"I had to wear a smock for the job, and you couldn't tell what was under it. He used to come in and we would talk, then he asked me for a date. Well, when he saw me without my smock for the first time, he was flabbergasted! It was my *eyes* that had attracted him. It's all

"I've grown up a lot in the past few years. I didn't like sex at all once, but now I'm in love, it's the greatest."

"I guess I've been lucky all my life. God's been really good to me. He has given me a wonderful family, a wonderful brain, and (so I'm told) a wonderful body."

"I never even kissed a boy until I was in my second year at high school. After that, I sort of broke loose. In fact, I used to keep a list of all the boys I kissed, but gave up listing them after 100."

nonsense, anyway. One bloke likes legs, another likes boobs. You have to look at what's inside a person. I've become a pretty good judge of character."

If you look inside Patti Farinelli, you'll find a very sensitive young lady of Italian heritage. As a child, she spent a lot of time at church and remains deeply religious. Her conversation is peppered with casual references to Christ and God as though they are her best friends.

She is also close to her mother, Clementina (Patti's father died when she was 16), and considers her something of a saint.

"My mother is a great woman," she says. "She's a really hard worker. I've seen her come home from the factory after working all day, and dive right into making dinner."

Patti's spare time is taken up by her musician boyfriend, her crocheting projects, cooking and watching the tube. "TV is like a friend to me," she says. "If I'm feeling down, I just turn it on."

Patti is also fascinated by photography. "I love pictures, and I love being in them," she says. "Pictures hold memories. My photo album is so important to me I've considered putting it in a safe-deposit box at the bank."

Sport? Patti laughs. "I hate to even watch sport on TV." Then, looking downwards, she said:"And I certainly don't jog!"

MISS JANUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Patricia Farinelli

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Patricia Farinelli

BUST: 36 WAIST: 25 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'3" WEIGHT: 8st, 2lb SIGN: Pisces

BIRTH DATE: 18/3/60 BIRTHPLACE: Italy

GOALS: I'd like to be an actress in a TV soap-opera like the Young Doctors.

TURN-ONS: Music, old people, love, UFO's, photography, Jesus Christ

TURN-OFFS: Liars, people who break promises

RELAXING: Crocheting, swimming, sitting at home and watching soaps

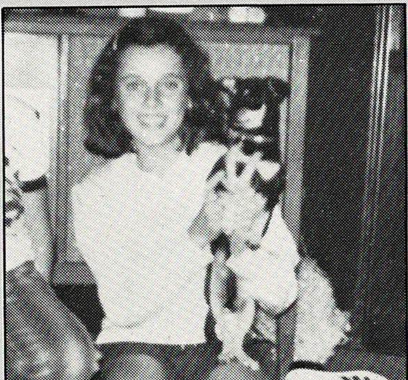
FAVORITE FOOD: Spaghetti puttenesca, chicken cacciatore, watermelon

FAVORITE MOVIES: The Godfather, Parts I and II, French Lieutenant's Woman, True Confessions

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Robert De Niro, Al Pacino, Meryl Streep, Martin Sheen

SECRET DREAM: To spend an evening alone with Burt Reynolds with no interruptions

Urban Cowgirl!



With Blackie

Guess who?

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

If you were to be reincarnated, what would you like to come back as?" asked Sal.

"A tablecloth," said Sam.

"A tablecloth?" said Sal. "Why a tablecloth?"

"Well," said Sam, "I like the idea of getting laid three times a day and being pulled off each night."

Did you hear about the guy who was half-Japanese and half-Negro? On December 7 every year, he attacks Pearl Bailey.

Two nuns had to go to town to buy groceries for the convent. As they were leaving, the Mother Superior advised them to ride bicycles, because it looked like rain.

Sure enough, on the way home the rain started, so they took a short cut along a very bad, cobbled road.

They had only ridden a short way when one of them said: "I've never come this way before."

"I know," said the other. "It's the cobblestones."

A sailor walking through the city's red light district was accosted by one of the girls.

"What's your name, love?" he asked.

"Rolex," she replied.

"Any relation to the watch company?"

"Same price," she said, "different movement."

A shapely young Melbourne woman recently complained to her doctor of a rash on her chest. When she removed her blouse, there was the rash in the shape of the letter C.

"It's my husband's fault," she told her doctor. "He plays football for Carlton, and every Saturday night after the game, he rushes home and makes mad, passionate love to me without taking his jumper off." The doctor prescribed an ointment, and the woman left.

The following day, another young woman consulted him with a similar complaint, only this time the rash was in the shape of the letter F.

"My boyfriend plays football for Fitzroy," she said, "and every Saturday night, he tears home and makes wild love to me without taking his jumper off." So the doctor prescribed the same ointment, and the second woman left.

The following day, a third very shapely young thing came in with a rash on her chest, this time in the shape of an M. "Don't tell me," said the doctor. "Your husband plays football for Melbourne, and every Saturday night he makes passionate love to you without taking his jumper off."

"That's partly right," she said, "only he doesn't play for Melbourne — he plays for Williamstown."

Our unabashed dictionary defines *Welsh rarebit* as a Cardiff virgin.

I've taken so many cold showers to fight temptation," the priest told his psychiatrist, "that every time it rains, I get an erection."

There was a young lady from Lynn,
Who thought all lovemaking a sin,
But when she got tight,
It seemed quite all right,
So everyone plied her with gin.

Dinner, wine, music, pot, a water bed — he used all the moves to try to get me between the sheets," the girl confided to a friend, "and all of them worked!"

It may, in fact, be *too* adult a Western," the movie critic wrote in his review. "At the end, when the good guys have finally won, the tall, lean hero and the beautiful heroine leave the cheers of the grateful townspeople to enter the sleeping car of a train headed still farther West, and he proceeds to ride her off into the sunset."

LeRoy Neiman

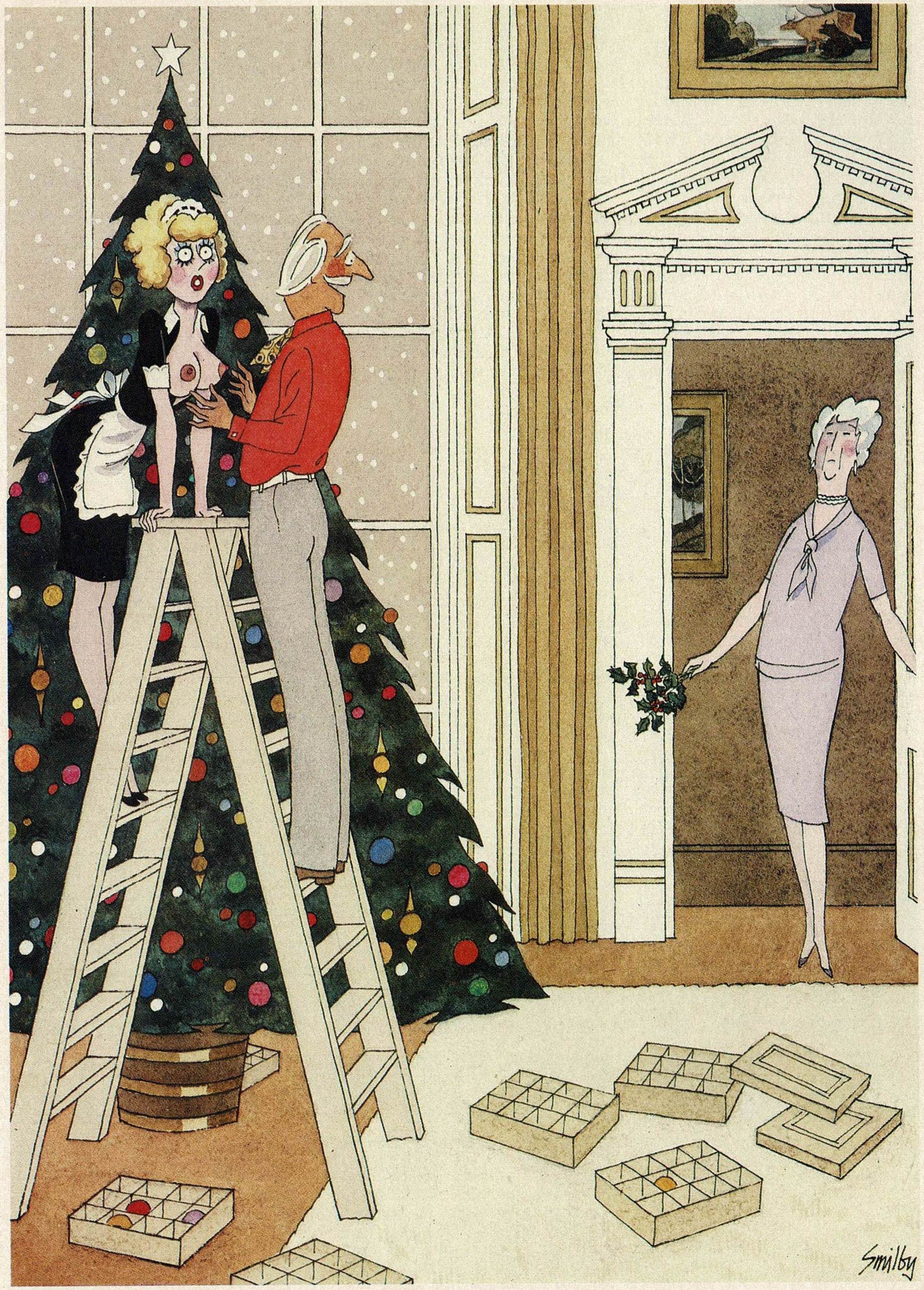
Our unabashed dictionary defines a *gigolo* as a man who sells himself to the highest biddy.

During the wedding reception in the family mansion, the bride's grandfather slipped her $500, which she artfully concealed in her left glove. By established tradition, the couple were spending their wedding night in the historic house, and the bride's mother intercepted the girl stealing downstairs shortly after the last guest had left. "Where are you going, Deborah?" she asked.

"I happen to have carelessly left my gloves in the library, Mom, and it's important that I have them," was Deborah's reply.

"You march right back upstairs, young lady," admonished the formidable female. "You can grab hold of that thing with your bare hands, just as I did your father's!"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *Box 746 Darlinghurst, NSW 2010. We'll pay $25 for jokes used.*



"Just giving Suzette a hand with the Christmas baubles, my dear."

I WAS floating 120 feet down in an underwater cave, with only a vague idea where the cave mouth was, when a wave of giddiness engulfed me. The grey limestone walls began to revolve and I felt myself going into a slow, sickening spin, as though some evil current were sucking me down.

I knew that was wrong, but still couldn't stifle the pang of fear which lanced through me, that first electric jolt in the body's early warning system. I began to gulp air. The dangers of nitrogen narcosis had been drummed into me during training, but nothing prepares you for that sudden nauseating rush.

Melodramatically known as "rapture of the deep", it is a physio-chemical consequence of breathing compressed air (which is 80 percent nitrogen) at great depth, and I had the equivalent of a 10-storey building filled with icewater over my head. Sometimes, exceptionally cold water or feelings of disorientation can aggravate narcosis, or induce it at shallower depths.

The result is a dangerous numbing of the senses, sluggish reasoning and poor safety reflexes. If it is really bad, hopeless panic sweeps in on top of it . . . and that is when the dying starts. It was no consolation at all that I was at nearly the same spot where another more experienced diver had been killed seven years earlier, one of 11 to die in the beautiful but deadly caves and sinkholes of Mount Gambier, South Australia.

A single, silly thought nudged its way through the woozy jumble in my brain: cave diving can be hazardous to your health. I felt a hand grip my left arm and one of my two dive buddies swam into view. He gestured at the depth gauge on my left forearm, and I noticed the needle flickering disconcertingly near what I thought was the 150-foot danger mark. He jabbed a thumb upwards, and as I focused hard on him and began a slow ascent, the narcosis vanished as suddenly as it had arrived. We glided up through 100, 90, 80 feet, and the water began to feel tropically warm compared with the chill depths we had just left. I had begun to breathe normally again, taking deep pulls from the regulator.

The fear had evaporated, leaving only its imprint, nerve ends tingling and oddly aglow, like the memory of an electric filament in the dark when the current has been switched off. In its place was something else — a surge of euphoria following a brush with danger, the exhilaration of daring an exotic and threatening new element.

In single file, the three of us finned silently through the gloom in the direction of something new — a magnificently arched, snow-white limestone chamber called The Cathedral.

•

When I joined a dive school last March, the instructor told us some of the options available on graduation. Cave diving was one, and my reaction was precisely the same as when I first heard about blue movies: "You mean people actually do that?"

Yet here I was a few months later on a blustery winter weekend, accompanying two of Australia's most experienced cave divers on dives in caves especially selected for their combined attributes of beauty, challenge and danger. It was to be a privileged initiation into one of the most arduous, esoteric and frightening sports in the world.

Ian Lewis and Peter Stace called me after I wrote an article for a local newspaper about the Mount Gambier sinkholes. It is ironic that so few Australians know (or care) that the district offers some of the best cave diving in the world. The reason is its limestone topography: the second biggest city in South Australia sits on what is virtually a gigantic Swiss cheese.

While most tourists know all about the Mount Gambier volcano and its Blue Lake, few appreciate how extensively the area is riddled with tunnels, passages, vaults and caverns, some of them the size of football grounds.

The SA Woods and Forests Department is always losing bulldozers. The ground literally opens up and swallows them. When the local power station was built some years ago, the contractors tried laying foundations by pouring cement round the clock into a couple of tunnels. A week later, they were still pouring, so they decided it was cheaper to move the power station. One of the favorite local stories tells of the day the nearby town of Glencoe nearly lost its football team during a game on the local oval, when an area the size of a tennis court collapsed in the middle of the ground. Fortunately, both teams were fighting on the sidelines at the time.

All through the area, farmers tell how their stock — especially horses — can sense danger and skirt wide areas of pasture for no apparent reason. Many caves are filled with startlingly clear, cold water from subterranean streams, forming a vast aquatic play-ground — for those who love that sort of thing.

Only Florida offers better cave diving, and for the same reason: its unique limestone composition. Thousands of American cave divers would give their eye teeth to dive at Mount Gambier, but even for Americans, it is prohibitively expensive to trek to this remote corner of the globe.

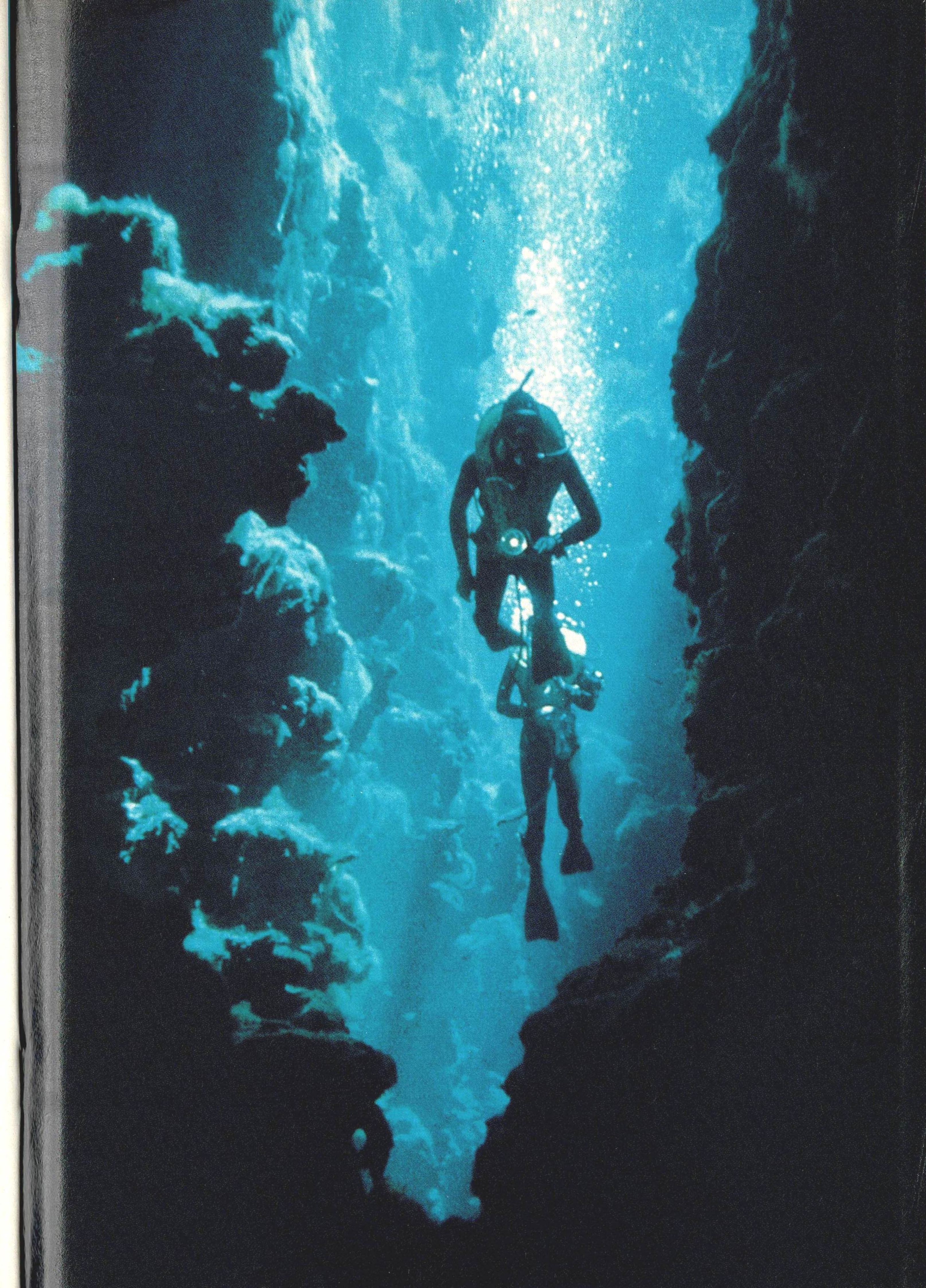
Many caves have droll and occasionally outrageous names. Like Max's R-hole, which is short for Max's fundamental orifice, named, apparently, because its owner was said to have been black and evil inside. The Death Hole earned its name because of the three divers who died there. Hole-in-the-Road sits in a traffic island on the Mount Gambier-Port MacDonnell highway.

Last year, a Japanese TV network filmed an adventure special around the

There can be few deaths more horrific than being trapped in a cave, alone in the black, soundless water, scrabbling for the way out on the last gasp of air. Article by Paul Mann

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE MURKY KIND

Photography by Richard Sprod



sinkholes, and America's National Geographic Society sent a team to explore and photograph them. Both times, their guides were Ian and Peter, founder members of the Adelaide-based Cave Divers' Association of Australia, now boasting 800-odd members. The Association sprang from the outcry which followed the deaths of eight divers in two harrowing years, 1972 and 1973.

The worst cave diving tragedy in the world happened at the Shaft in Mount Gambier in 1972, when eight Sydney divers, including a brother and sister instructor team, arrived intending to dive to 250 feet and take a group picture for their dive shop. They could hardly have devised a more efficient method of suicide. Narcosis, lack of cave diving training and irresponsible bravado killed four of them, including both the brother and sister.

It is ridiculously easy to die in caves. In most diving emergencies, if you run out of air, you can buddy breathe — share your dive partner's regulator. Deep down in a cave, drunk out of your mind on narcosis, you can wind up trying to buddy breathe on a torch. Fine, tarry silt, stirred by the gentlest brush of a passing fin, can create a blackout so intense that you can press your torch hard against your mask and still see nothing except blackness. You can become tangled in a guideline, or worse still, lose it in a panic and become disoriented, losing all sense of which way is up, down or sideways.

There can be few deaths more horrific than being trapped in a cave alone in the black, soundless water, scrabbling for the way out on the last choking gasp of air, which is what happened in the Death Hole — three doomed divers groping wildly, bumping into each other, going insane as the air ran out. The mere thought of it gives seasoned cave divers chills of pure terror.

Grisly stories from America have been passed around among Australian divers — stories of divers found with their fingernails torn out as they clawed for an exit, of dive buddies in knife fights at 250 feet for the last breath of air. The Shaft and the Death Hole are closed to this day with little likelihood of being re-opened. They are on private land, and no amount of sweet talk from the CDAA can change the owners' minds. As Ian drily put it: "How would you feel if four people died in your drinking water?"

The CDAA trains divers to three levels of proficiency, categorised according to the difficulty of the caves in which they wish to dive. Category One means a relatively simple cave; Category Three means dangerous. Caves on public land are policed by the National Parks and Wildlife Service and the Department of Woods and Forests; those on private land are policed by the owners. CDAA permits must be shown before permission to dive is forthcoming. It is a tribute to the CDAA's strict safety training and its own policing that there has not been one death since it began turning out its first graduates in 1974.

Ian and Peter have been dive buddies for 10 years, and belong to a cave diving elite of about a dozen scattered around Australia. Every year or so, they get together to do things for fun which you and I wouldn't consider in our worst nightmares, such as swimming three kilometres along submerged tunnels beneath the Nullarbor Plain, three tanks on the back and one on each hip.

Ewen's Ponds from the air.

At 29, Ian is single and that rare combination of a good listener and good talker. He has a distinctive facial feature, a solitary dimple on his right cheek, which gives him a lopsided grin and what he describes as "a fairly regular turnover" of girlfriends. One of his favorite stories about cave divers concerns a colleague exploring the caves of New Britain, in the Pacific:

"A native guide took him into a cave, where he found a new species of blind shrimp," he said. "He thought he was made for life, an award-winning thesis in his grasp. Then his guide took the shrimp and ate it. He had to stand there and watch his doctorate disappear down this bloke's throat."

Peter is a year younger, married and has a quiet, bookish nature which utterly contradicts his lunatic passion for diving in caves. He's employed as a hydrographer for the South Australian Government, whereas Ian has held a succession of office jobs since graduating in geomorphology from university. But he still hopes to wring a full-time living out of cave diving.

Both Ian and Peter are instructors at the Adelaide Skin-Diving Centre, travel widely lecturing to dive clubs, seminars and international conventions, and have co-authored Australia's first technical book about cave diving. I could not have found two better qualified divers to chaperon me around the forbidding Mount Gambier caves. It was a reassuring thought as we suited up for our first dive together.

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It was a neurotic sort of day at Ewen's Ponds, and the weather couldn't make up its mind whether it wanted to be sunny or miserable. Ewen's Ponds is a series of spring-fed sinkholes linked by a stream curling three kilometres to the open sea. It's also a delightful recreational slalom for divers, who can drift with the current through the three ponds along a green, reedy channel. The deepest pond is only 40 feet, so it was an ideal place to loosen up.

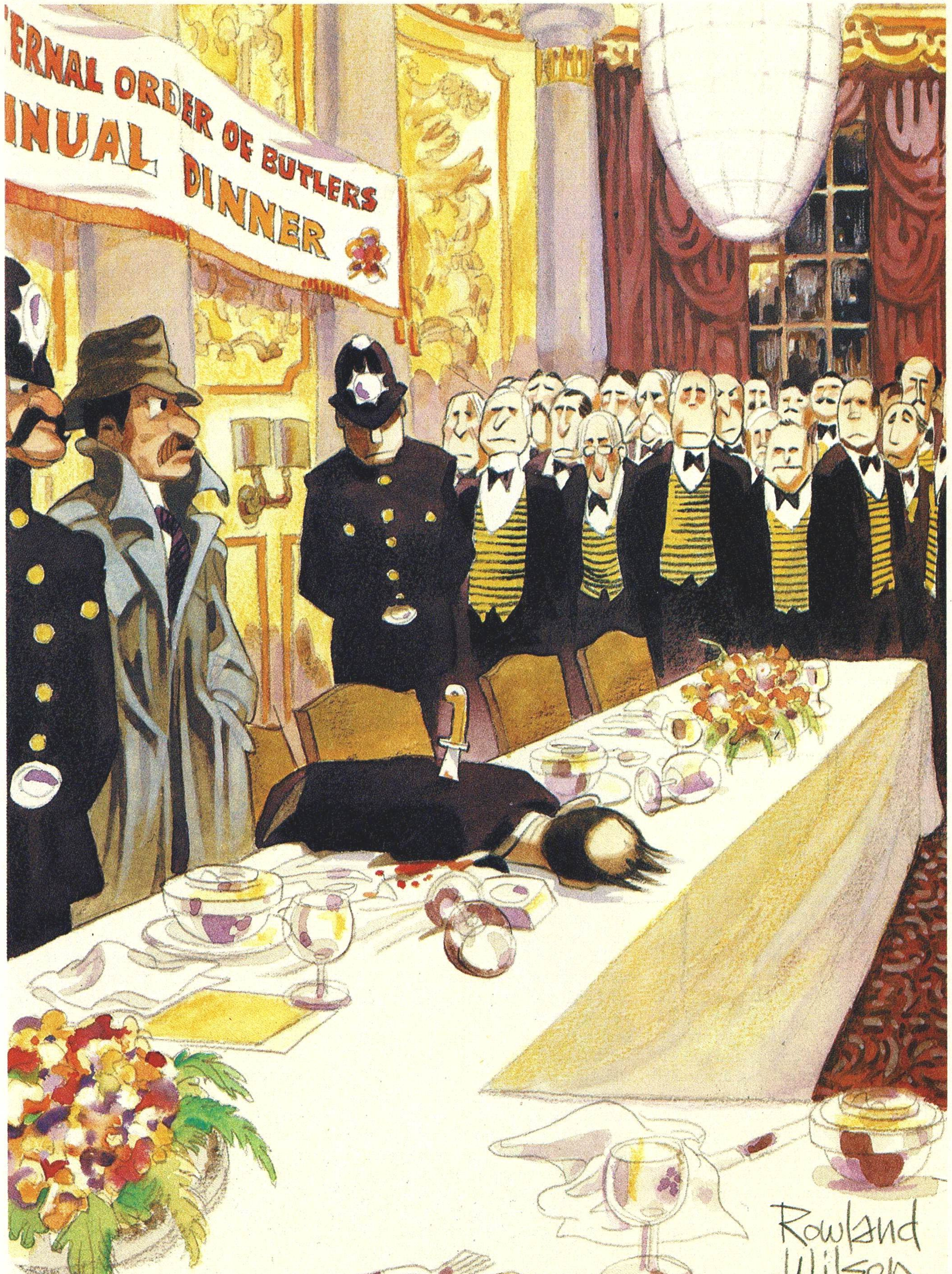
Cave diving is a massively male-dominated sport. Ocean divers work out at a ratio of about 60-40 in favor of men, but barely five percent of cave divers are women. The reason isn't any lack of motivation or nerve, it's simply that few women have the strength to lug the heavy equipment to the most inaccessible locations, make a difficult dive, then carry it back again. In cave diving, if you can't carry your own gear, you don't go.

As expected, Ewen's Ponds was playtime. We looped down like seals into the first sinkhole, a shallow, sandy basin filled with water of startling clarity. We played with freshwater crayfish and hovered over a couple of sand boils on the bottom — cauldrons of churning, coarse-grained sand kept in constant turmoil by the springs from below. The current carried us comfortably down the narrow channel to the next pond, and it was an oddly soothing sensation to cruise down this tiny valley of undulating, brilliant greenery. Then we surfaced, and Ian and Peter agreed we would drive to nearby Piccaninny Ponds for a taste of "real" diving.

The water at Piccaninny was the color of slate. From above, it resembled another marshland pool, a wildfowl sanctuary fit only for birds, frogs and eels. It didn't even look deep. As we climbed down into the water, it began to rain. We all carried heavy duty torches fastened to our weight belts, Peter and Ian each carrying two spares.

The neck in Piccaninny Ponds is where the sinkhole loses its innocence and vanishes into a bottomless chasm. Even though it's in water, it is such an unnerving sight that people have been known to get vertigo looking down into it. We dallied for a moment, then slid beneath the surface.

I had heard gossip about Piccaninny, but nothing prepared me for the spectacle below. Ian led the way between walls of a canyon cloaked in impossibly vivid green weed, like the mossy banks of some fairytale glade. As we descended, we switched on our torches, and for a moment I had an image of us like



"This is going to be a tough nut to crack."

fireflies suspended in the depths of an enchanted gorge.

The water had a hard, gem-like brilliance, so clear you would have sworn you were flying. Only the rhythmic chortle of bubbles escaping from our regulators reminded us we were in the water. We passed beneath the vegetation line and through a jagged defile known as the Teeth, Peter feeding out a guideline. Our torch beams became more sharply defined in the intensifying gloom. Further below and to the right was the leering mouth of the Slot, where one of Piccaninny Ponds' two diving deaths occurred.

It is a shaft which hurtles directly down, then curves away to God knows where — nobody has found its limit, and it's unlikely they ever will because of the great depth, cold and narcosis.

It gaped at us like the ugly, ridged throat of some prehistoric beast waiting patiently to swallow us. Deeper and deeper, narrower and narrower, we began a slow spiral into the darkness. I felt the water get dramatically colder, leaching the heat from my body through the wetsuit, and wondered how much colder I could tolerate it. Something dangled like a bracelet at my wrist, and I noticed the water pressure had compressed my wetsuit so tightly that the strap of my compass, which I had fastened snugly at the surface, was now quite loose and in danger of sliding off.

I took a reading from the depth gauge. It showed 100 feet. Below, Ian signalled for me to wed my torch beam to his and probe the depth. The combined lights seemed a futile query of the tunnel's reach. The three of us hung in a vertical line descending in chorus down that stark, grey shaft, a human chain suspended in the timelessness of the cave. Then the giddiness swept in.

The fatal lure of the caves is the irresistible urge to go further than any other human being — to find out what is around the next corner, where it ends, to conquer its reach. In Florida, the water is so warm you can dive to 250 feet with barely a twinge of narcosis. Try that at Mount Gambier and you will be half out of your mind long before 250 — a challenge in itself for some.

Then there is the sheer magic of the sensation of floating in caves, like free-falling at night, and nobody does that. I was drifting, I didn't know which way was up, and time had lost any meaning.

Then there was that firm hand on my arm and my woozy cocoon shattered like glass. We began our ascent, and far above us, I saw two other divers hanging motionless in the "sky", watching and photographing our little adventure.

When I emerged from the Slot, I felt as though I were swimming in champagne. The exhilaration was that keen. There is no time when you feel more alive than when you stretch to your own personal limits and then peer over the edge and look down.

But it wasn't over. Peter signalled for me to wait while Ian led the way to the Cathedral, eased through a narrow slit ahead of us then motioned us to follow. With some ungainly manoeuvring, my tank clanking and scraping against the rock, I squeezed through the fissure and into the huge chamber beyond.

It was like following Alice through the looking glass. The outside world ceased to be relevant, and we were in a fantastic, snow-white vault sculpted by the acidic water over centuries into the most incredible and baroque shapes — pillars, arches, struts, domes, peaks, cul de sacs and little ante-chambers, a great stone bubble trapped 60 feet below the surface. We wheeled and swooped like the birds in St Paul's Cathedral. Peter pointed up, and I watched the bubbles from our tanks stream across the roof in torrents of quicksilver.

There are air pockets in the roof, so we poked our heads into them to have a brief chat and taste the stale air, then it was back to playing silly buggers — somersaults, cartwheels and turns in torchbeams that richocheted off the walls like lasers.

It seemed we were there for an age, and at the same time, for only a moment. Then it occurred to me to check my air-pressure gauge, and I realised I should be heading for the surface. The golden rule in cave diving is to save two thirds of your air supply for coming out — just in case. Reluctantly we filtered out through the same narrow fissure and back toward the green canyon bathed in its eerie light. And this time, we were treated to cave diving's other great bonus, the priceless sting in the tail — the experience of emerging from the gloom into the daylight at the mouth of the cave.

To float gently up from the darkness of the spelean stream into the sun, its light bathing the gateway to the surface in exquisite shades of jade and emerald, is to experience one of diving's cosmic orgasms. It is a perspective of the planet, a perspective of life only few ever see.

About 30 feet from the surface, we switched off our torches and made a decompression stop. To pass the time, we played with our own weightlessness, turning slow somersaults or hanging motionless in perfectly neutral buoyancy, neither moving up nor down. By the time we surfaced, we had been in the water for 10 minutes, and the only adequate word I could find was "fantastic". As we finned back to the jetty, Ian said: "Some people we take down there don't say anything for two hours, then they can't shut up."

Author Mann (left) with Peter Stace (centre) and Ian Lewis, preparing to dive.

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The next morning, after a breakfast that would have done credit to a stable of sumo wrestlers, we drove out to 10-80, a sinkhole quaintly named after the pesticide. It is on private land and the owner, Reg Watson, is conscientious about checking permits. We drove two kilometres across prime grazing land (one reason Reg is thinking of limiting the number of divers crossing his property) and parked beside the fenced-off sinkhole. It is perfectly round, with steep sides and water as blue as ink. A rough gradient has been blasted down one side, originally to allow sheep to drink there.

The hole is shaped like an irregular flask, with a narrow neck which bellys out on one side to the size of a football field. To descend, you follow the slope of the roof. Before we went in, Peter and Ian warned there might be some anxious moments on the way down because we would have no reference points — no walls, ledges or vegetation by which to position ourselves. We would be diving blind, just like a night dive in the ocean, able to see only in the immediate glow of our torches. This time, Peter carried a specially customised torch with a battery pack stacked with three decks of cells which hung in a massive acrylic holster down one thigh.

As soon as we went under, I was lost. Nothing but blackness all around. We had submerged with torches on, and I had Ian impaled on my beam. All through the descent, Peter kept a steadying hand against my right elbow. It was like diving into black velvet. We hadn't gone far when I felt the unmistakable twinge of narcosis again. Later, Ian would say he felt the same thing.

We moved in slow procession with the wall on our left and the emerging shape of a huge mound of debris on our right — an old cave-in forming a pyramid inside the cave mouth. I could now discern paler blue tones in the water, the last light filtering in from outside. Once behind the rubble, we were in a great cavern with a vast curved wall looming over us and a deep slit trench below with all the charm of the Slot. Along one wall ran a narrow ledge, big enough for a man to walk along.

It conjured up memories of those old B-movies where the white sahibs lead a train of native porters up to The Land Time Forgot, and one of the poor dispensable bastards goes over the edge. Ian made a fleeting pass along the ledge and I followed. It was the realisation of a deep-seated dream to cruise along a ledge like that and know I could roll off and it didn't matter.

I banked away from the ledge and turned to watch the sand clouds billowing along the ledge in my wake. Peter hung behind and a little above me, very much the patient instructor, making sure his student didn't get carried away with his cockiness. Gradually, we followed the great bowl around until we came around the other side of the pyramid and could begin our ascent. The rocks were coated in thick brown silt and just the wave of a fin raised dense clouds of silt.

This time, we made a decompression stop of five minutes at 10 feet, waiting beneath the last overhang before the cave mouth. Our bubbles began to disturb the brittle clay in the roof, and a steady drizzle of brown muck poured down, turning the water to porridge.

When we were paddling back to our step-off point, I remarked on the falling rubbish, and Ian recalled a dive at Hole-in-the-Road when he felt something heavy strike his leg. He looked back to see a chunk of roof had fallen on him, loosened from its flimsy anchorage by his bubbles. Underwater cave-ins are something divers are not fond of, but they only apparently happen every two or three hundred years. It's all a matter of your timing.

Hole-in-the-Road was our next dive. Until then, our dives had fallen into categories one and two. Hole-in-the-Road is a Category Three because it has a tiny mouth, a long sloping tunnel down to 80 feet and a bulb-shaped chamber at the end — like a giant thermometer.

There is only one way to Hole-in-the-Road — you park on the grass verge, gear up, check for passing cars, then waddle across to the traffic island in the middle and vanish into the tiny grotto like some kind of grotesque gnome. There is a precipitous drop of perhaps 12 feet, awkward for somebody wearing a tank, weightbelt and buoyancy vest, carrying torches, fins, mask and guidelines, so a rope is used.

WORLD'S LONGEST SUNKEN BATHTUB?

IF IT is possible to swim the Nullarbor Plain underwater, Ian Lewis and Peter Stace will be among the first to do it. In 1979, they were among nine cave divers in a South Australian expedition to set a world cave diving record in Cocklebiddy Cave, deep beneath the Nullarbor.

They penetrated three kilometres — a record in itself and another world record for a six-kilometre return dive.

After one kilometre, Cocklebiddy Cave balloons out into a huge chamber, allowing time and space for a staging camp. They often use underwater sleds to tow in extra tanks, food and equipment.

From there on, it is all a gigantic underwater tunnel.

They swam the last two kilometres and back with triple tanks on their backs, and one on each side. It was the limit of human endeavor — going further is impossible without new technological development.

Ian has been toying with the idea of underwater scooters, but isn't too happy at the thought of being stranded at the deepest reaches of the tunnel with battery failure.

As he points out: "There is no reason why it couldn't go on for another 100 kilometres. We may never get to the end of it."

But that doesn't stop them wanting to try. When they set their world record, it was dubbed the "Everest" of cave diving. Ian doubts it can be beaten except at the same cave, because there is no other system in the world as extensive.

"But," he adds, "who understands a bunch of mad cave divers who go on pouring their money into the world's longest sunken bathtub?"

It isn't until you are at the bottom that you realise there is water there. It is so clear it is invisible until disturbed. The labels of discarded beer cans lying at the bottom can be easily read from the lip above. Tiny yabbies scuttle back and forth — it is an absolute mystery how they got here because the cave is a dead end and there is no spring. The cave mouth is invisible unless you know where to look, tucked in a corner, blending into the rock walls.

For sheer novelty, it is agreed I will go first and sample the delights of discovery; Peter and Ian will follow with Peter feeding out the guideline. It would be hard to lose me because the tunnel is narrow and there is only one way in and out, but the guideline is essential in the event of a silt-out.

They warn me against disturbing the silt as I go in because it will roll down the tunnel and blot out the chamber at the bottom. The idea is to step gingerly into the water to about knee depth, then make a sharp, clean lunge into the cave mouth without touching bottom. I switched on my torch and launched, but had too much air in my buoyancy vest and became wedged against the roof. Sheepishly, I let the air out and plunged steeply down into the sly embrace of the oddly-named cave.

I felt as though I were swimming down a railway tunnel, picking over rubble, trying not to stir the silt, keeping an eye open for drowned hares. All I see is an old wheelbarrow. Once in the end chamber, I pick around on the bottom like a lobster until Peter reaches down from behind and pumps a burst of air into my buoyancy vest. Once again, I am back in fantasyland, the realisation of every child's dream — to become Peter Pan for a while, completely free of gravity's tyranny.

Our torches pick out the ghostly scars of graffiti on the walls, reminders of divers eager to immortalise their accomplishments in stone — an activity frowned upon by the CDAA.

After a few minutes, we begin a relaxed swim back, Peter reeling in the guideline. Before leaving, they turn me round by the shoulder to read one last scrap of graffiti I had missed seeing on the way down.

Etched like a defiant banner into the natural arch which spans the cave vault, are the words: F*** The Cave Divers' Association.

That familiar tacky bravado some people can never contain. I glance into Peter and Ian's eyes and note the unmistakable glint of fatalistic acceptance. Ironically, it would have been CDAA training which got the graffitist in there. More importantly, it was the CDAA who got him out.

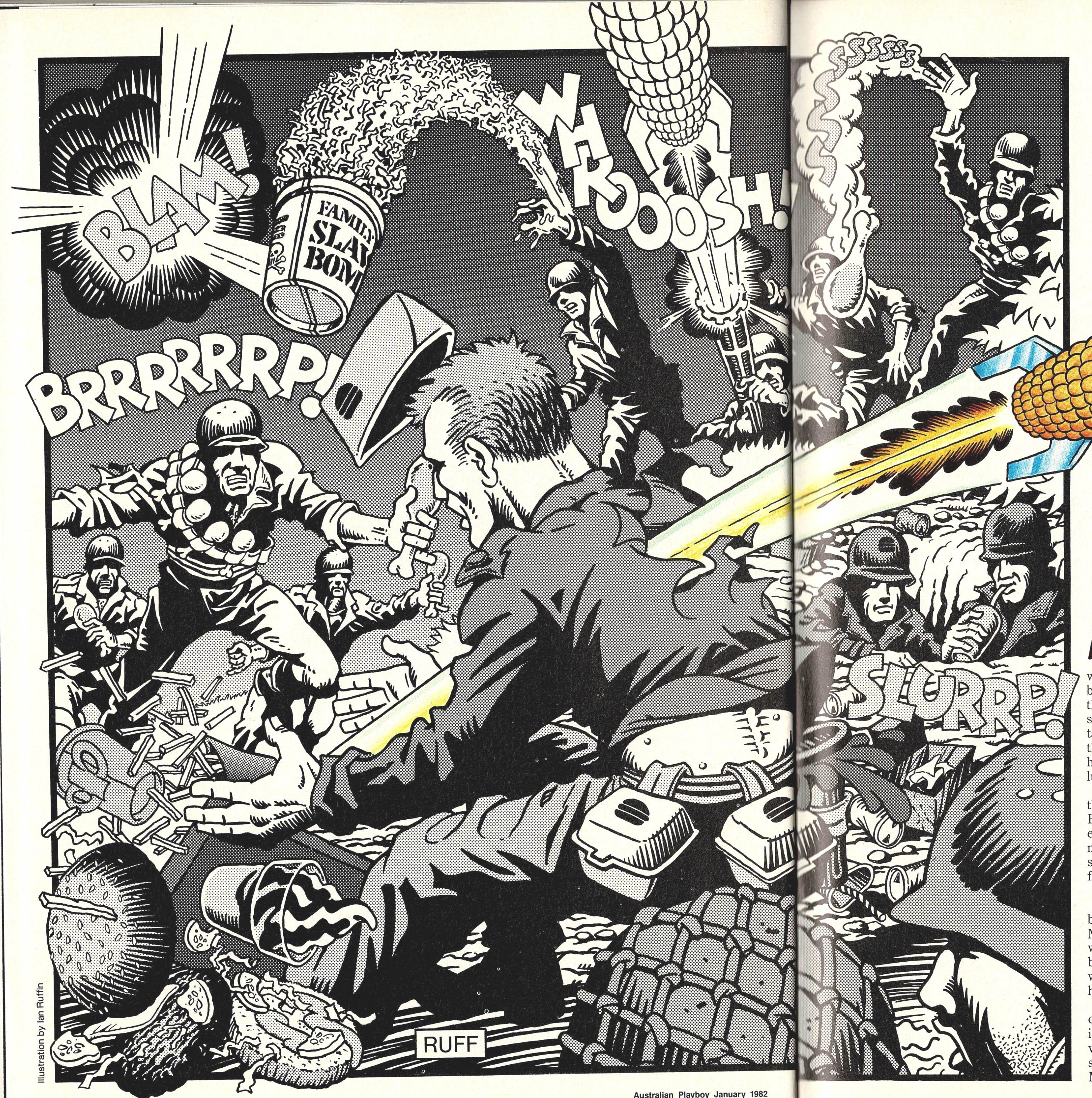
BLAM!
FAMILY SLAM BOMB
WHOOOOSH!
BRRRRRRP!
SSSSSSS
SLURRP!
RUFF

Illustration by Ian Ruffin

WAR WITH THE WORKS

Onions, oil, tomatoes and all the spices were thrown into the fast food feud. Michael Colman's humor

I SHOULD have known. I should have seen it in Amsterdam. Something deep inside should have warned me, but what could I do? It was too late and I was just one person against so many.

I should have realised when I saw the man dressed as a hamburger walking around that square near the canal. I should have known when I saw the two McMunchies Family Restaurants side by side. But you never think, do you? You never think it could happen here. Anywhere but here in the lucky country.

I didn't see anything wrong when they converted that windmill into a Florida Fried. I just went along, like everybody else. I guess I thought it might be a change for the better, and besides, we were hungry and they were offering extra portions of fries.

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When I got back to Australia, nobody believed my stories of whole streets of McMunchies in Munich. They laughed when I told them about Windsor Castle being converted into a Limpy Bar. It was all one big joke, and it could never happen here.

First, it was the shops. They started closing suddenly. Shopkeepers vanished without trace, and always, there was — that sign, that constant, constant sign: — "Opening Soon. Another McMunchies Family Restaurant." Italian milk bar owners reported missing were found floating in the harbor, their feet jammed into concrete-filled Florida Fried Chicken buckets.

After the shops, the houses went, then the factories and schools. It was too late before anybody realised that whole residential areas were being swallowed up by Donald and his friends. Row after row of McMunchies, street after street. And with so many McMunchies, everybody was employed, Donald would tell us. There was no housing shortage. Everybody had his own little booth, spotlessly, clinically clean.

"You never had it so good," he said.

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Mum put up a bit of a fight; she told them we didn't want to sell. They offered everything. They gave us burgers, they gave us fries, they gave us shakes, hot apple pies. Then they brought in the big guns — shakes with chocolate sprinkles and sundaes, and when all else failed, they gave her a birthday party at the Arndale branch. It was all anybody could stand. After all, even my mother had a breaking point.

We got a pretty good deal — eight big burgers and a Donald McMunchie Baby book, and they gave us free room and board in one of the Bankstown branches (No 11546), plus a job out at Lindfield No 47228.

It was a quiet existence. Every morning after breakfast, we would leave in the little McMunchie bus and head for Lindfield. At lunchtime, we would get back in the bus and go to Brookvale to eat. It was funny to see the streets used by nothing but McMunchies mini-buses, but then again, there was nothing but McMunchies any more. Even the Florida Frieds seemed to have moved out, and we had all heard the stories about a man being shot for whistling *Good On Ya Homestyle Chicken.*

But don't think it was all fun. Sure, for a while things went smoothly, but when you turned on the TV and saw Donald, it kind of made the hairs on the back of your neck stand up. When you looked at that gaping grin, saw his big green shoes, gazed at his blue hair and striped socks, you could tell he wasn't fooling around.

We even had some of those kids in our street. They lived in the third McMunchies from the corner. Donald Youth, they called themselves. I can't explain it, but sometimes they seemed to be staring at you, watching, waiting for some sign, some fatal slip.

One night, when we were all asleep and the only sound was the purring of the shake machine, the only light the reflection off our centre manager's smile, they came. The agents from the FBI-Federal Burger Investigators. They took away the kid who made the fries. Talk was he'd been overheard calling them chips. We never found out what happened to him we never asked. It didn't pay to ask too many questions.

It was okay for the young ones. They never knew any other life. They'd never heard of pies or sandwiches, never known the pleasure of peeling an orange or ever seen an egg. My sister had a baby at McMunchies Women's Hospital, and it's first words were: "Eat here or take away?" Kind of made you proud in a funny kind of way.

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I don't remember when the trouble started. I mean the real trouble, the shooting and that. The first thing I knew was when the posters began appearing — "Bring Back The General!" and "Cinders Saves!"

Next thing we knew, low flying chickens began pooping on high ranked officials. There was even some talk that a corn cob had been found in the back of Donald's limousine. Anybody found humming *Old Folks At Home* or licking his fingers was liable to the worst possible punishment — double portions of hot apple pies.

All holidays to McMunchies in seaside areas were cancelled and things became grim. Anybody not employed in the manufacture of vital services, such as sundaes and baby burgers, was called up. Big Burgs were rationed, and to conserve energy, supervisors were allowed only three smiles a day. It was war.

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When my papers came through, I had just been promoted. It was a bit of a blow really. I had just been put in charge of filling the self-serve straw dispensers. I reported to HQ (known as Centre Burger) and traded my paper hat for a metal one. Next stop — the front.

Seems those Florida Frieds hadn't moved out after all. They'd just been biding their time. We in Sydney were under the impression McMunchies had got it all, but the General held Perth and Melbourne, and the forces of Pizza Fort had a strong hold over Adelaide.

The first time I went into battle, I was scared stiff. Hell, who wouldn't be? Even old Corporal Pies was shaking when he led us into Pizza Fort territory.

"Boys," he told us, "there's nothing wrong with being scared. Sure, some of you are shaking. I'm shaking, too. It ain't cowardice — it's just fright. But you've got to remember we ain't just doing this for ourselves. We're doing it for what's right and the people we left behind. We're going out there because we want our kids to grow up in a land where they can walk into the nearest McMunchies Family restaurant and order a shake; a land where they can run free in the car park of any McMunchies without fear; where they can walk tall through the corridor of any McMunchies in the land and say: my Pa fought for this. Sure, some of you will be horribly disfigured out there. Others will never really live useful lives again — being looked on as spongers on society and called cruel names by children. Some will even die. But fellas, you'll all feel good when it's over."

Personally, I thought he was full of special sauce.

They came at us from over the mountains. The early bombardment was awesome. Three of my buddies got hit by a family size slaw on the first day, one corporal was caught in a bunker by a baked potato. He was still mumbling "two all beef patties . . . lettuce, special sauce, pickles, onion . . . on a sesame seed bun" when they carried him away.

They had some hideous weapons. Worst of all were the rocket-powered corn cobs. Talk about fast food — those things would go through you quicker than you could say: "Would you like an apple pie with that, Sir?"

We threw everything we had at them. We wiped out half of Lithgow with bite-size burgers, flooded Mildura with Coke. Then we got dirty, leaving chocolate sundaes where the teenagers could get them. Thousands were taken by acne in the first three months alone.

Back home in Sydney, the women and old men worked furiously to keep pace with our demands. What wasn't eaten was thrown at the enemy as soon as it arrived. I heard of regiments cut off from supply lines eating their ammunition and being easy prey for the batter-crazed sons of Cinders who swept over the top.

The stories of our men taken prisoner were gruesome. Crammed into the tiny Florida Fried car parks with only a spoonful of whipped potato and gravy to eat each day, they dropped like flies. Only the intervention of the neutral Black Stamp saved the toll from rising even higher.

For our part, we were always kind and humane to prisoners. Truly.

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I got wind of something desperately wrong at the front in December. Pies was hinting at something. "We're out of ammo — we're all going to die," he said. "Make every patty count, boys, and remember — there ain't nothing wrong with being scared. Some of you are shaking. I'm shaking, too, but we're not just doing this for ourselves — we're doing . . ." I knocked him out with a stale cheeseburger and got ready for our final desperate attack.

We met them at Macksville, advancing slowly, our last burgers at the ready. They came toward us, chicken legs waving proudly in the air.

"Fire!" screamed Pies. I put it out.

"Attack!" he yelled. I stepped over it quickly.

"Charge!" he bellowed. I preferred to use cash.

They rocketed their chicken legs at us; we threw our last burgers. We were defenceless and it was almost over, but still they kept coming. We begged them to get it over with: "Shoot and be damned!" cried Pies.

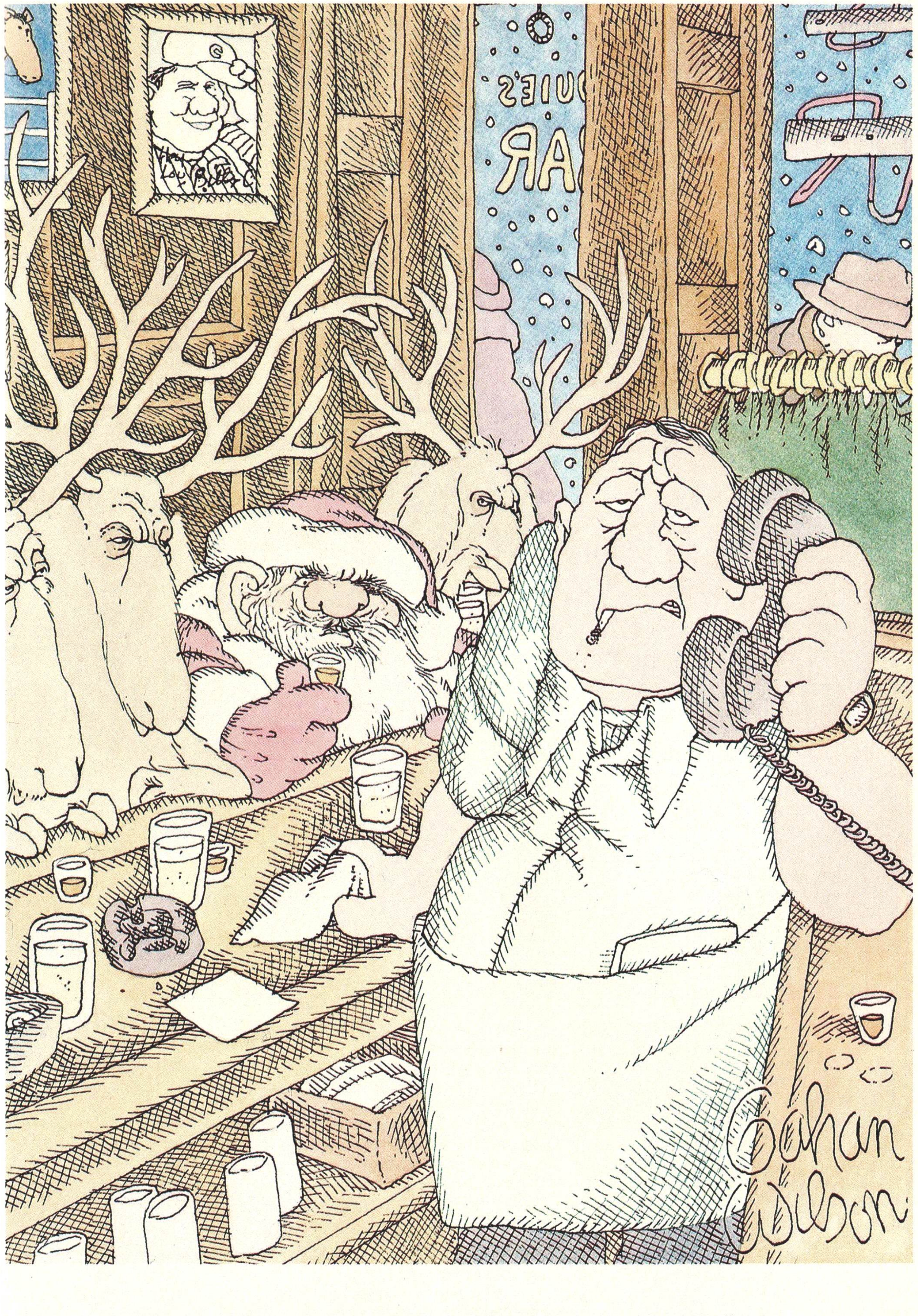
They couldn't. They were empty, too. Not a piece of chicken left in the country, not a burger, a fry, a patty. No pizzas, anchovie, Coke or shakes. No slaw, fruit salad, apple pie or cheese. Sweet burger all.

Then we heard it.

Tramp, tramp, tramp along the highway. Tramp, tramp, tramp along the road. We saw clouds of dust in the distance. The noise came closer, the clouds grew. We made out figures marching towards us. It looked like . . . could it be? Surely it wasn't? But yes, it was . . . the men from Sanitorium.

It's a nice, clean existence. Mum and I live in Sanitorium centre No 113491 at Fairfield. Every morning after breakfast, we leave in the little Sanitorium bus and head for Northbridge branch No 228430. For lunch, we get in the little bus and head for Ryde.

In my spare time, I'm working on plans for a sub-machine gun that fires almond kernels with prune tracers. I hear there's a little Ben's gang roaming the hills out behind Katoomba. One day soon, I'm going to make a break and join them. I could do with a square meal.



"I'm sorry, Mrs Claus, but nobody here fits that description...."

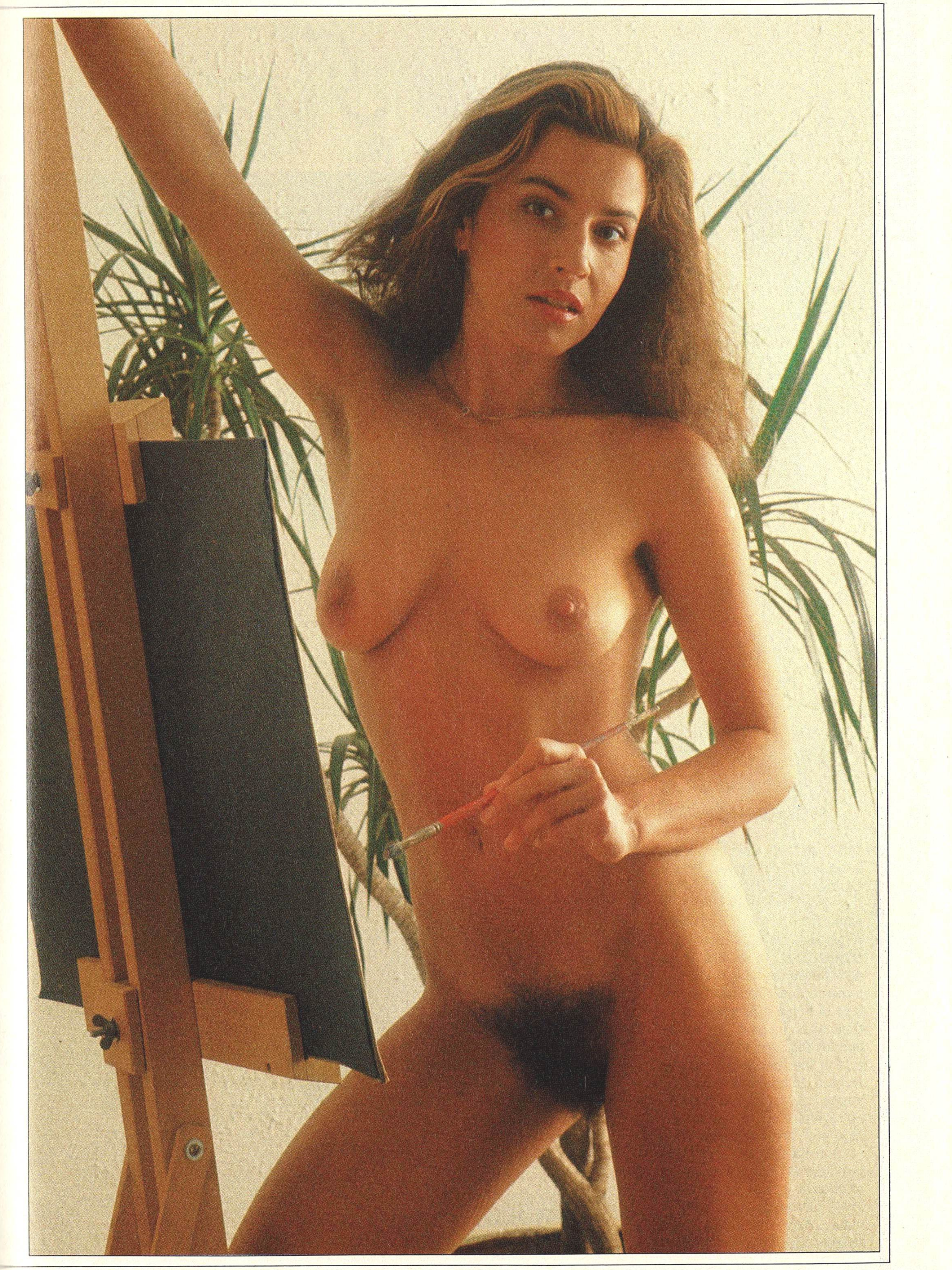
PLAYMATE REVIEW

Once is never enough when it comes to ladies as lovely as these, so here's another look at the girls of '81.

Laura Tomei

Laura Tomei, born in Italy, is an angel incarnate who decided to settle down in Australia — at least for the moment. For Laura is an angel with restless wings who just loves to travel. She works as a part-time model and further adds to her income by making erotic dolls which have Gene Simmons, of KISS fame, tongues and other, ah, large appendages. And now turn the page to meet another of our great 1981 Playmates — Julie King . . .

In February we called her the "Angel Without Wings", a girl who would make Botticelli reach for his brush, and indeed she would.



Julie King

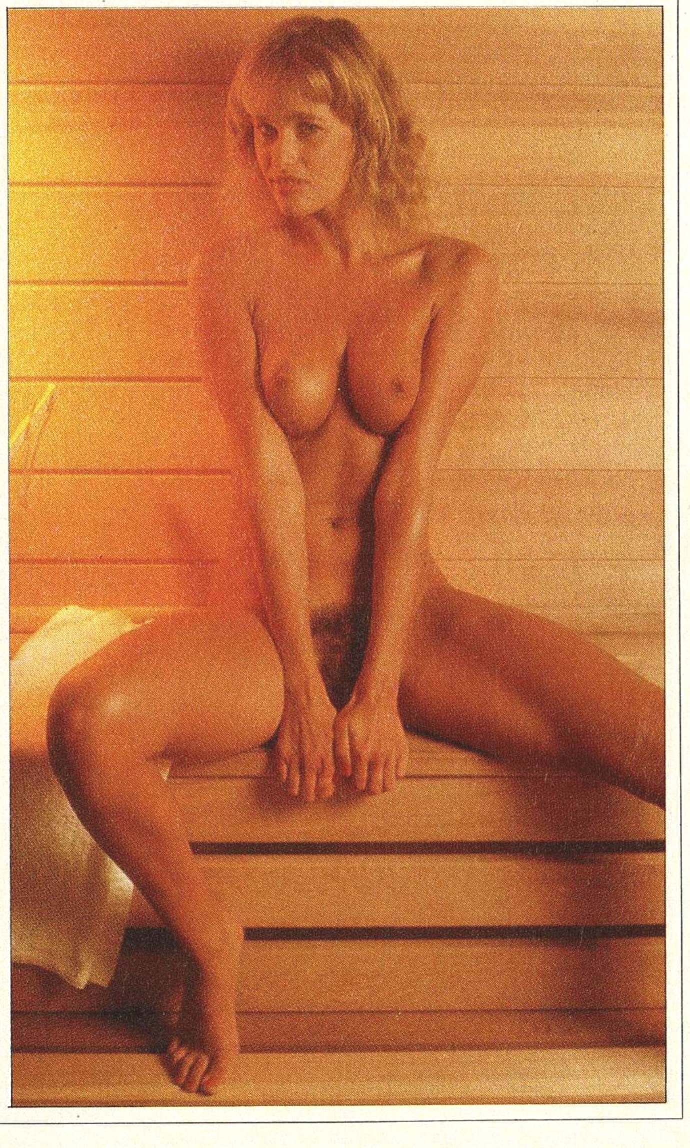
Julie King hit the page of PLAYBOY in June, and we've been excited since.

Julie, as we said in June, is enough to make Prince Charles say: "Di who?" And the lady certainly has the name for a royal marriage, *King,* as well as the right inclinations. Julie told PLAYBOY that for as long as she can remember, she has had the fantasy of being a princess. Another was, in part, an easier one for PLAYBOY to fulfil. Julie said in the June issue that she wanted to make love at the wheel of a Ferrari doing 200 km/h. Well, in September, PLAYBOY arranged for Julie to go for a spin in an $80,000 red Ferrari. She loved every minute of it, just as we have loved having Julie as a Playmate. Now turn the page to meet Elizabeth Chapman.

Elizabeth Chapman

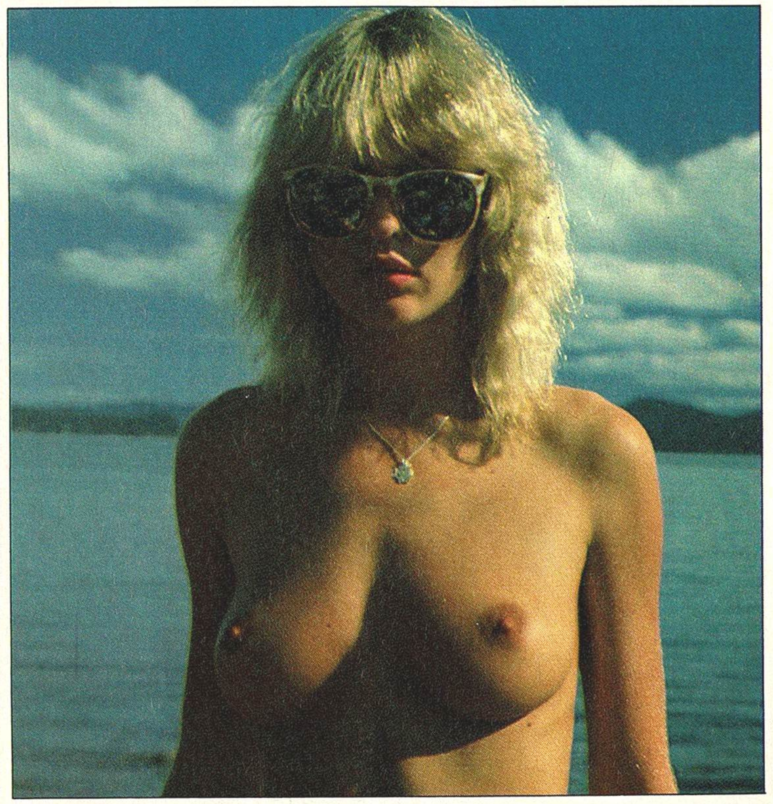
Since Elizabeth bobbed into the world just 19 years ago, the sun has never set, for she has spent a good part of her time chasing the sun and the surf. And it is easy to see that this kind of lifestyle agrees with her. Elizabeth was among the bevy of blonde bombshells who graced our magazine back in August. She was one of the Girls of the Gold Coast. Maybe it was her extra special good looks that brought her back in the next issue, September, as PLAYBOY'S centrefold. She was one of the highlights of the year. Now it's time to meet the delectable Lyn Barron . . .

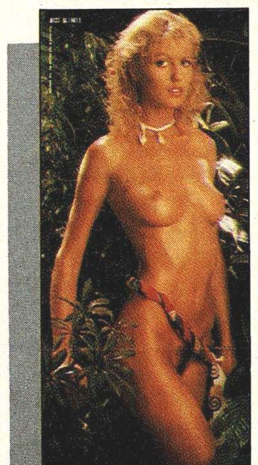
Sweet September gave us Elizabeth Chapman, a girl who radiates the Queensland sunshine.



Lyn Barron

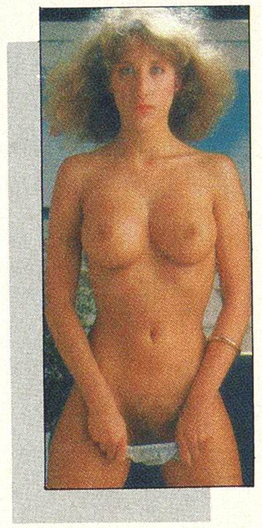
Lyn's a lady with just one thing on her mind: to live, bare, on an island in the Whitsunday Passage. Sunshine, fresh water, fruit and peace should all come in large proportions. So she told PLAYBOY readers in October, and since then there have been a heck of a lot of guys saving to buy a one-way ticket to the north. Lyn was also one of the Girls of the Gold Coast in the August issue, a fruitful field, and we brought her back for more in October. Getting the lively 20-year-old to stand still for both of the pictorials was quite an effort — but we're glad that we made it. However, she said that she loved being photographed: "My motto is, 'If you've got it . . .' " An excellent motto for Lyn, we feel. Now turn the page to meet, a real living doll . . .





October was Lyn's month. Like Elizabeth, she came to PLAYBOY via the Gold Coast. We're glad she did.

Amanda Dole



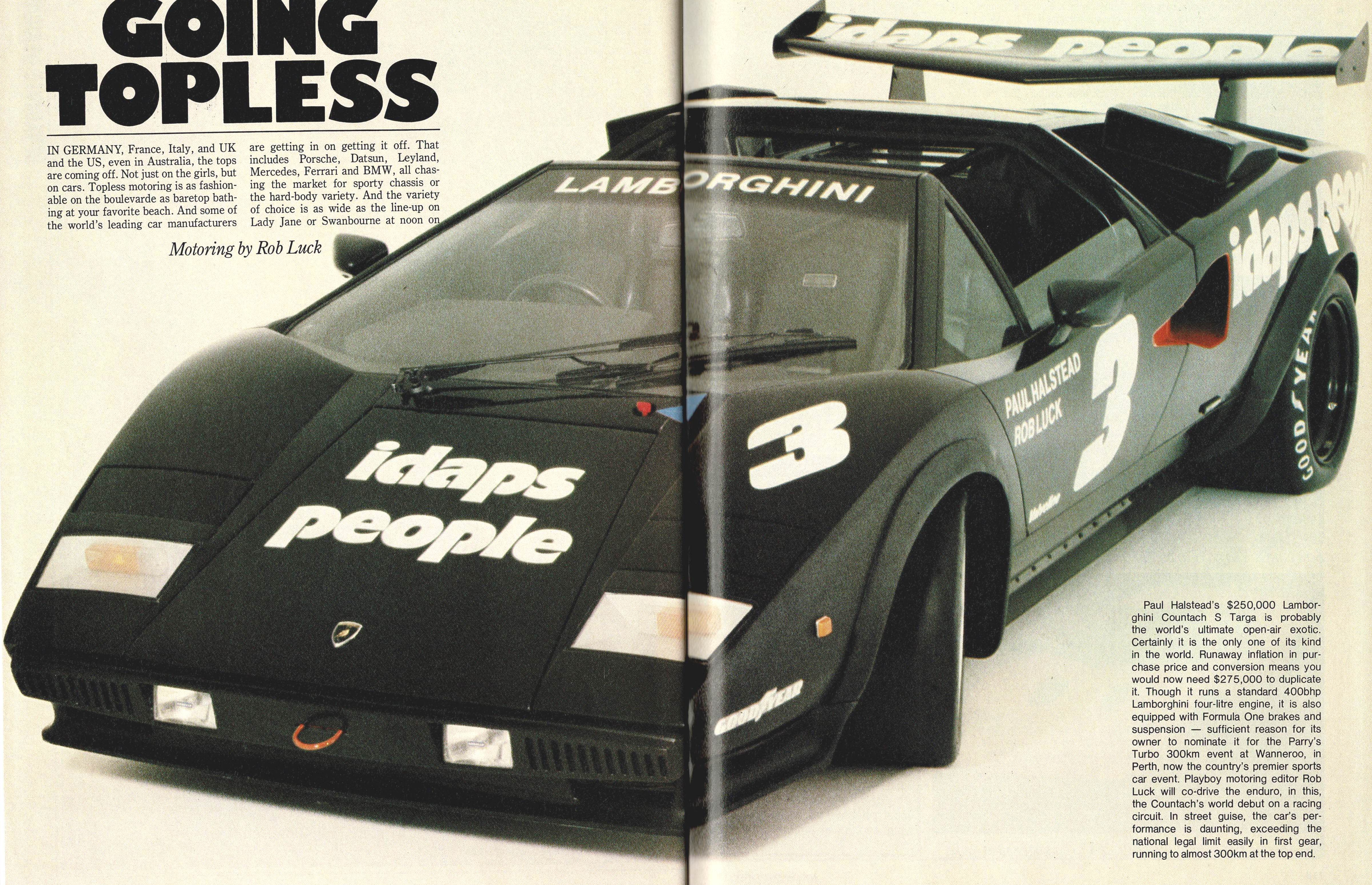
PLAYBOY plucked Amanda Dole out of a wintry Sydney last year and jetted her north to Fitzroy Island, off the Queensland coast, to provide a sunny backdrop to our December pictorial. She loved every minute of it, especially when PLAYBOY stumbled on to the set of the new action thriller film, *Turkey Shoot,* for Amanda has acting ambitions. While PLAYBOY was busy shooting the lady, she was busy watching the movie being shot. We predict a big future for her on the silver screen. So now farewell to PLAYBOY, 1981. Never a dull moment.

Last month you met the gorgeous Amanda Dole, a Sydney girl with strong acting ambitions.

GOING TOPLESS

IN GERMANY, France, Italy, and UK and the US, even in Australia, the tops are coming off. Not just on the girls, but on cars. Topless motoring is as fashionable on the boulevarde as baretop bathing at your favorite beach. And some of the world's leading car manufacturers are getting in on getting it off. That includes Porsche, Datsun, Leyland, Mercedes, Ferrari and BMW, all chasing the market for sporty chassis or the hard-body variety. And the variety of choice is as wide as the line-up on Lady Jane or Swanbourne at noon on

Motoring by Rob Luck



Paul Halstead's $250,000 Lamborghini Countach S Targa is probably the world's ultimate open-air exotic. Certainly it is the only one of its kind in the world. Runaway inflation in purchase price and conversion means you would now need $275,000 to duplicate it. Though it runs a standard 400bhp Lamborghini four-litre engine, it is also equipped with Formula One brakes and suspension — sufficient reason for its owner to nominate it for the Parry's Turbo 300km event at Wanneroo, in Perth, now the country's premier sports car event. Playboy motoring editor Rob Luck will co-drive the enduro, in this, the Countach's world debut on a racing circuit. In street guise, the car's performance is daunting, exceeding the national legal limit easily in first gear, running to almost 300km at the top end.

any sunny summer Sunday. The new breed of "hard chassis" topless models covers targas and semi-targas, two-door soft tops, and full-convertibles — with two, four-five seater capacity, manual/electric hoods in hard (glass/poly/alloy) or ragtop options.

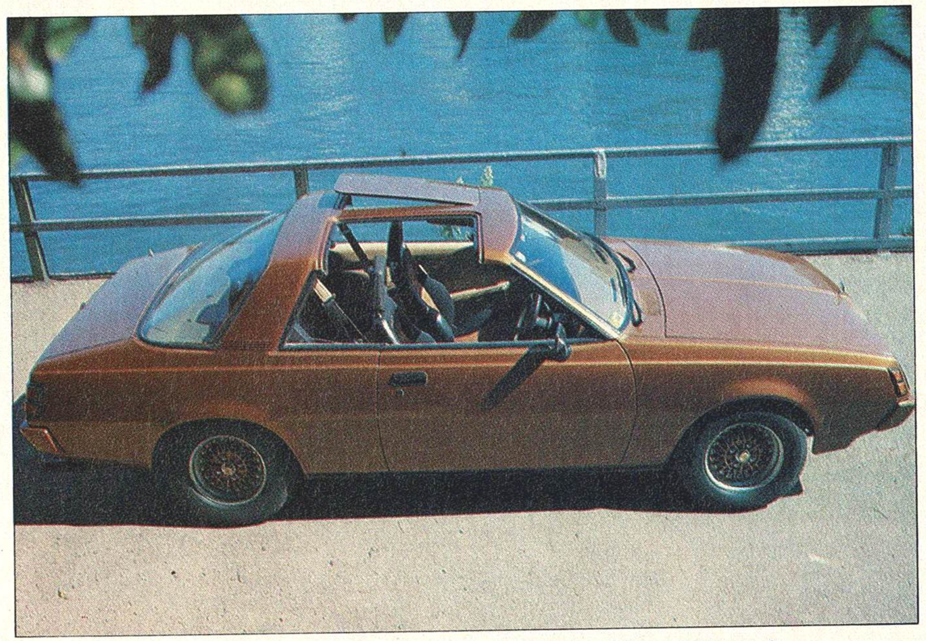
The new generation demountables cater to every conceivable taste in "low profile" automotivation, like the soft-body version, they can be acquired and operated at costs ranging from gee-whiz to rob-Fort Knox. This is generally scaled at a geared-up ratio to their ascending value of rarity, appearance and finish, which is not unlike the feline of the species. However, the size of the package is frequently in inverted proportion to its cost, so volume-for-money should not be a prime consideration when culling through the lists.

The trend to topless sports cars has as many arms as an octopus, and one is probably pointing a finger in a new direction for your escape from motoring mundanity. Consider some of the options for openers:

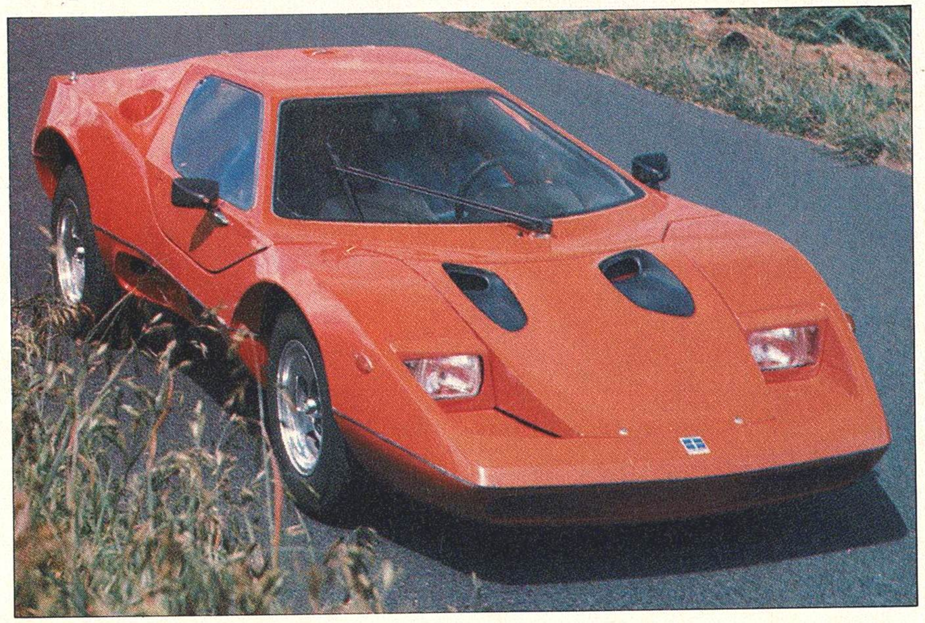
☐ Econo-sports — not as far down the market as econo-boxes, but not as boring either. For a little more than $10,000, you can find a way out of the motoring maze that's driving you mad. Trick little gadgets like the Fiat X1/9 will do it.

☐ Kit-builts — further down the market than econo-sports, but you save the extra freight by injecting your own labor. Care must be taken to avoid ultra-economics developing into kilobuck extravaganzas, but it's possible to get mobile for as little as six big ones.

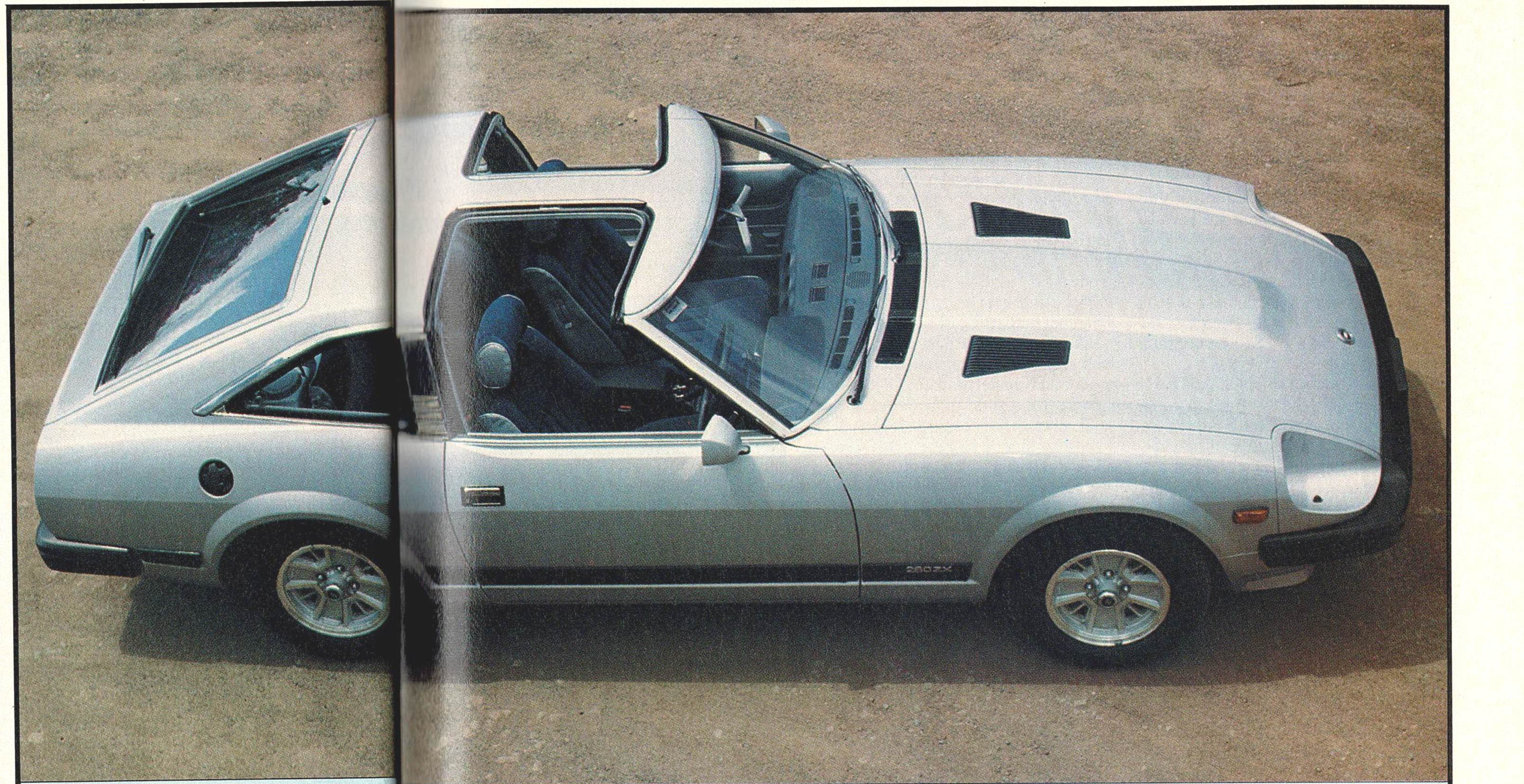
☐ Conversion specials — buy a fixed-roof and have it lopped. This now-you-see-it now-you-don't method of dispensing with the mobile tin-can is achieved at the after-market level by firms who



Scorpion's Targa Turbo, 60 orders at first showing.

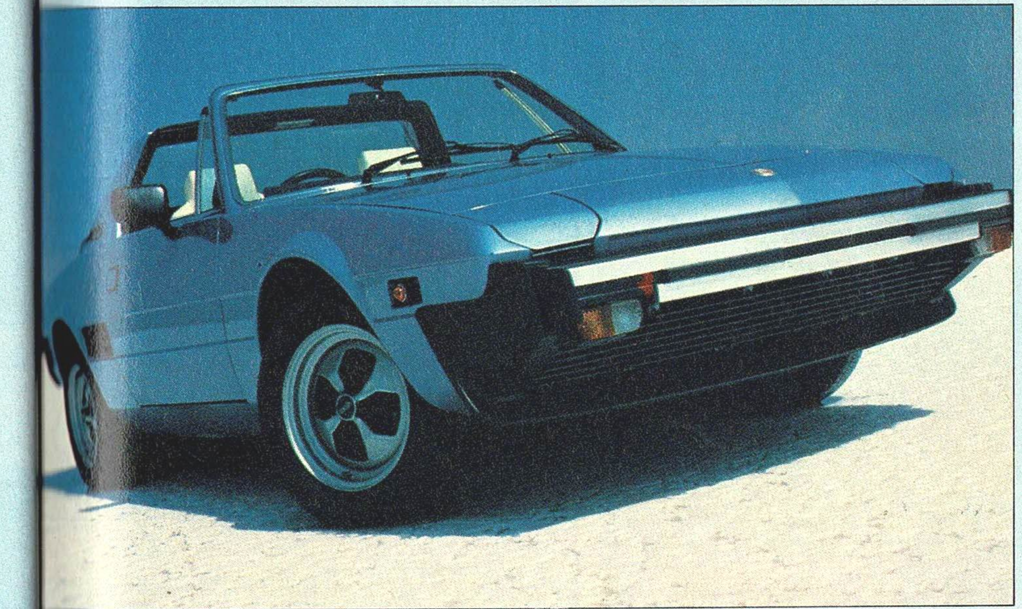


The Purvis fixed head kit-built, a Targa sister next year.



WHERE THE ACTION IS

Datsun's 240Z was a sportscar groundbreaker of the early seventies. As the decade wore on, it grew fat with success, until the 280ZX arrived in an even bigger bottle. In the process, it moved from boulevarde boomer to executive chic. Datsun put it on a diet with the introduction of the Targa roof version, but cutting out the hole didn't cut out a new market among sports fans. However, the big Datsun is placed and priced where the money is, even if its sporting character is open to question. If you have more than $20,000 and up to $25,000 (the mark at which most optioned-Targas are selling), it will still do wonders for your image and/or status. The glass-panel Targa is one of the neatest, simplest and most effective installations available, and is well-priced.



'POOR MANS' FERRARI

Out on the boulevarde, the girls are struttin' their stuff. Stopping them dead in their tracks isn't easy without something blood red, Italian and bankbook-busting. Like a Ferrari. Which is out of reach of most. There is an affordable option. The Fiat X1/9, fondly known as the little Ferrari. And it really works. With its sharp Bertone coachwork, snappy performance, and cheeky popups, it is the econo-sports darling of the avenue. Now it's got some real guts (1500cc SOHC engine) and get-up-and-go from a five-speed sports-shifter, to match the excellent sports chassis, suspension, steering and brakes. We've waited three years for this, and for that you can blame the Government. Impress the girls with the lift-out, tuckaway Targa top that opens the cockpit.

apply something resembling a sophisticated (sometimes) automotive can-opener to your existing tin-lid. Worth some careful thought before venturing down this fairly novel (in Australia, at least) road.

☐ Factory specials — varied and generally in the regular lists. They range from Datsun's ZX Targa (or semi-Targa) to BMW's Bauer Cabriolet and Lancia's Beta Targa. Some are hard to come by (limited by production), others hard to come buy (because of price).

☐ Factory sports cars — which range from mild to wild, and the cost is on a parallel. Goers like the Porsche 911 Targa, Ferrari 308 GTS, Lamborghini Uracco and others.

☐ Convertibles — thin pickings here, with perhaps only the De Tomaso Longchamp as a bona fide off-the-floor example. However, relaxation of conversion regulations (to right-hand drive) has meant some of the topless Yank tanks can now come in.

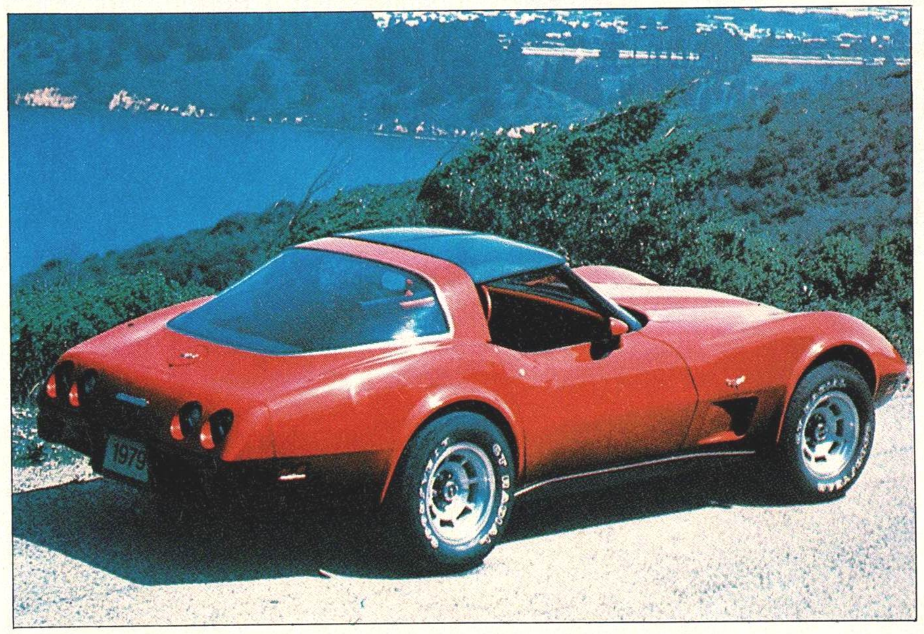
☐ Replicars — the blast-from-the-past boom industry in the US and UK, which has produced an astonishing array of vehicles, some of which are slowly filtering in here. From kitsch to kit-builts. These take-offs of yesteryears's famous sports cars are sometimes sensational and sometimes slightly less than sacrilegious. California's artless imitations of vintage exotics has produced little more than acres of automotive bad taste in sheet metal, but there are exceptions, like the Auburn Speedster, a fairly faithful copy of the original, and from Britain, a D-Type replica by Lynx, which you can have detailed to original down to pop-riveted panels (if you have 50,000 pounds sterling to spare).

All of these vehicles are currently visible in the bewildering kaleidoscope of automotive change, but there's more. In the middle-distance is a whole range of vehicles at a whole range of prices which will send turgid blood spurting again through enthusiasts' veins.

The recent Frankfurt Auto Extravaganza in Germany previewed some, and highlighted the trends set in the aftermarket over the past few years. Eeegee: Porsche fronted a 911 Convertible — their first since the SC series was dropped in the old body some 15 years ago. What's more, it humped a 3.3 Turbo, and — wait for it — four-wheel-drive. It's undoubtedly a precursor of a production model, and probably is Porsche's answer to keeping the much-loved but embattled 911 body alive.

Lamborghini's Athon, a mooncruiser look-alike, has been fronted as a viable production convertible, too. By Bertone, it looks too exotic to be true, and has some detractors because of that. They were also there when the first Countach was previewed, but Lamborghini got

VW's "white knight" Golf.



The Chev Corvette Stingray, it will put fire in your blood.

ENTER PHASE TWO

Buchman Bros have been outraging the afficianado with their chop-tops for years. This is Phase Two of a topless Porsche project which began with a 928, dressed with some finishing touches to the body, including deep skirt and flushfinish wheels. It's produced by BB craftsman Manuel Melero. Porsche produced it's own full convertible this year — a 911 3.3 Turbo with four-wheel-drive motivation, and launched it as a thinktank at the Frankfurt Auto Show. Local distributors will sell you one of their increasingly desirable Targa 911 Porsche for upwards of $45,000 and there is a waiting list, as you would expect.

$89,000 EYE-OPENER

Exclusivity is the grabber for this open-air goer, the De Tomaso Longchamp Convertible GTS the only one of its kind in Australia. Ken Matthews, who brainstormed the idea of fitting Oz-Ford engines/drivetrains to the exotic European, says he has now secured the total production run of convertibles from the Modena plant, or 12 cars a year. Even so, there's some space left in the queue, notwithstanding the very "modest" $89,000 tag, which is only marked this low because of a favorable duty consideration in lieu of the local content. For the price, you get perhaps the finest finished sporty interior in the world — all in soft kid-leather.

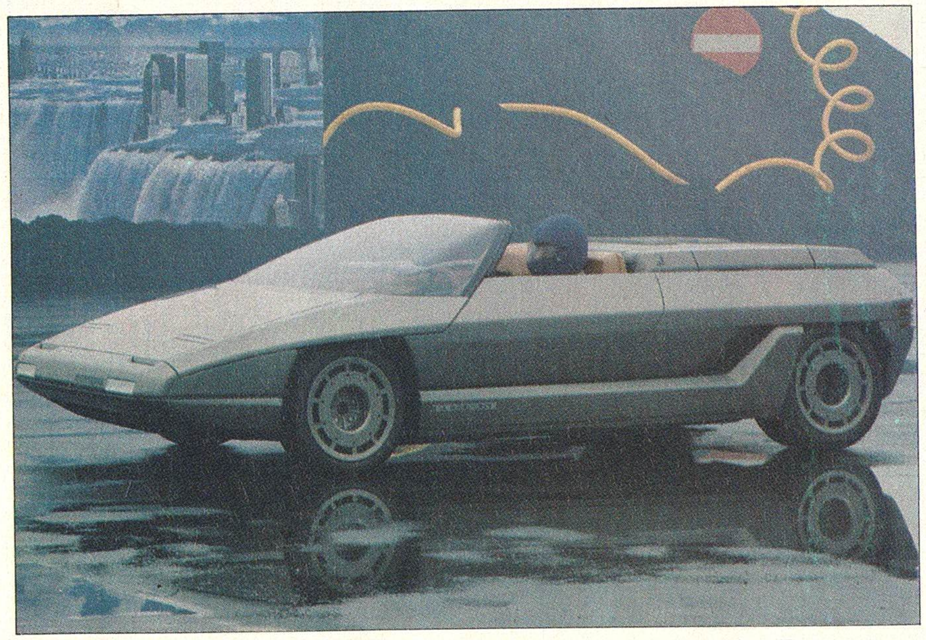
that on the streets in record time, and is still out front with it 10 years later.

In California, after-market has gone semi-factory, with small-volume manufacturers taking delivery of factory assembled bodies to hack-out overhead sheet. A rush of production Targas is on the floors already (TransAm, Mustang etc) with more to come, and there are convertibles in sight in 1982.

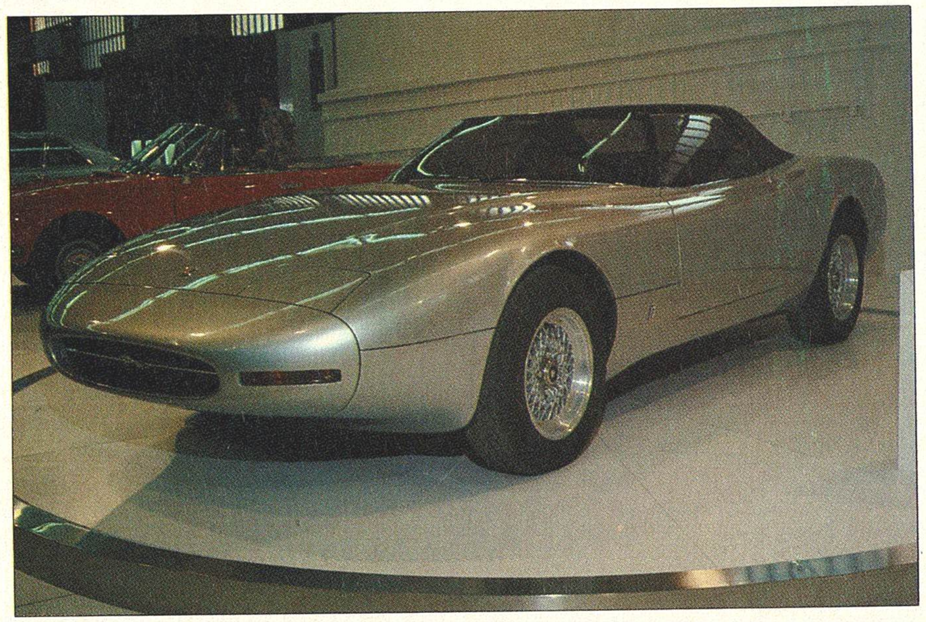
The new rash of topless cars is in stark contrast to the automotive wasteland of the past period, where the most exciting drop-top around was a Cyclops pedal cart. The lid slammed shut on open cars in 1974, when the combined effects of the safety crisis (sports cars were guillotines on wheels) and the fuel crisis (sports cars are selfish, gas-guzzling anti-social monsters) scared the world's manufacturers into retreat.

Even the stylists backed out, kowtowing to prevailing public opinion with pragmatic little econo-box studies, which looked like pregnant eggs or glassed-in cardboard cartons. Some of the biggest just caved-in. The MGB disappeared, the Healey was already long gone, and the Jensen-Healey revival buckled and dropped; Aston nearly went under and axed its convertible in the process; Jaguar dropped its roadster configuration from the new XJS line-up and lost half its market in the process; Triumph hurriedly scampered to affix a lid to its pretty little wedge (the TR7 conceived as a convertible) before dropping it on a yawning market, and most of the rest simply committed hara-kiri.

Few had the balls to press on with their drop-tops in the face of social pressures, chiefly stacked up against them in the form of barrier crash-test walls. But for those who did, the rewards were great. Like Morgan, which was not to be diverted from its task of hand-creating a small run of its anachronistic square-riggers. Today, the factory holds almost two years' of advance orders.



A "future shock" Lamborghini Uracco 3000 by Bertone.



The classical Jaguar XJS convertible, by Pinninfarina.

While the industry was writhing and squirming, other sectors moved to fill the lucrative gap. Think about them . . . particularly the recreational market. The sports car doom contrasted the off-road vehicle boom. And vehicles like the Jeep enjoyed their finest new hour as the sports cars went to the wall. This was a thinly veiled farce, since this type of vehicle was not required to undergo the same safety tests required of the sports car. Yet its design was essentially as vulnerable in drop-head form.

For a time then, we all had to mooch about in mushboxes. The soothsayers even tried to send us down a mindless motorway where wheels ran on rails and robots destined our progress, but it wasn't to be. Some sanity had to remain. When the industry finally got over its seven-year-itch, there was the unmistakable sign of wasting in the marketplace, but the rationalisation was probably good for the industry which had previously carried a lot of fat on the fringes. Trimmed down to the muscle, it began to "heavy" the sporty market with a vengeance.

The really great have survived, and there are some revivals and some newies. Interestingly, it was the after-market that led the industry back from the long and winding road downhill. It was the after-market which really spawned the Targa roof — and built the first production models for the big manufacturers. Particularly in America.

It was also the after-market which began scalping suitable coupes and turning them into drop-tops or full convertibles. In the States, these were generally highly sophisticated, running to electric roofs. For example you could have a full convertible Celica for $7000 in California as late as late last year.

And it was the after-market which generated the first new sports cars. Even the after-market TR7 convertibles were the first into production — years before Leyland introduced their late lamented original factory version. In Germany, it was BB designhaus which forced the mightly hand of Porsche. Showing 928 and 911 Convertibles, the company blew the public mind away, and filled the order books as well. Porsche's move to the 911 Convertible shown at Frankfurt is in direct response to that type of vehicle.

That's the future. The present is just as impressive, with a huge range of vehicles readily available on the world market. Most are now offered in Australia. Some are notable, highly visible, and usually unreachable to most, others keep such a low profile they are readily overlooked by most people scouring the market. In general, the name exotics and the predictable offerings of the major manufacturers grab the interest — and the sales. This review goes under the skin in the market.

At the top end of the topless spectrum are vehicles like the sampled Lamborghini Countach Targa S. If you *must* have one, please go into your vault and shovel out at least $250,000. You'll then be able to acquire a hardtop version from various Australian distributors like Henry Nehrybecki's Lolita Automobile Developments, then truck it across town to custom modifier Tony Williams, with another $20-grand cheque pinned to the single screenwiper to have the cut and shut (or is it cut and open?) done. No fears on quality here. The US distributor (biggest Lambo dealer in the world) is already in the queue for the design plans with a dozen customers backed up behind.

Though there's no nude-top that comes near this exciting exotic for performance or appeal (it is a one-off), there is some pretty pricy machinery available off-the-rack. Stuff like the De Tomaso Longchamp Convertible (a four-five seater), a Porsche 911 Targa, Lamborghini's own production Targa — the Silhoutte (Uracco-based), Ferrari's 308GTS, the Mercedes 350SL sports and some horny hybrids like the BMW Bauer Cabriolet.

The fact that the De Tomaso is on offer to the Australian public at all is a tribute to the tenacity of the unique distributor/assembly operation of Ken Matthews' Prestige Cars. This company masterminded a plan to reciprocate Aussie engine/drivetrain units for Italian coach assemblies, and immediately ran afoul of the dreaded boffins at HM Customs.

The saga of negotiations continues (it has been for several years and turns around the prospect of tariff reduction (from 45 percent to 35 or even 25) for the light local assembly operation involved in shoe-horning the 5.8 litre Oz Ford V8 mills and slushbox three-speeder under the skin of the exotic Italian, which comes in largely built up (except for seatbelts and other bits).

At present, the beast costs $89,500 — plus on-roads — for just about the maximum equipment level offered on an Australian-available exotic. It includes air and electric hood, for example, to match the thoroughbred independent suspension, rack steering, four-wheel discs (inboard rears) and other niceties (Italian layout and leather).

Down the line, you can opt for a whole host of gun machinery, but the most popular at present in the accessible price bracket is the Datsun 280ZX Targa. This runs to double-aperture lift-out roof panels on the same basic shell, and is now available in reasonable numbers at reasonable prices ($22,000 up depending on options).

You won't pay much less for the classic square-rigged Morgan, but you'll get a very different package. The uncompromising kidney-shake ride is matched by uncompromised handling. A range of engines up to lusty V8s takes it out of the toy-car classic category, but the real appeal is the visual one. You like it and want it, or it doesn't reach you. If you want it, you wait for it. Up to three years in Australia. Queue now.

Fiat's redoubtable X1/9 has the economy end of the market by the throat. At a bit under $12,000, it now sports five slots for all sorts of slick shifting around town, and some upgrading of interior specs and appearance. It's the lowest-priced completely built-up unit available.

Second-hand, there is something of a wide and oft-overlooked choice. It's a legitimate market to consider because the lack of production of true sporties from the traditional manufacturers has forced secondhand (pre-owned?) sporty droptops up to new car prices, and frequently well over their original sales tags of many years ago.

There are quality prices on quality buys at all ends of the market. If you go E-type hunting you won't uncover a three-star roadster for much under $30,000. If you do, grab it; you have a

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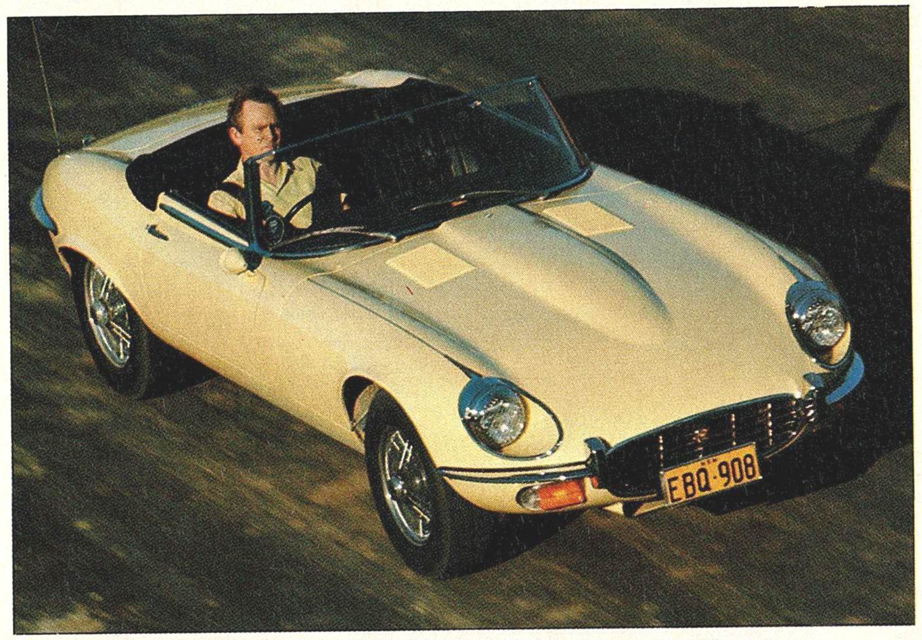
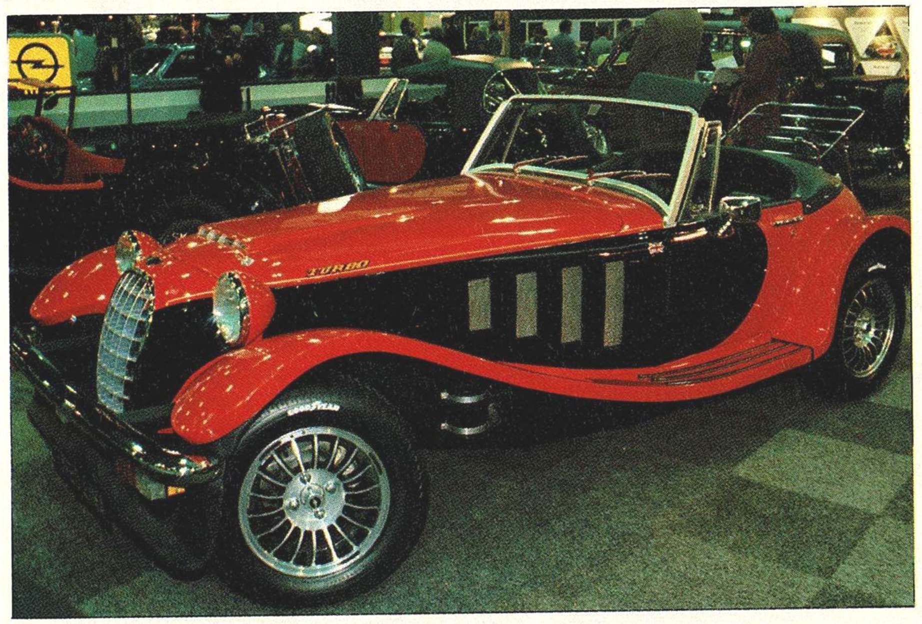
The Jensen Healey, buying second-hand around $5,600.



Jaguar's E Type . . . last of the "classic cats".



A Bugatti Royale, typical of the "replicars" available.

bargain. Same goes for Mercs from 250 to 280SL, which readily fetch more than double their "green book" second-hand listed value in mint nick. Expect to have to find $35,000 or more for a top 280.

At the bottom end, the MG Midget, which hit the showrooms in 1972 at $3725 for its miserly 1275cc, now brings more than double that in top condition and over $5000 at "book value." MGBs, which have doubled their original sale price new, now carry $10,000 stickers on trendy Parramatta Road sports car lots. And get it.

The bargains are the less popular Brits — usually because of assembly reputation, parts scarcity or other long-term problems. This includes the Jensen Healey, which has barely made a 50 percent increase on its original value, and the TR6 and other TRs, which are fighting to show a 10 percent gain on their new car price. The wheel may turn, and this could well be turned around. It's a wait-see deal on wheels.

The most remarkable explosion in Australia is in kit-cars, a business which was written-off as finished almost 10 years ago. Imported and locals have moved in to fill a small but urgent need for do-it-yourselfers. Bolwell, who forged the kit-car industry in Australia in the 60s and now makes its living out of building glass boats, has returned with an unlikely looking contender in the Ikara — something like a misplaced lobster in visual concept. The small production run is already committed 12 months ahead.

The replicar revival is here, too, and the MiGi, an unashamed theft of the MG-TD, is on the local kit market, complete with yawning hole in the rear to accommodate a VW powerplant, or something else if you wish. There are others, here and coming, which swell the ranks of available machinery in a field that until the last two years was almost forgotten.

You can expect more and more manufacturers to plug into it. I believe Leyland will soon produce sports cars without lids again (even though the company aborted the TR7/8 — which could pop up again somewhere else, manufactured to proper economies of scale). Toyota has a convertible on the drawing board, so do most European manufacturers.

The exotic producers are back at the drawing boards, charging up their design houses to produce, and in the meantime, the half-castes continue to roll from the lines as more and more manufacturers produce more and more Targas and semi-Targas.

For the sports car in the eighties, the lid is off and the sky's the limit, so sit back and watch.

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The Heart Of The Cross

— By John Byrell —

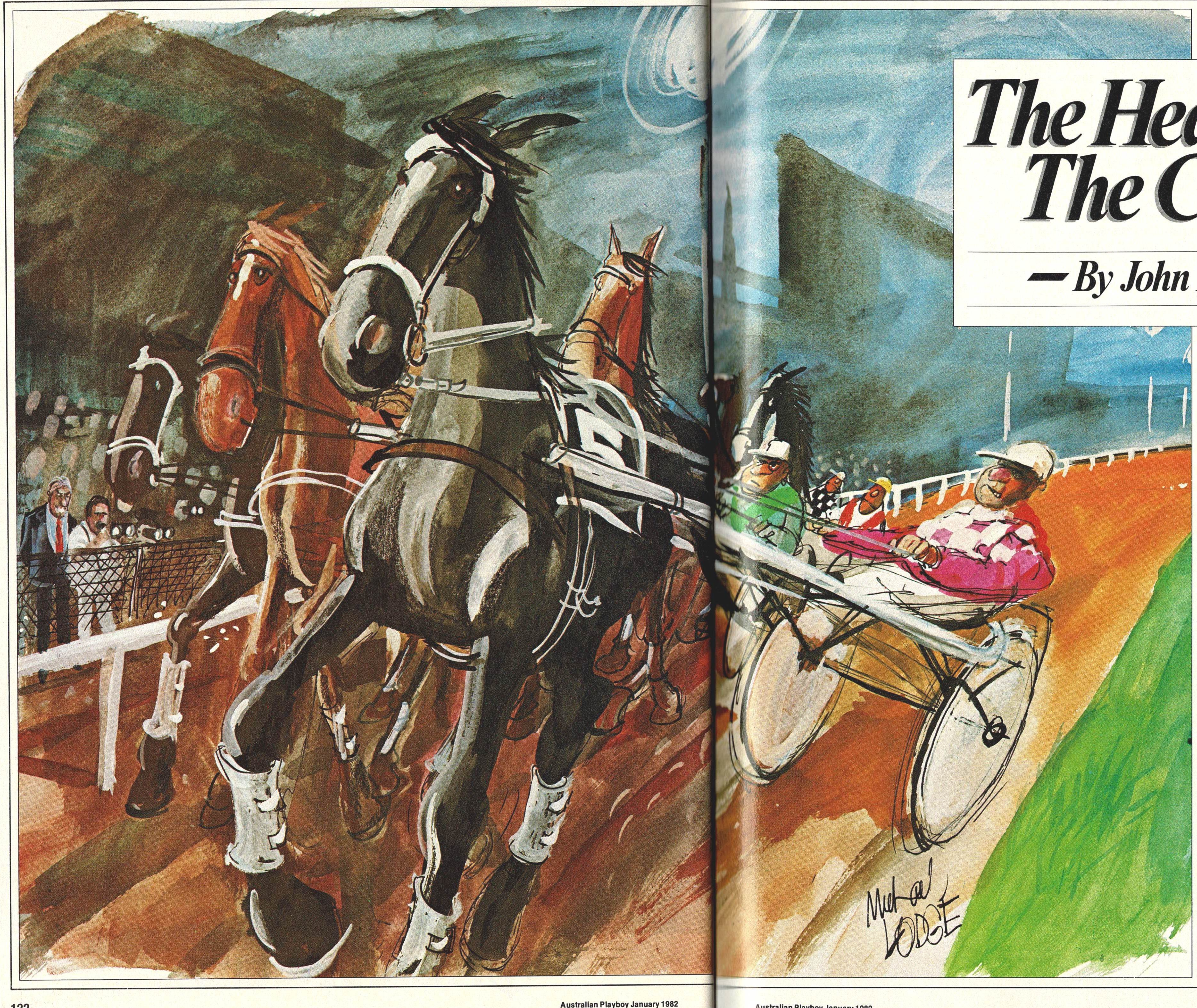

Illustration by Michael Lodge

The Gift

YOU WOULD'VE thought the dapper little bloke in the houndstooth bag of fruit with the expensive looking Jap 10 50s hanging around his Gregory Peck was about to commit murder.

The language he was using was so bad and so loud that he'd managed to snare the undivided attention of most of the patrons in the paddock grandstand this particular Friday night.

This was all happening out at Harold Park trots. The fifth race had just been run, and it had been called the Christmas Gift, on account of this particular Friday being the last Friday before Christmas, which was on the following Tuesday.

Come to think, you would've thought the dapper little bloke was fair dinkum out of his tree, because this happened to be none other than Mr C.W. "Cobber" McGruder, who owned and also trained the neddy that had just bolted in with the Christmas Gift.

Cobber had been called that because, in actual fact, he is anything but well thought of around and about. To be honest, as far as personal chinas go, Cobber McGruder is a declared bankrupt. He also has a reputation for being snakey cunning and a terrible fibber. And he's so tight with a quid he'd make a reasonable contender for Morrie the Mullet, who, as everyone up and down The Cross knows, has a heart like a pea.

At any rate, there was Cobber carrying on like an in-heat chimpanzee who'd just copped a knock-back. He sprang on to his seat and started waving his Warwick Farms about and raised his Hobson's choice several decibels.

"You lousy friggin' drop kick," he

bawled at the impeccably attired bloke sitting right behind him. "You rotten fart. I orta smack you fair in the gob. Come to think of it, that's just what you're going to cop."

With that, McGruder made a move to step over into the next row and take a few swings at the posh bloke, but before he could manage that, a very big and deadly looking bloke who was sitting right next to the posh bloke stood up, and Cobber found himself looking up at the frightening fizz of none other than Heavy Harold, who is a Cross regular and very heavy indeed. You see, Heavy Harold was about to go to the defence of a very firm china of his and another well-known regular in The Scholar.

Cobber McGruder stopped his move in mid-air, looking something like a short, squat praying mantis after the butterfly has just shot through.

The Scholar remained seated and stuck another small cigar into an amber holder. "My dear fellow," he said to Cobber, who was still staring at Heavy Harold. "My friend here is a peaceable and patient man, but it appears you are interfering with both his view of the proceedings and his aural concentration.

"My suggestion," said The Scholar as he rummaged around in the Davey Crockets of his reefer jacket, "is that you adopt a less antagonistic attitude and resume your seat. Oh, and before you do that, I wonder whether if you would be so kind as to afford me a light for my cigar? It seems I've mislaid my lighter." (The fact is The Scholar long ago hocked his lighter and has since developed into a compulsive bummer of lights.)

But Cobber McGruder, who didn't know The Scholar or Heavy Harold from a bucket of bream, didn't know this. So he leaned over and lit The Scholar's Henri Winterman's. "My dear fellow," declared The Scholar, "thank you indeed."

Cobber McGruder mumbled something unintelligible, which you could bet your orchestras was not at all nice, and turned and hurried down the grandstand stairs in the direction of the bar.

By the way, it should now be pointed out that the name of Cobber McGruder's neddy which had just knocked off the Christmas Gift, was Pal Mal. And it should also be pointed out that the person who once owned a sizeable part share in Pal Mal was none other than Mick the Muso, who happens to be the brother-in-law of Cobber McGruder.

All of which has a lot to do with why The Scholar and Heavy Harold had turned up at Harold Park, which is a very unusual and unlikely venue for both of them, since neither is likely to punt on any type of race meeting, apart from maybe the Melbourne Cup.

It seems that the Monday before that particular Friday, The Scholar wandered into the bar of the Prince Charles for a vodka or two, and had come upon a strange and disturbing coincidence, for there were three of The Scholar's best chinas — Brucie the Rooster, Big Oscar and Mick the Muso, all looking as though they were contemplating a dive off The Gap.

Before The Scholar could reach his chinas, Lennie the Loser, the barman, snared him and took him to the other end of the bar where he poured The Scholar a double. The Scholar lifted his eyebrows and treated Lennie to a long, and some would say, searching look. He picked up his drink and gave Lennie the time of day.

"Good afternoon, Lennie," he said, putting his left hand on the bar and stiffening himself the way you'd expect a major from the Indian Army to do it. "You quite obviously haven't enticed me to this end of the bar for nothing."

Lennie the Loser didn't say anything straight away. It is part of the way Lennie goes about things to say very little at all. And Lennie has his own problems which, on the whole, have a lot to do with his own particular load in life, and the regulars have long ago quit trying to sneak a dekko into Lennie the Loser's past.

Lennie went up and down the bar picking off empty glasses like an old juggler and taking the orders, but always working it so that he'd lob at The Scholar's end sooner or later.

At last, Lennie said to The Scholar: "They've been like that for a long time. As far as I know, it's got something to do with the punt. But listen — either cheer 'em up or get 'em out. They're drinking a schooner about every two hours, and they're putting a down on the whole place."

The Scholar looked squarely at Lennie the Loser. This, in The Scholar's memory, was the most Lennie had ever come up with in small talk, or any other talk for that matter. So without even saying a dicky bird to Lennie by way of reply, and taking another dekko along the bar at the line of dejected fizzes up the other end, The Scholar sauntered toward the boys.

He positioned himself next to Brucie the Rooster, still without saying a dicky bird. For a while there, it looked like a batch of pansies staring at their own fizzes in the bar mirror.

"Orright now, Scholar," said Brucie, "give us the drum."

The Scholar didn't as much as turn a Dick Fair. He picked up his vodka, took a well-measured swig and said, without looking around: "In all of my days of knowing and of trying to understand and work out all of you gentlemen, I . . ."

"Now listen, Scholar," said Brucie, swivelling round on him. "Don't give me the jam tarts. If you're . . ."

"Shut up," said The Scholar, looking squarely up at Brucie. "And listen to me — you are my friends: Big Oscar, Mick, you. You are my friends. If you like . . . chinas. Now, could it have anything to do with that trotter?" Brucie took a backward step and grabbed hold of his schooner like a man playing the old squeeze-the-knuckles game.

And in the interests of elucidation, we'll leave him hanging on there for a moment and go back to the start of the whole rort. At the beginning of last year, the boys went into the racehorse game. That means that Brucie the Rooster and Big Oscar and Mick the Muso clubbed in and purchased a pacer. A pacer is a neddy who races at trotting tracks, but the pacer somehow works his props in a different way to what they call a trotter. And these days, trotters are considered old fashioned; the pacer is the thing.

Anyway, there came a day when none other than Mick the Muso came bowling into the bar of the Prince Charles behaving as though he had his walters in a knot. It must be stressed here that Mick the Muso was never, and is never, known for his punting. The first and last time, up until he bounded into the Prince Charles that day, Mick had plonked anything on a four-footed anything was the time Rain Lover won the Cup the second time.

So now he was swearing blind by all the powers of piss that a yearling pacer had been offered him for (in his own words) "a quim full of cold water".

It meant that, in fact, Mick the Muso's brother-in-law had news of a neddy who was up to being a top pacer on account of being bred from a long line of very good high steppers.

At first, the boys gave Mick and his pacer notion the sandshoe, declaring that the animal in question was odds on to turn out to be nothing but a chaff burner. "You should know by now, Mick," stated Brucie the Rooster with a fair slab of contempt, "that the odds against getting hold of a nag, even with a posh sire and dam, that'll do anything more than pay his friggin' feed bills, are astronomical.

"Besides which," he said, polishing off the remainder of his schooner and squinting meaningfully at Big Oscar, who happened to be in the chair, "who's goin' to train the friggin' thing anyway? You got one of your many racing connections lined up Mick? Eh? Ha ha ha ha ha."

Big Oscar said: "Yeah. Ha ha ha ha ha." Then he ordered another round. The only regular not saying anything was The Scholar, who seemed to be in-

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dulging in a certain amount of personal introspection over his vodka and dry.

"Yeah," replied Mick the Muso. "Ha ha ha ha ha to you, too. And chewy on yer boot, because my brother-in-law, Cobber's, offered to train it for a whole year for essefay. He says he won't charge a razoo — not even for the horse's munga."

At that, Big Oscar did a double take Jack Benny would've been proud of. Brucie The Rooster let out a gasp that beheaded his Reschs and The Scholar smiled slightly and took a careful pull at his vodka.

"Come again?" Brucie requested and Big Oscar said:

"Yeah, come again?"

"I said, man," said Mick the Muso with a good slice of lemon in his tone, "that Cobber, who is, unless you've forgotten the melody, man, a not too bad trainer of pacers, has offered to house and train and feed the nag for frig all. But then, if you wanta let the matter just drop . . ."

Brucie the Rooster then chipped in: "There's no need to cattle dog our ears Mick. And you can cut out the fart-arse one-liners, too. Now, just what's the catch? I mean, I've heard of your brother-in-law, and what we've heard wouldn't exactly get him admitted to the bar, would it?"

"Look," said Mick with much less aggro. "All I know is that if the four of us form a syndicate and toss in about $400 apiece, we can own a well-bred pacing colt. Cobber reckons he'll toss in the fifth share. The whole deal is gonna cost two grand, exact."

The Scholar spoke up for the first time: "My dear Michael," he said pleasantly. "I don't wish to appear either miserly or cowardly, but having in mind the current low state of my pecuniary worth, and also notwithstanding the . . . er . . . feebleness of the stocks and shares tables these days, thanks mainly to the ineptness of our Federal Government, I'm afraid I cannot possibly become a party to this proposed arrangement of yours."

Mick the Muso frowned. "Eh, man?" he said. "Does that mean you're givin' us the ginger?"

"Yes, Michael," said The Scholar. "That is indeed the truth, I'm sorry to say."

"Well, orright," said Brucie the Rooster, who had always nursed a strong hankering to own, or part-own for that matter, anything with four legs that can run around a racetrack. "That means we're up for half a thou — that's if we agree. And after I've talked it over with Maureen, that is."

The fact was that Brucie the Rooster had no intention of discussing with his cheese any such proposal, and the others were right on to that, anyway.

The boys stayed in the Prince Charles for some time after that, rabbiting on about some of the great and notorious racing stories past and present, and generally talking each other into the deal. They even got as far as sticking a monicker on the neddy. In fact, it was The Scholar who christened it Pal Mal, explaining that it was a double-decker play on words involving the well-known London thoroughfare, and a "friend" of his in politics. That caused a cackle, mainly because the boys were only too well aware of the somewhat rosy shade of The Scholar's political affinities.

Meanwhile, at roughly the same time that particular week, another set of fairly similar arrangements was being discussed, but these had a quite different connotation. Far out in the Western Suburbs, another group of four was rabbiting on about this particular neddy.

To be a bit closer to the nipple, C.W. "Cobber" McGruder was carefully dispensing small gordon and gotches from his sideboard for three well-off looking blokes. And Cobber was doing pretty well all the rabbiting.

"Like I've already told you, gentlemen," he said, screwing the top back on the Scotch and sticking it back in the sideboard, "this colt is by Adios Freedom out of Tammy's Folly, and is dead set bred to kill 'em like a pussycat, both as a sprinter or a stayer.

"I've put it," he went on, "to my brother-in-law, who is a musician with a fairy-floss brain and who knows frig-all about anything without two legs and a skirt, that I'll sink a few hundred into the deal as well as train and feed the animal."

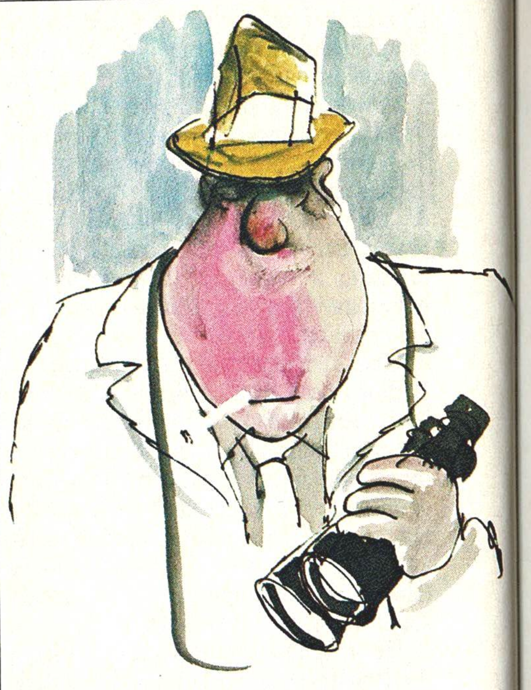
"I see," said one of the well-off-looking blokes who, like the other two, was a fairly successful bookmaker. "But would you mind letting us know what we get out of all this?"

"Sure," said Cobber. "Sure, I will. This is the rort: I'm going to train the thing, see, and almost right from the kick, I'm going to know what sort of form it's got. If it's a dud, so I'm down a few ton. That's all.

"But on the other hand, if it ain't a dud — and I'm willing to put up my left orchestra to say it won't be — I can assure you we can really pluck a few pullets. All I want to know, is are you interested at all?"

"All right," said the first bookie, "but just the same, Cobber, would you mind telling us why you didn't buy the thing outright?"

"Well," said Cobber, breaking out in what was the nearest thing he could manage to a blush, "you blokes know the stipes hit me pretty hard the last time. I was out for nearly a year. I just can't afford that kind of moolah now. And as you must realise, it'd look a bit ripe if it got around that you'd invested in the thing, especially when you hear the final bit."



"Cobber never removes his titfer, even sleeping."

"Okay, Cobber," said the first bookie. "We're listening, but before you get on with it, how about another Scotch? Oh, and what about leaving it on the table? Save you some trouble."

Well, in the long run, the boys signed the papers and took delivery of Pal Mal . . . or better still, Cobber McGruder took Pal Mal down to his little farm near Kiama. But he let the boys go and have a good dekko at Pal Mal first, and they were justly impressed. Because Pal Mal was a real Robert Redford when it came to looks. He stood about 16 hands and had a big white blaze along his hooter. And he was a chestnut horse.

In fact, it was Big Oscar who ventured the opinion, which was well enough founded, that Pal Mal looked a lot like Paleface Adios, who anyone who has ever had a flutter on the red hots, and even most of those who wouldn't know a trotter from a ferret, is well aware was one of the greats.

They even had a celebration gay 'n' hearty at Mick the Muso's, at which the guest of honor was none other than Cobber McGruder. Mick made a speech, at the end of which he said his brother-in-law was "a little cat with an up-tempo ticker". Everyone got very molly the monk, cracked funnies and shook hands, and in the end Cobber hit the toe back to Kiama to start training Pal Mal.

And what a Christmas that other Christmas was. Cobber turned into a fair dinkum Santa by delivering the glad tidings that Pal Mal had indeed responded to training, was now ready for the track and that he'd entered him in a kindergarten stakes. And so as to spread the festive spirit of that particular Christmas fairly and squarely around and about, Cobber also told the three bookies Pal Mal was ready.

But what he had to say to the bookies over the eau de cologne went a bit different to the good news he imparted to the boys. It went something like this: "Sheesh. Are we on to something here! This friggin' thing's a freak. It can sprint like buggery and stay all day, and it leaves the friggin' barrier faster than anything you've seen.

"By the way," Cobber went on, "it's having its cherry start in a kindergarten event at Kembla, but let it drift — it'll be as dead as a frozen wart. And by the way, I managed to land The Bullfrog as its regular driver. He could pull up a nymphomaniac's scanties."

On the night Pal Mal went round for the first time, Mick the Muso and Big Oscar and Brucie the Rooster were at Kembla. So, too, was half The Cross and not just because Pal Mal happened to be owned by the boys, but also because Cobber McGruder had gone so far as to advise that Pal Mal was something of a good thing for his debut.

As it turned out, Pal Mal was anything but a good thing because he finished dead set in front of only one other nag, which had galloped all the way around anyway. But most of the mob were philosophical about it. It was, after all, they said almost to a bod, Pal Mal's first start in a race and he surely must improve with experience.

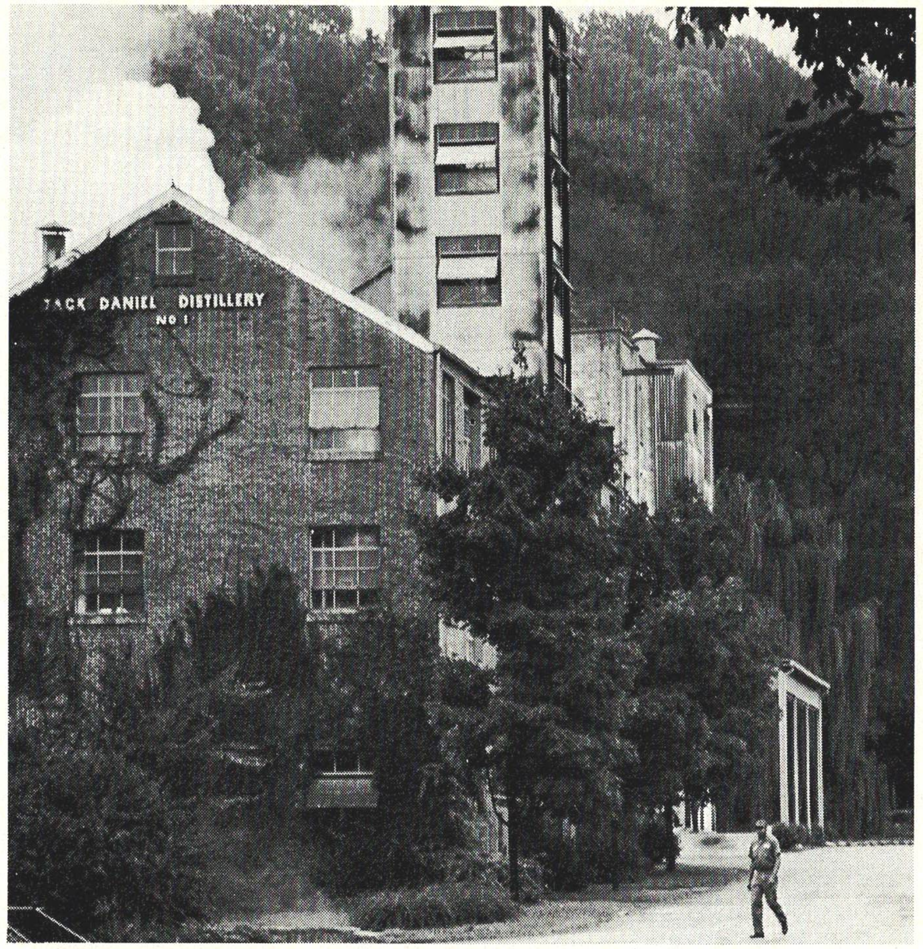
Cobber McGruder was most crestfallen. Or that's how he sounded to the boys, at any rate. "Shit a brick," he said. "I was dead certain the thing was ready." But the boys told him not to mind, and to let them know the next time he thought Pal Mal was going off.

As it happened, the next time they heard from Cobber was the very next time Pal Mal was entered in a race, this time a two-year-old stakes at Fairfield.

The boys were there again, and so were a lot of their chinas. And this time, because Cobber McGruder claimed it was the real oil, they all had a solid plonk on Pal Mal, who finished eighth in a field of 10.

This time, the chinas of Mick the Muso and Brucie the Rooster and Big Oscar weren't as forgiving. Awful Aub, who is the commissionaire at the Big Box strip club, was so edgy about blowing his hard-earned on Pal Mal that he flattened five bikies on his way to work just for practice.

But the boys never gave up hope. They backed Pal Mal at his next three starts on the nod from Cobber McGruder, and each time Pal Mal performed like a lame yak. So when Cobber



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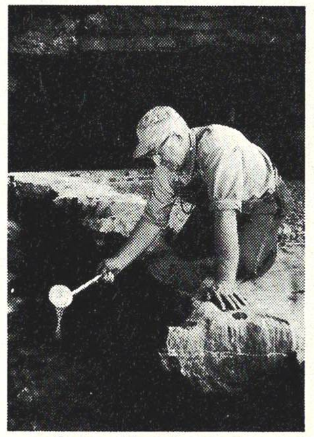

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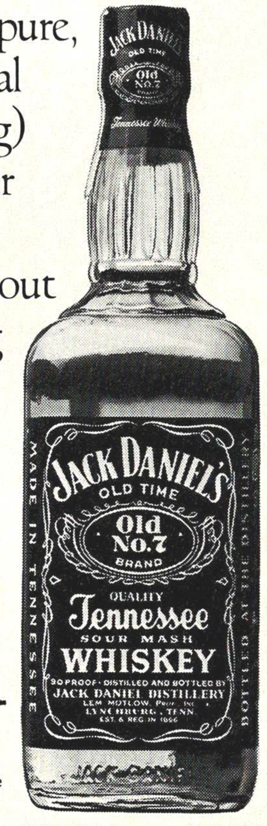

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advised them to give it a miss because it was obvious Pal Mal was nobody's pal but the bookies', and to hang on to their hard-earned until further notice, the boys were almost relieved. Besides, the thing had sent them all but flat broke.

Then the friggin' thing won. And it was at Harold Park, too, at the succulent odds of 25/1. Cobber McGruder sounded dumbstruck when Mick the Muso gave him a bingle on the eau-de to find out what was going on.

"Sorry," he said. "Sorry, mate. I had no idea. The friggin' drop kick snuck up on me, too. I never had a zac on it either. I'll keep in touch." He did, and Pal Mal won two on end, but at pretty skinny odds, like 6/4 and 5/4. But Cobber again told them to hang on because he had something going. He was true to his word, and Mick the Muso got a call from him to the effect that Pal Mal was entered in an improvers' event at the Park in a fortnight, and was a dead setbird in this race.

So now we get to the nitty gritty of just why Brucie the Rooster and Big Oscar and Mick the Muso were looking so butchers this particular night in the Prince Charles when The Scholar sprung them.

"This time, we were positive Cobber was on the up and up," moaned Brucie the Rooster. "It couldn't have been a better time of the year to cop a certainty at any sort of meeting. I even told Maureen she was good for a pearl brooch for a Chrissie present."

"Likewise, man," intoned Mick the Muso. "I went and hocked my old horn and got a sweet new imported job, which I was going to pay off as soon as that friggin' animal got up at Harold Park at the good odds."

Big Oscar had also made Yuletide spending plans, by way of a present to himself, which was a trip around the Pacific on one of those love boats and on which he'd duly put the money down.

The Scholar took another long pull on his vodka. "I take it, gentlemen," he said without sounding at all like a smartie, "that Pal Mal failed you?"

"Don't," said Brucie the Rooster with passion, "even say that name in front of us. The friggin' hay pirate. Anyway, at least we don't have to give a frig about it anymore." At that, The Scholar lifted an eyebrow. "Yeah," explained Brucie, "that's right. We sold the friggin' thing. To Cobber McGruder."

"Yeah, man," said Mick the Muso. "He was pretty fair, too, considering the thing's a dromedary. He gave us a thou. We signed the nag over to him just this morning. He laughed and said if Pal Mal ever wins again, he'll buy a new hat. At least he's got a sense of humor."

"Yeah," remarked Big Oscar, contemplating the bubbles of frost trickling down the outside of his lily of laguna. "I don't think I've ever seen Cobber without a titfer on."

"Oh well," replied The Scholar, "at least you got some of your money back. It won't be so bleak at Christmas."

"Don't bet yer pork sword, sport," said Brucie. "Wait'll Maureen hears I'm not getting her those pearls. And on top of all that punting money I've lost, I'm not going to be worth a brewery horse's blurt. I think I'll . . ."

"Eh? Wait a minute," said Big Oscar, right out of the blue. "I was just thinking about Cobber and his titfer."

"What do you mean, Oscar?" asked The Scholar. "Aw, fer Chrissake, Oscar, why dontcha jam a lemon in it?" bellowed Brucie the Rooster.

"No," said The Scholar. "What about Cobber's hat, Oscar?"

"Well," Big Oscar said, "and this is probably only a coincidence, I was just thinking. Every time we've been to the track with Cobber to see Pal Mal go round, the only time I've seen Cobber take his titfer off has been just before a race that Pal Mal's won. Seems funny, that's all."

"Are you sure of this, Oscar?" said The Scholar in very level tones. "You've got to be absolutely certain."

"Positive," said Big Oscar, who wasn't sure whether he was enjoying this unexpected and unfamiliar spotlight or not. "I mean . . . umm . . . it's a well known fact that Cobber never removes his titfer. Not for anybody or anything, except maybe the Queen. Some say he even has it on his loaf when he's sleeping. D'ya think his loaf gets that soldiers?"

The Scholar swung round on Mick the Muso, who was still trying to get a grasp of what was going on without showing very much interest at all. "Michael," he said, "when is Pal Mal due to . . . er . . . go round again?"

"Next Friday," Mick replied. "The Friday before Christmas. Out at Harold Park. Why?"

"Michael," said The Scholar, "I do believe you are in the proverbial chair . . . so to speak."

"S'right, Mick," bawled Brucie the Rooster. "Get'em in. At least we can all get smashed to ratshit."

After that, the boys didn't see The Scholar all week. Then Heavy Harold turned up at the Prince Charles, which was a pretty rare occurrence, since he doesn't hit the suds, even in small quantities. It was a Thursday arvo. The Thursday arvo before Christmas.

"G'day, Harold, " said Brucie the Rooster. "What'll you have?"

"No thanks, Brucie," replied Heavy Harold, who had just been out at Bondi having a chat with the husband of some Charlie who was making all sorts of loud noises all over the place, simply because his cheese had chosen one of the regulars to play legs up like a dead horse with. "I've gotta work tonight. I'm just here to pass on a message from The

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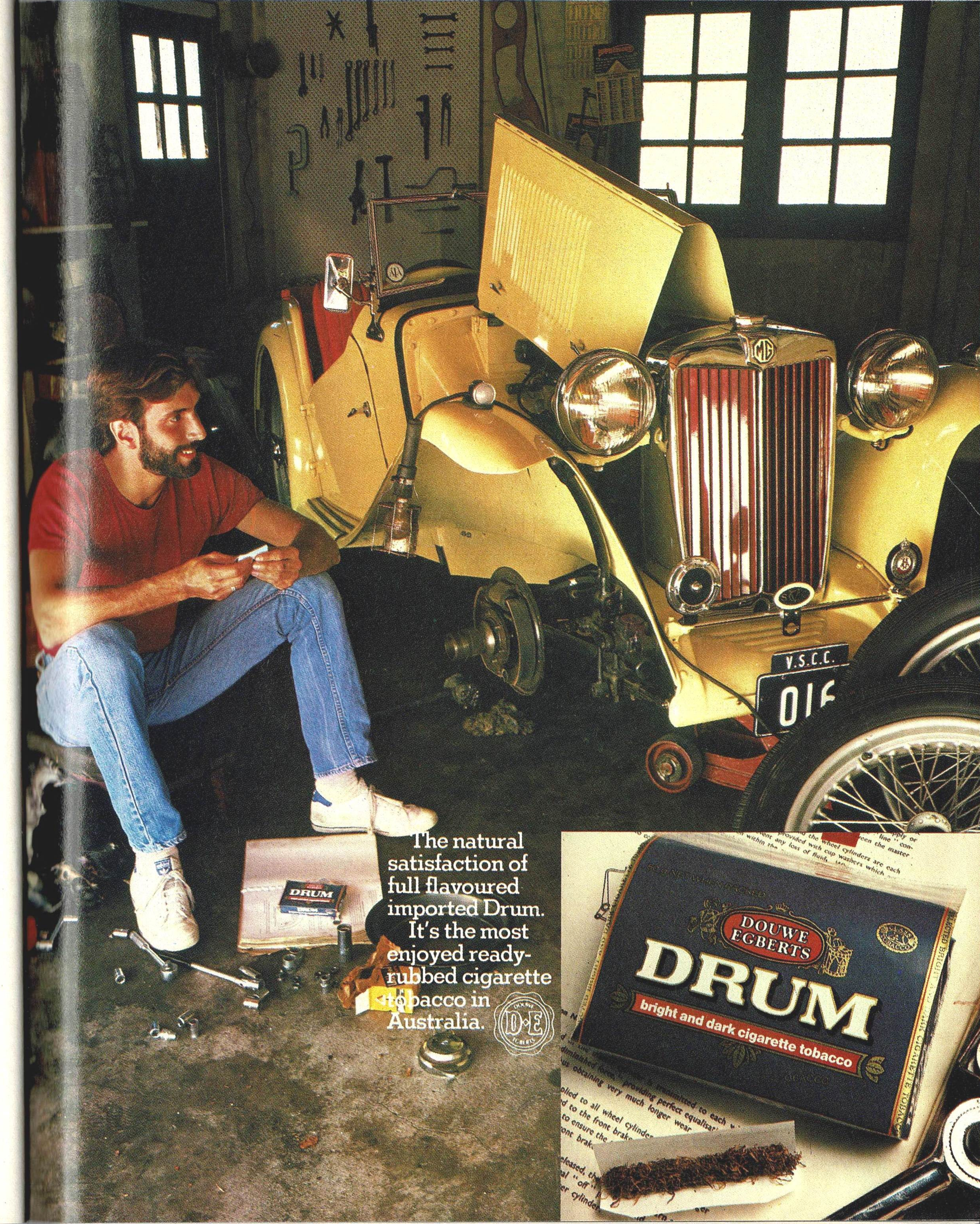

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Scholar, who says that the three of youse should be out at Harold Park tomorrow night. And he says to be there before the fifth, and to bring as much hard-earned as you can lay a pinky on. That's it. Orright?"

Brucie the Rooster peered up at Heavy Harold and said: "Orright, Harold. We'll be there, tell him." With that, Heavy Harold said cheerio and ambled out of the bar.

Anyway just before the fifth, the Christmas Gift, that particular Friday night, Brucie the Rooster and Mick the Muso and Big Oscar were, true to their word, out at the Park. And they were situated in the leger, which is dead opposite the paddock grandstand, where they'd been told to prop so as to get a decent dekko at The Scholar and Heavy Harold, who were propped right behind Cobber McGruder.

The neddies, including Pal Mal, came out on the track and started their preliminaries, then the whistle went and they started to line up behind the barrier. Then it happened. The Scholar, who could be seen by the boys swotting up on a newspaper form guide, all of a sudden stood up quickly and the newspaper caught under Cobber McGruder's titfer and sent it sailing clean over the grandstand rail.

Cobber made a frantic lunge to grab it, but was a furlong too late. And just then, The Bullfrog took a dekko into the grandstand and sprung Cobber, who was leaning over the railing, hatless, and waving at him. "Oh you friggin' little ripper," said The Bullfrog to himself. "Will we street this field, Pal Mal. Come on baby. Let's do it now for good ole Cobber."

Just before the strands flew back, three leger bookies, who had noted all through the betting that Cobber McGruder and his titfer well and truly planted on his loaf, and were therefore quite happy to leave the odds of Pal Mal out at 15/1 (one of them even had him at 20s at the very end), were approached singly by Brucie the Rooster and Mick the Muso and Big Oscar, who handed over a stack of moolah for the juicy odds on display. Bookie number one chanced to spot the titferless Cobber McGruder just as Brucie claimed him. His hand shot up to the knob on his board, a split second too late. "I'll take the 20s thanks," growled Brucie.

The rest — as far as the boys and a few of their Cross chinas and the three bookies and The Bullfrog, and especially Cobber McGruder are concerned — is dead set-history.

On the Monday before the Christmas Tuesday, Brucie visited Morrie the Mullet, the jeweller, and paid cash for a pearl brooch. That same day, Mick the Muso astounded everyone at Nicholson's and Paling's, where he was very well known but usually avoided like the pox, by coughing up cash for a very classy trumpet. And Big Oscar changed his love boat cruise booking from tourist to first.

So that afternoon, the three of them were in the bar of the Prince Charles, waiting for The Scholar, who had been informed by Brucie to get his funnel up there or get smashed to ratshit. When the Scholar walked in, Brucie quickly claimed him.

He shushed the others, then said: "What're you doin' for Christmas, Scholar? I mean, what I'm trying to say is, that I've had a word with Maureen and she says she would't mind if you . . . and Mick and Oscar here, for that matter . . . came out to Bondi for Christmas dinner. I mean, Scholar, shit, it won't be anything poncy. Just chicken and some turkey and plenty of pig's ear. Though, come to think, there is a bottle of vodka somewhere there. Anyway, Scholar, how about it?"

The Scholar accepted the vodka and dry Big Oscar proffered him, looked at it, then took a swig. The three friends leaned forward in urgent silence.

"Brucie, my dear fellow," said The Scholar at last, "I really did think you were never going to ask."

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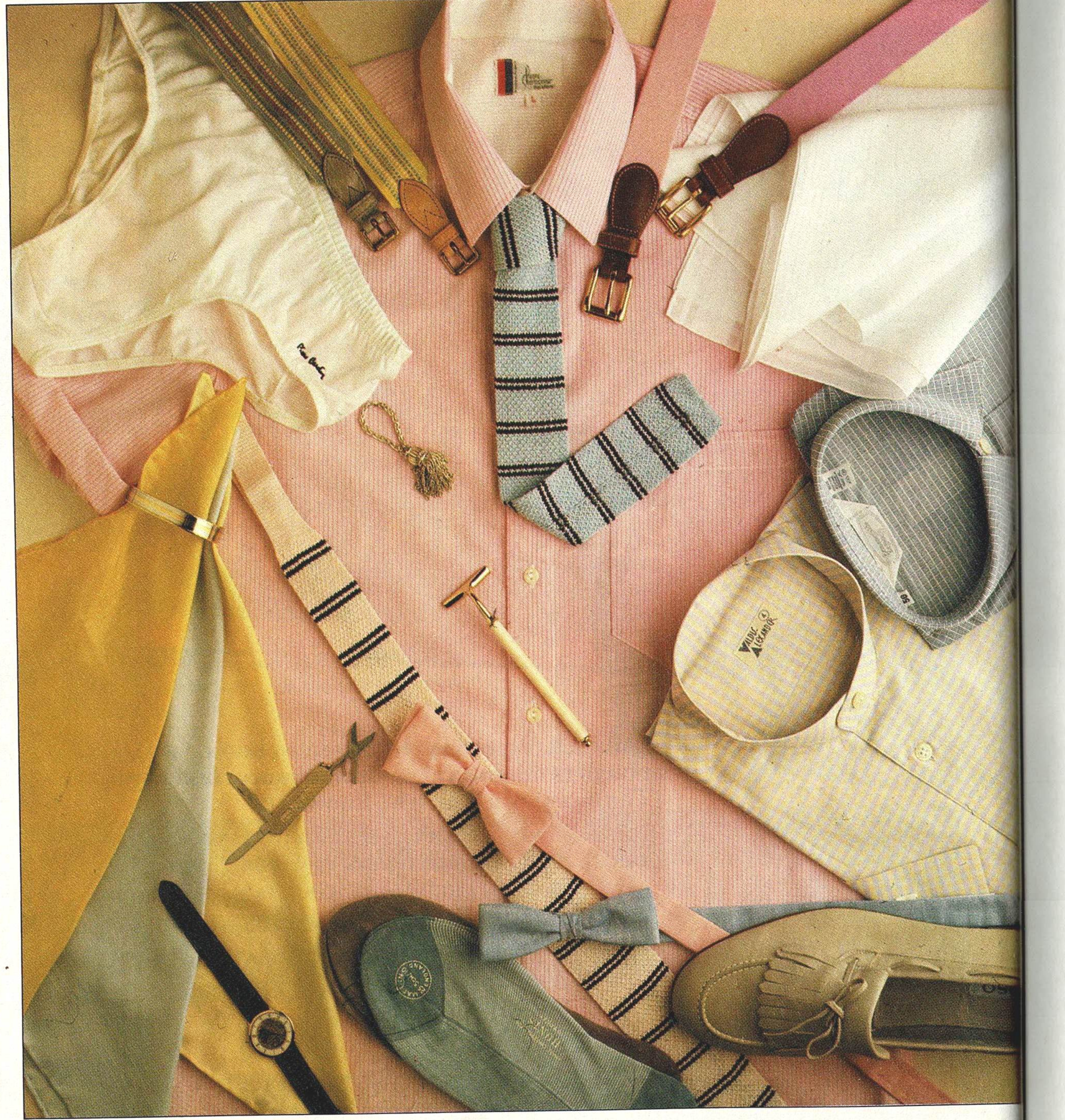
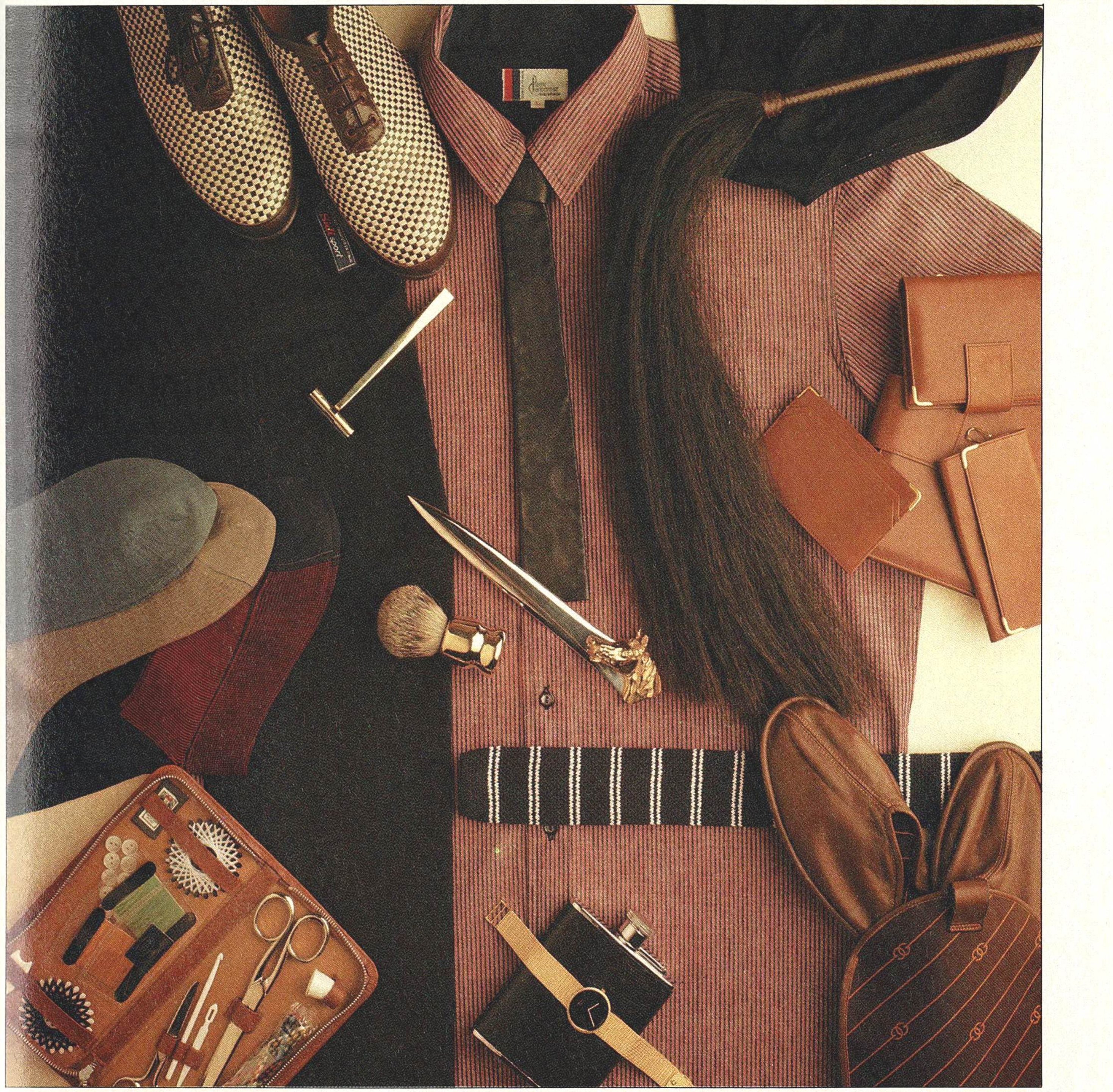
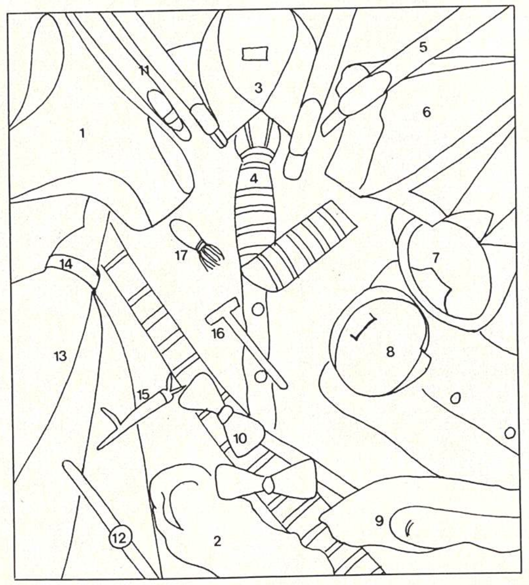




Photography by Colin Stead



Clothes maketh the man, or so they say, but th image of a well-suited gentleman falls fla if he hasn't paid attention to the little things Here, Kate Stead selects some vital accessorie for the favorite man in your life — yoursel

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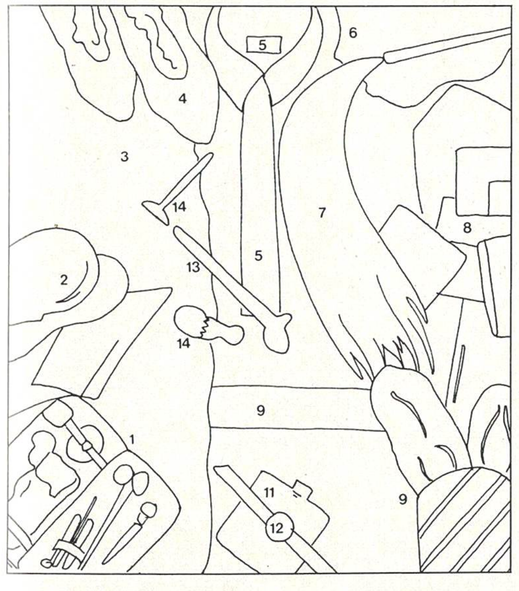
PICTURE ONE: 1, white cotton undies from Pierre Cardin; 2, blue, mulberry fine cotton socks from Richard Hunt; 3, pink seersucker shirt by Pierre Charbonnier from GQ in Castlereagh Street, Sydney; 4, cotton knit striped tie from GQ; 5, pink and mauve belts from the US from Five Way Fusion; 6, white linen hankies from Richard Hunt; 7, blue and white check cotton shirt from John Pardoe; 8, lemon and mauve check collarless shirt from Valdis Alexander; 9, grey leather loafers from Valdis Alexander; 10 pink and blue bow ties from Five Way Fusion; 11, elasticised belts from Valdis Alexander; 12, Alexis Barthelay skeleton watch from Paris available from Perri Jewellers, MLC Centre; 13, lemon, blue and yellow silk handkerchiefs from John Lane, Double Bay; 14, gold and sterling silver bangle from Perri Jewellers; 15, nine carat gold pocket knife with nail file and scissors from Perri Jewellers; 16, Zeger and Man ivory and gold razor from Paris available at Perri Jewellers; 17, silver Hermes key ring from Richard Hunt.



PICTURE TWO: 1, sewing kit in leather from Richard Hunt; 2, fine cotton socks from Richard Hunt; 3, black silk knit sweater from John Pardoe; 4, brown/white Aquila shoes from GQ; 5, pink and black stripe seersucker shirt and black leather tie from GQ; 6, black/white Pierre Cardin undies; 7, leather fly switch from Richard Hunt; 8, softest leather diary, notebook, credit card holder and key case from Five Way Fusion; 9, navy/white stripe tie from GQ; 10, Gucci slippers and case from John Lane; 11, black whisky flask from Richard Hunt; 12, 18 carat Chopard watch from Geneva with diamond hands from Perri Jewellers; 13, envelope opener from Richard Hunt; 14, 18 carat gold shave and brush from Florence available Perri Jewellers.

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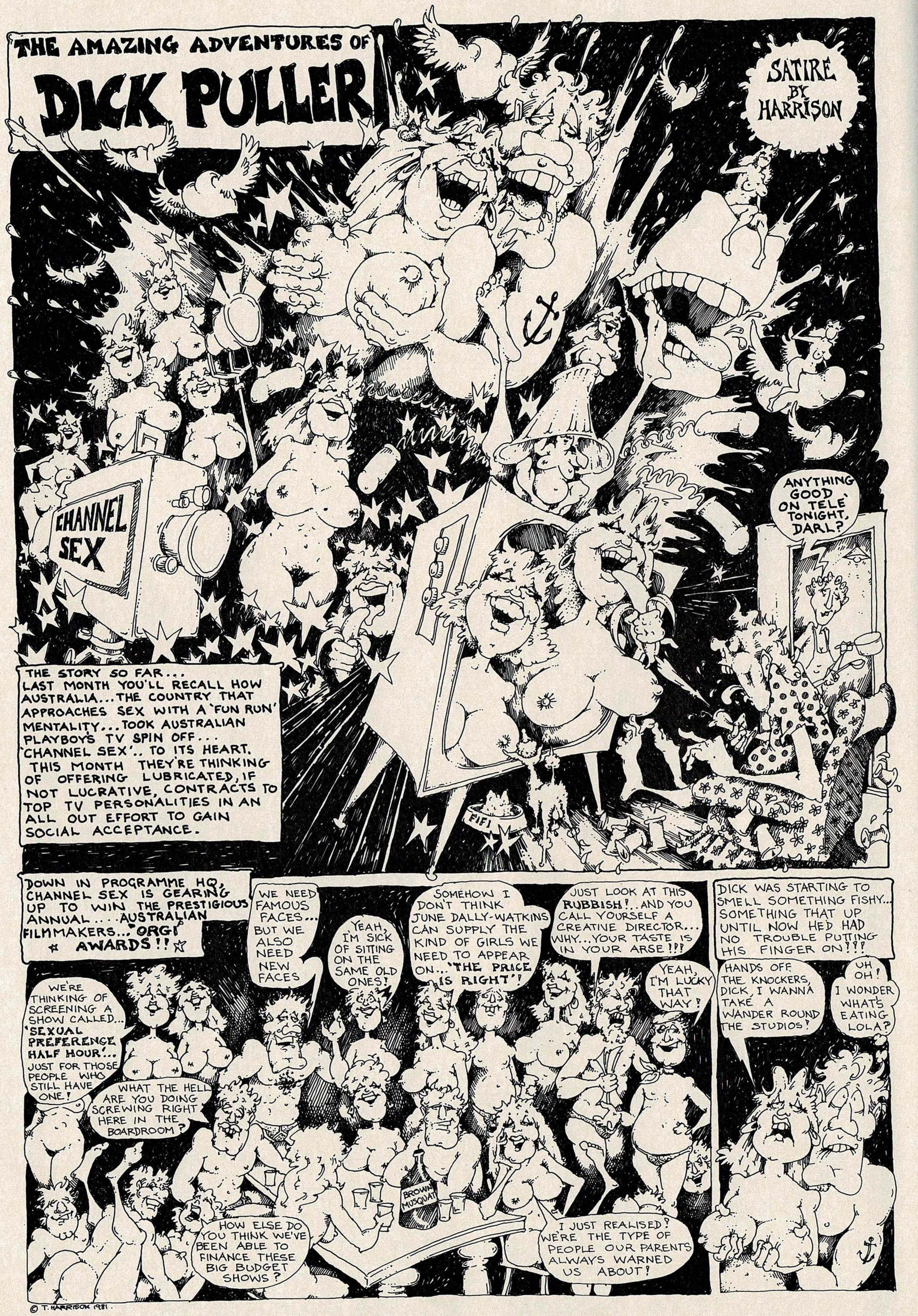
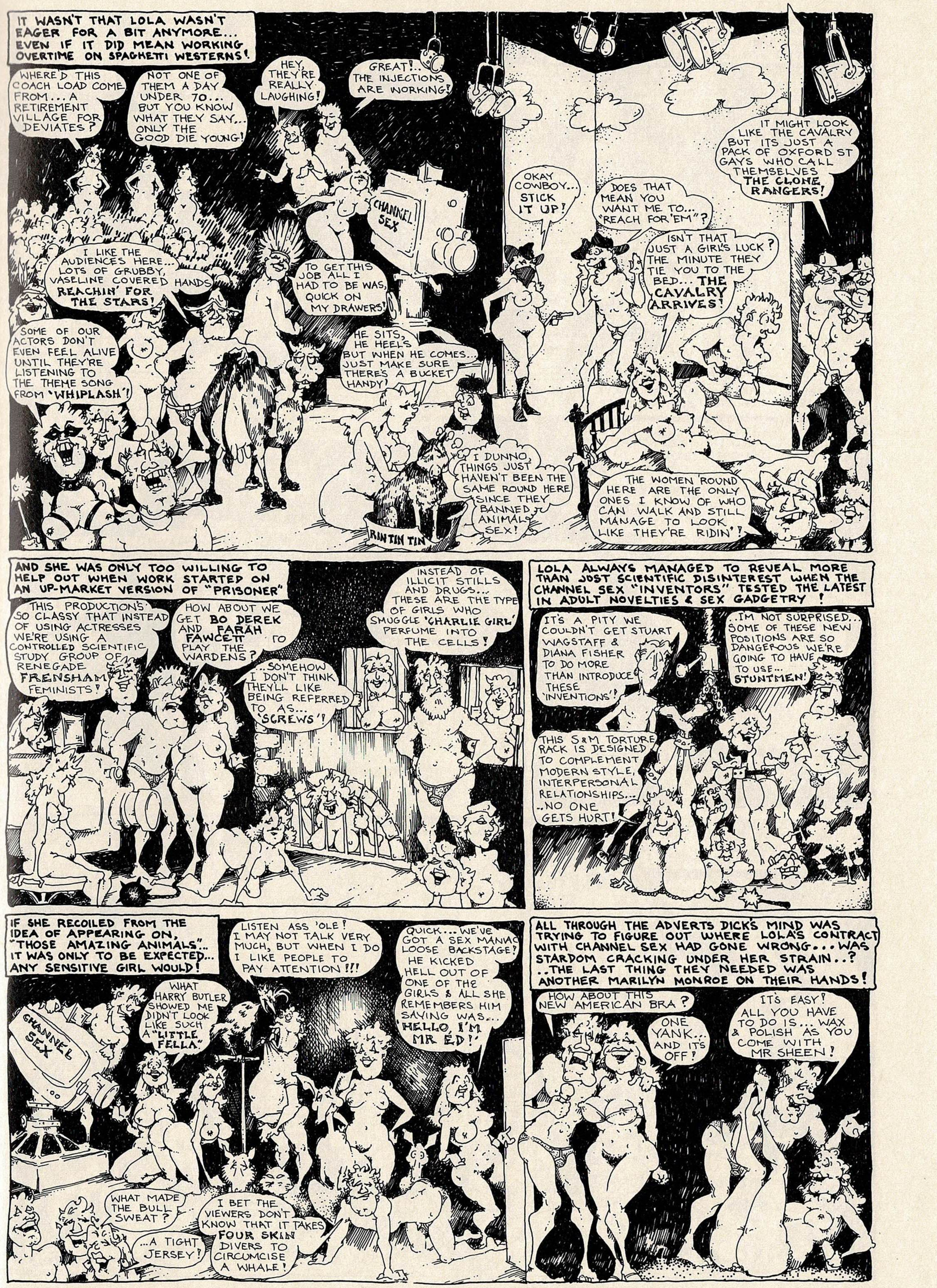
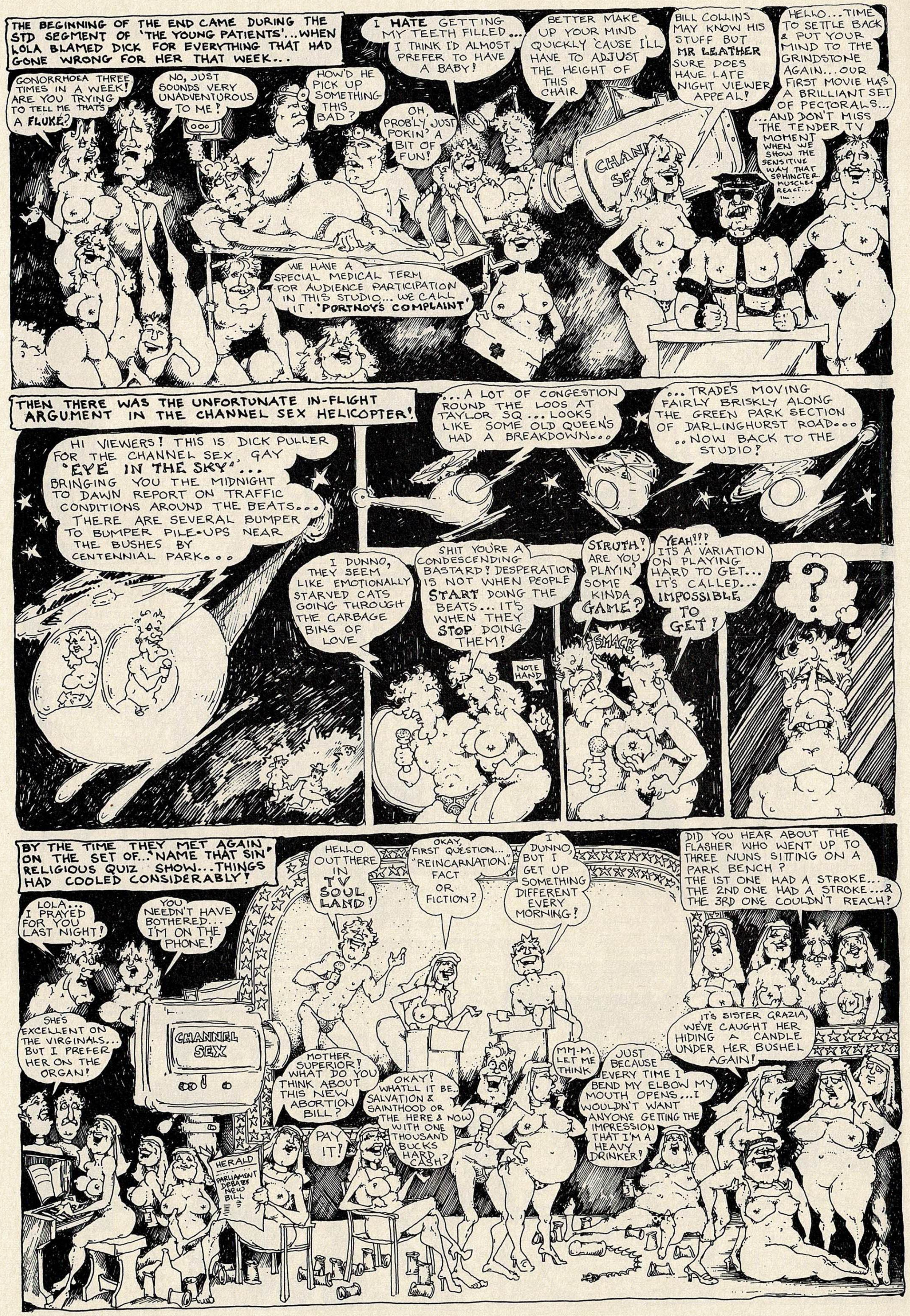
THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF DICK PULLER

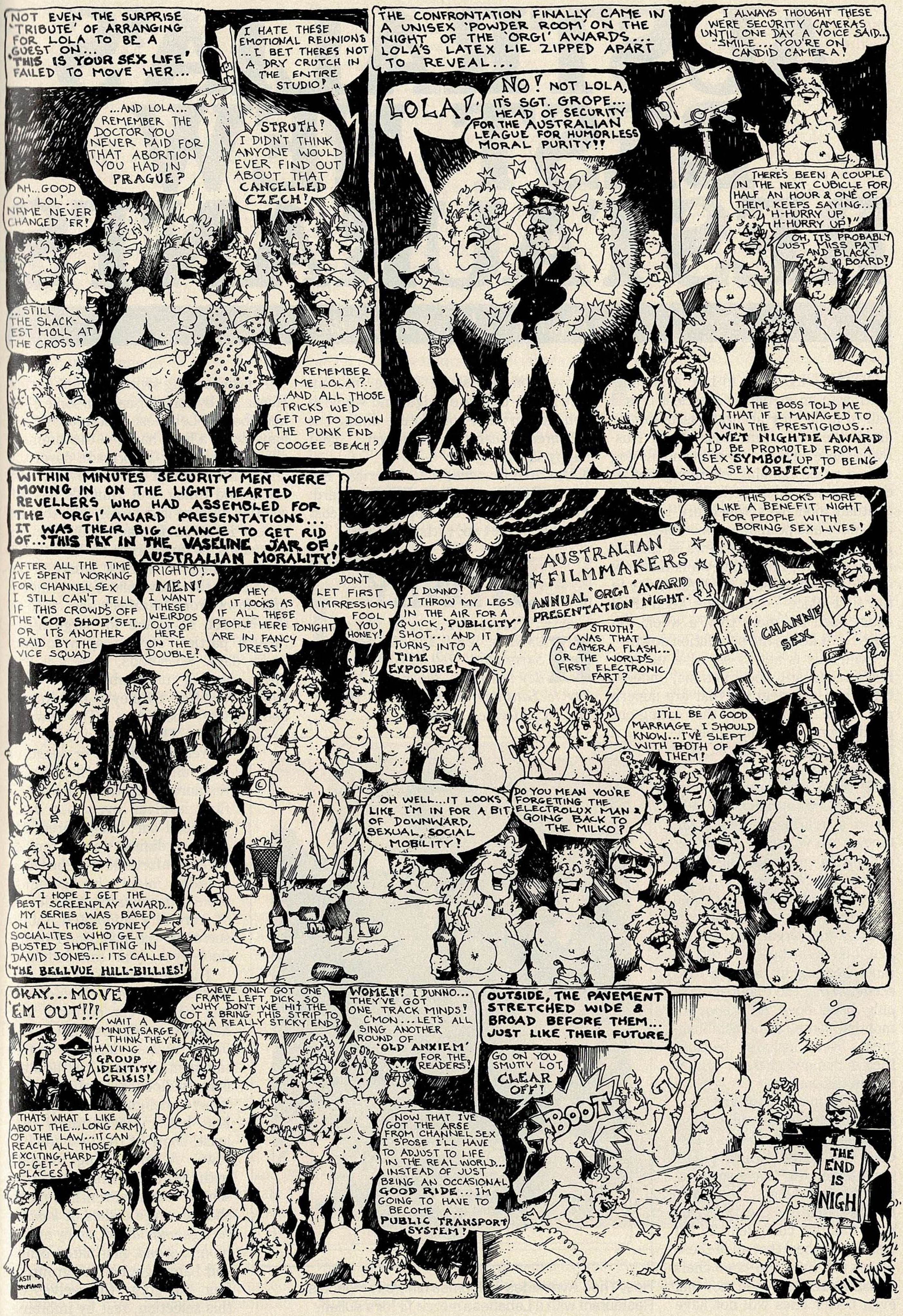
SATIRE BY HARRISON


CHANNEL SEX
ANYTHING GOOD ON TELE TONIGHT, DARL?
FIFI
THE STORY SO FAR... LAST MONTH YOU'LL RECALL HOW AUSTRALIA...THE COUNTRY THAT APPROACHES SEX WITH A 'FUN RUN' MENTALITY...TOOK AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY'S TV SPIN OFF... 'CHANNEL SEX'.. TO ITS HEART. THIS MONTH THEY'RE THINKING OF OFFERING LUBRICATED, IF NOT LUCRATIVE, CONTRACTS TO TOP TV PERSONALITIES IN AN ALL OUT EFFORT TO GAIN SOCIAL ACCEPTANCE.
DOWN IN PROGRAMME HQ, CHANNEL SEX IS GEARING UP TO WIN THE PRESTIGIOUS ANNUAL.... AUSTRALIAN FILMMAKERS..."ORGI AWARDS!!
WE NEED FAMOUS FACES... BUT WE ALSO NEED NEW FACES
YEAH, I'M SICK OF SITTING ON THE SAME OLD ONES!
SOMEHOW I DON'T THINK JUNE DALLY-WATKINS CAN SUPPLY THE KIND OF GIRLS WE NEED TO APPEAR ON... 'THE PRICE IS RIGHT'!
JUST LOOK AT THIS RUBBISH!.. AND YOU CALL YOURSELF A CREATIVE DIRECTOR... WHY...YOUR TASTE IS IN YOUR ARSE!!!
YEAH, I'M LUCKY THAT WAY!
WE'RE THINKING OF SCREENING A SHOW CALLED... 'SEXUAL PREFERENCE HALF HOUR'!... JUST FOR THOSE PEOPLE WHO STILL HAVE ONE!
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING SCREWING RIGHT HERE IN THE BOARDROOM?
BROWN MUSQUAT
HOW ELSE DO YOU THINK WE'VE BEEN ABLE TO FINANCE THESE BIG BUDGET SHOWS?
I JUST REALISED! WE'RE THE TYPE OF PEOPLE OUR PARENTS ALWAYS WARNED US ABOUT!
DICK WAS STARTING TO SMELL SOMETHING FISHY... SOMETHING THAT UP UNTIL NOW HE'D HAD NO TROUBLE PUTTING HIS FINGER ON!!!
HANDS OFF THE KNOCKERS, DICK, I WANNA TAKE A WANDER ROUND THE STUDIOS!
UH OH! I WONDER WHAT'S EATING LOLA?

© T. HARRISON 1981.


IT WASN'T THAT LOLA WASN'T EAGER FOR A BIT ANYMORE... EVEN IF IT DID MEAN WORKING OVERTIME ON SPAGHETTI WESTERNS!
WHERE'D THIS COACH LOAD COME FROM... A RETIREMENT VILLAGE FOR DEVIATES?
NOT ONE OF THEM A DAY UNDER 70... BUT YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY... ONLY THE GOOD DIE YOUNG!
HEY, THEY'RE REALLY LAUGHING!
GREAT!.. THE INJECTIONS ARE WORKING!
CHANNEL SEX
I LIKE THE AUDIENCES HERE... LOTS OF GRUBBY, VASELINE COVERED HANDS REACHIN' FOR THE STARS!
TO GET THIS JOB ALL I HAD TO BE WAS, QUICK ON MY DRAWERS!
SOME OF OUR ACTORS DON'T EVEN FEEL ALIVE UNTIL THEY'RE LISTENING TO THE THEME SONG FROM 'WHIPLASH'!
HE SITS, HE HEELS BUT WHEN HE COMES... JUST MAKE SURE THERE'S A BUCKET HANDY!
OKAY COWBOY... STICK IT UP!
DOES THAT MEAN YOU WANT ME TO... "REACH FOR 'EM"?
IT MIGHT LOOK LIKE THE CAVALRY BUT ITS JUST A PACK OF OXFORD ST GAYS WHO CALL THEMSELVES THE CLONE RANGERS!
ISN'T THAT JUST A GIRL'S LUCK? THE MINUTE THEY TIE YOU TO THE BED... THE CAVALRY ARRIVES!
I DUNNO, THINGS JUST HAVEN'T BEEN THE SAME ROUND HERE SINCE THEY BANNED ANIMAL SEX!
RIN TIN TIN
THE WOMEN 'ROUND HERE ARE THE ONLY ONES I KNOW OF WHO CAN WALK AND STILL MANAGE TO LOOK LIKE THEY'RE RIDIN'!
AND SHE WAS ONLY TOO WILLING TO HELP OUT WHEN WORK STARTED ON AN UP-MARKET VERSION OF "PRISONER"
THIS PRODUCTION'S SO CLASSY THAT INSTEAD OF USING ACTRESSES WE'RE USING A CONTROLLED SCIENTIFIC STUDY GROUP OF RENEGADE FRENSHAM FEMINISTS!
HOW ABOUT WE GET BO DEREK AND FARAH FAWCETT TO PLAY THE WARDENS?
..SOMEHOW I DON'T THINK THEY'LL LIKE BEING REFERRED TO AS... 'SCREWS'!
INSTEAD OF ILLICIT STILLS AND DRUGS... THESE ARE THE TYPE OF GIRLS WHO SMUGGLE 'CHARLIE GIRL' PERFUME INTO THE CELLS!
LOLA ALWAYS MANAGED TO REVEAL MORE THAN JUST SCIENTIFIC DISINTEREST WHEN THE CHANNEL SEX "INVENTORS" TESTED THE LATEST IN ADULT NOVELTIES & SEX GADGETRY!
IT'S A PITY WE COULDN'T GET STUART WAGSTAFF & DIANA FISHER TO DO MORE THAN INTRODUCE THESE 'INVENTIONS'!
..I'M NOT SURPRISED.. SOME OF THESE NEW POSITIONS ARE SO DANGEROUS WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO USE... STUNTMEN!
THIS S&M TORTURE RACK IS DESIGNED TO COMPLEMENT MODERN STYLE, INTERPERSONAL RELATIONSHIPS... ..NO ONE GETS HURT!
IF SHE RECOILED FROM THE IDEA OF APPEARING ON, "THOSE AMAZING ANIMALS"... IT WAS ONLY TO BE EXPECTED... ANY SENSITIVE GIRL WOULD!
LISTEN ASS 'OLE! I MAY NOT TALK VERY MUCH, BUT WHEN I DO I LIKE PEOPLE TO PAY ATTENTION!!!
CHANNEL SEX
WHAT HARRY BUTLER SHOWED ME DIDN'T LOOK LIKE SUCH A "LITTLE FELLA"
QUICK... WE'VE GOT A SEX MANIAC LOOSE BACKSTAGE! HE KICKED HELL OUT OF ONE OF THE GIRLS & ALL SHE REMEMBERS HIM SAYING WAS... 'HELLO, I'M MR ED'!
WHAT MADE THE BULL SWEAT?
...A TIGHT JERSEY?
I BET THE VIEWERS DON'T KNOW THAT IT TAKES FOUR SKIN DIVERS TO CIRCUMCISE A WHALE!
ALL THROUGH THE ADVERTS DICK'S MIND WAS TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHERE LOLA'S CONTRACT WITH CHANNEL SEX HAD GONE WRONG... WAS STARDOM CRACKING UNDER HER STRAIN..? ..THE LAST THING THEY NEEDED WAS ANOTHER MARILYN MONROE ON THEIR HANDS!
HOW ABOUT THIS NEW AMERICAN BRA?
ONE YANK... AND IT'S OFF!
IT'S EASY! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS... WAX & POLISH AS YOU COME WITH MR SHEEN!


THE BEGINNING OF THE END CAME DURING THE STD SEGMENT OF 'THE YOUNG PATIENTS'... WHEN LOLA BLAMED DICK FOR EVERYTHING THAT HAD GONE WRONG FOR HER THAT WEEK...
GONORRHOEA THREE TIMES IN A WEEK! ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME THAT'S A FLUKE?
NO, JUST SOUNDS VERY UNADVENTUROUS TO ME?
HOW'D HE PICK UP SOMETHING THIS BAD?
OH, PROB'LY JUST POKIN' A BIT OF FUN!
I HATE GETTING MY TEETH FILLED... I THINK I'D ALMOST PREFER TO HAVE A BABY!
BETTER MAKE UP YOUR MIND QUICKLY 'CAUSE I'LL HAVE TO ADJUST THE HEIGHT OF THIS CHAIR
BILL COLLINS MAY KNOW HIS STUFF BUT MR LEATHER SURE DOES HAVE LATE NIGHT VIEWER APPEAL!
HELLO... TIME TO SETTLE BACK & PUT YOUR MIND TO THE GRINDSTONE AGAIN... OUR FIRST MOVIE HAS A BRILLIANT SET OF PECTORALS... ...AND DON'T MISS THE TENDER TV MOMENT WHEN WE SHOW THE SENSITIVE WAY THAT SPHINCTER MUSCLES REACT...
CHAN SE
WE HAVE A SPECIAL MEDICAL TERM FOR AUDIENCE PARTICIPATION IN THIS STUDIO... WE CALL IT, 'PORTNOY'S COMPLAINT'
THEN THERE WAS THE UNFORTUNATE IN-FLIGHT ARGUMENT IN THE CHANNEL SEX HELICOPTER!
HI VIEWERS! THIS IS DICK PULLER FOR THE CHANNEL SEX, GAY 'EYE IN THE SKY'... BRINGING YOU THE MIDNIGHT TO DAWN REPORT ON TRAFFIC CONDITIONS AROUND THE BEATS... THERE ARE SEVERAL BUMPER TO BUMPER PILE-UPS NEAR THE BUSHES BY CENTENNIAL PARK...
...A LOT OF CONGESTION ROUND THE LOOS AT TAYLOR SQ... LOOKS LIKE SOME OLD QUEEN'S HAD A BREAKDOWN...
...TRADE'S MOVING FAIRLY BRISKLY ALONG THE GREEN PARK SECTION OF DARLINGHURST ROAD... ..NOW BACK TO THE STUDIO?
I DUNNO, THEY SEEM LIKE EMOTIONALLY STARVED CATS GOING THROUGH THE GARBAGE BINS OF LOVE
SHIT YOU'RE A CONDESCENDING BASTARD! DESPERATION IS NOT WHEN PEOPLE START DOING THE BEATS... IT'S WHEN THEY STOP DOING THEM!
NOTE HAND
STRUTH! ARE YOU PLAYIN' SOME KINDA GAME?
SMACK
YEAH!!! IT'S A VARIATION ON PLAYING HARD TO GET... IT'S CALLED... IMPOSSIBLE TO GET!
?
BY THE TIME THEY MET AGAIN ON THE SET OF...'NAME THAT SIN' RELIGIOUS QUIZ SHOW... THINGS HAD COOLED CONSIDERABLY!
HELLO OUT THERE IN TV SOUL LAND!
OKAY, FIRST QUESTION... "REINCARNATION" FACT OR FICTION?
I DUNNO, BUT I GET UP SOMETHING DIFFERENT EVERY MORNING!
DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE FLASHER WHO WENT UP TO THREE NUNS SITTING ON A PARK BENCH? THE 1ST ONE HAD A STROKE... THE 2ND ONE HAD A STROKE...& THE 3RD ONE COULDN'T REACH!
LOLA... I PRAYED FOR YOU LAST NIGHT!
YOU NEEDN'T HAVE BOTHERED... I'M ON THE PHONE!
SHE'S EXCELLENT ON THE VIRGINALS... BUT I PREFER HER ON THE ORGAN!
CHANNEL SEX
MOTHER SUPERIOR! WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THIS NEW ABORTION BILL?
PAY IT!
HERALD PARLIAMENT DEBATES NEW BILL
OKAY! WHAT'LL IT BE.. SALVATION & SAINTHOOD OR THE HERE & NOW WITH ONE THOUSAND BUCKS HARD CASH?
MM-M. LET ME THINK
JUST BECAUSE EVERY TIME I BEND MY ELBOW MY MOUTH OPENS...I WOULDN'T WANT ANYONE GETTING THE IMPRESSION THAT I'M A HEAVY DRINKER!
IT'S SISTER GRAZIA, WE'VE CAUGHT HER HIDING A CANDLE UNDER HER BUSHEL AGAIN!


NOT EVEN THE SURPRISE 'TRIBUTE' OF ARRANGING FOR LOLA TO BE A GUEST ON... 'THIS IS YOUR SEX LIFE' FAILED TO MOVE HER...
I HATE THESE EMOTIONAL REUNIONS ...I BET THERES NOT A DRY CRUTCH IN THE ENTIRE STUDIO!
...AND LOLA... REMEMBER THE DOCTOR YOU NEVER PAID FOR THAT ABORTION YOU HAD IN PRAGUE?
STRUTH! I DIDN'T THINK ANYONE WOULD EVER FIND OUT ABOUT THAT CANCELLED CZECH!
AH...GOOD OL' LOL'... NAME NEVER CHANGED 'ER!
...STILL THE SLACKEST MOLL AT THE CROSS?
REMEMBER ME LOLA?.. ..AND ALL THOSE TRICKS WE'D GET UP TO DOWN THE PUNK END OF COOGEE BEACH?
THE CONFRONTATION FINALLY CAME IN A UNISEX 'POWDER ROOM' ON THE NIGHT OF THE 'ORGI' AWARDS... LOLA'S LATEX LIE ZIPPED APART TO REVEAL...
LOLA!
NO! NOT LOLA, IT'S SGT. GROPE... HEAD OF SECURITY FOR THE AUSTRALIAN LEAGUE FOR HUMORLESS MORAL PURITY!!
I ALWAYS THOUGHT THESE WERE SECURITY CAMERAS UNTIL ONE DAY A VOICE SAID.. "SMILE... YOU'RE ON CANDID CAMERA!
THERE'S BEEN A COUPLE IN THE NEXT CUBICLE FOR HALF AN HOUR & ONE OF THEM KEEPS SAYING... "H-HURRY UP, H-HURRY UP!"
OH, IT'S PROBABLY JUST MISS PAT AND BLACK-A-A BOARD!
THE BOSS TOLD ME THAT IF I MANAGED TO WIN THE PRESTIGIOUS... WET NIGHTIE AWARD I'D BE PROMOTED FROM A SEX 'SYMBOL' UP TO BEING A SEX OBJECT!
WITHIN MINUTES SECURITY MEN WERE MOVING IN ON THE LIGHT HEARTED REVELLERS WHO HAD ASSEMBLED FOR THE 'ORGI' AWARD PRESENTATIONS... IT WAS THEIR BIG CHANCE TO GET RID OF...'THIS FLY IN THE VASELINE JAR OF AUSTRALIAN MORALITY!
THIS LOOKS MORE LIKE A BENEFIT NIGHT FOR PEOPLE WITH BORING SEX LIVES!
AUSTRALIAN FILMMAKERS ANNUAL 'ORGI' AWARD PRESENTATION NIGHT.
AFTER ALL THE TIME I'VE SPENT WORKING FOR CHANNEL SEX I STILL CAN'T TELL IF THIS CROWD'S OFF THE 'COP SHOP' SET... OR IT'S ANOTHER RAID BY THE VICE SQUAD
RIGHTO!.. MEN! I WANT THESE WEIRDOS OUT OF HERE ON THE DOUBLE!
HEY IT LOOKS AS IF ALL THESE PEOPLE HERE TONIGHT ARE IN FANCY DRESS!
DON'T LET FIRST IMRRESSIONS FOOL YOU HONEY!
I DUNNO! I THROW MY LEGS IN THE AIR FOR A QUICK, 'PUBLICITY' SHOT... AND IT TURNS INTO A TIME EXPOSURE!
STRUTH! WAS THAT A CAMERA FLASH... OR THE WORLD'S FIRST ELECTRONIC FART?
CHANNE SEX
IT'LL BE A GOOD MARRIAGE, I SHOULD KNOW... I'VE SLEPT WITH BOTH OF THEM!
OH WELL... IT LOOKS LIKE I'M IN FOR A BIT OF DOWNWARD, SEXUAL, SOCIAL MOBILITY!
DO YOU MEAN YOU'RE FORGETTING THE ELECTROLUX MAN & GOING BACK TO THE MILKO?
I HOPE I GET THE BEST SCREENPLAY AWARD... MY SERIES WAS BASED ON ALL THOSE SYDNEY SOCIALITES WHO GET BUSTED SHOPLIFTING IN DAVID JONES... ITS CALLED 'THE BELLVUE HILL-BILLIES!'
OKAY... MOVE 'EM OUT!!!
WAIT A MINUTE, SARGE, I THINK THEY'RE HAVING A GROUP IDENTITY CRISIS!
WE'VE ONLY GOT ONE FRAME LEFT, DICK, SO WHY DON'T WE HIT THE COT & BRING THIS STRIP TO A REALLY STICKY END?
WOMEN! I DUNNO... THEY'VE GOT ONE TRACK MINDS! C'MON... LET'S ALL SING ANOTHER ROUND OF 'OLD ANXIEM' FOR THE READERS!
THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE... LONG ARM OF THE LAW... IT CAN REACH ALL THOSE EXCITING, HARD-TO-GET-AT PLACES!
NOW THAT I'VE GOT THE ARSE FROM CHANNEL SEX I SPOSE I'LL HAVE TO ADJUST TO LIFE IN THE REAL WORLD... INSTEAD OF JUST BEING AN OCCASIONAL GOOD RIDE... I'M GOING TO HAVE TO BECOME A... PUBLIC TRANSPORT SYSTEM!
ASTI SPUMANTI
OUTSIDE, THE PAVEMENT STRETCHED WIDE & BROAD BEFORE THEM... JUST LIKE THEIR FUTURE.
GO ON YOU SMUTTY LOT, CLEAR OFF!
BOOT
THE END IS NIGH
FIN

AUSTRALIA'S BEST NEW RESTAURANTS

Feature by Karen Hammial

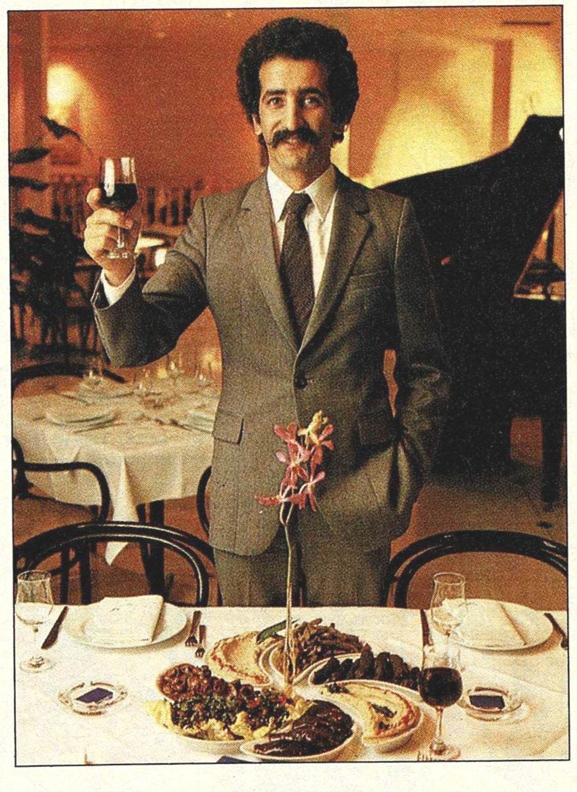
YOU WOULD have to hire a fortuneteller with an extremely prescient crystal ball to make any accurate assumptions about the restaurant business in Australia these days. Every man and his dog seems to be opening charming and/or experimental chichi little bistros or gargantuan food halls which are toney in ambience and ptomainey in edibles. The good (and astonishing) news is that so many survive; the bad news is that few should ever have seen the light of day in the first place — let alone keep their doors open for more than a week. Oh well . . . it keeps the population down.

Still, this is not to say that all new restaurants are abominations; indeed, there is a select group that are superb and have brought to the eating-out public some exciting, innovative culinary experiences, and PLAYBOY was determined to seek them out. Staffer Karen Hammial, who claims to be a bit of a gourmand herself (although we've never seen her eat anything except Big Macs awash in chilli sauce), contacted noted food writers and restaurant critics around the country and organised a compendium of the best new restaurants heating up today's food scene. While the majority have only been open for about 12 months, some of the establishments were included because they'd changed chefs or venues within the past year.

Let us note, however, that restaurateering is a dicey business, and perhaps nowhere else does the adage "Here today, gone tomorrow" have such important application. We can't be sure that by the time you read this (we compiled the list last September) that all of these places will have the same chefs or same excellent food, nor that even better ones will not have arrived on the scene in the interim. You're the ultimate judge, and we wish you luck in all of your future dining-out ventures. Meanwhile, read on . . . and happy salivating!

(CB, Carte Blanche; AE, American Express; DC, Diners Club; BC, Bankcard. Prices quoted are the approximate cost of a dinner for two, without alcohol.)

SYDNEY



Host Theo Avramides welcomes diners to Hunna's Restaurant with a Lebanese *mezza* fit for a sultan.

HUNNA'S: *280 Cleveland Street, Surry Hills. (02) 699-1955. Tuesday to Friday, lunch, 12-3; Tuesday to Saturday, dinner, 6-3. CB, AE, DC, BC. Licensed. $35.*

A pearl among swine . . . that's what Hunna's is by comparison with some of its neighboring Lebanese restaurants. Perhaps that's a little harsh — the laminex-all-you-can-eat-for-$3 brigade down the street isn't meant to be lovely, just cheap and filling. But Hunna's has absolutely nothing in common with that lot except location. It stands out from its surrounds by appearing to be a large Mediterranean villa stuck square in the middle of the Cleveland Street block, just down from Elizabeth and close to the Nimrod (it caters for large after-theatre parties, staying open to 3am every day). Weekends, there's a jazz group playing until about 11, after which Rosette, Sydney's best-known belly-dancer, performs. The owner-chef, Theo Avramides, has spared no expense or sense of tastefulness in outfitting the restaurant: upstairs, the entire floor is given over to a well-equipped bar, lounge area and private dining room replete with comfortable couches and mosaic inlaid backgammon tables; downstairs, two levels of carefully appointed tables surround the piano and dance floor (yes, you can indulge).

Hunna's is one of the few places in Sydney where one or one hundred can go for a real-honest-to-goodness night on the town: music, dancing, entertainment, conviviality (the staff is marvellous — helpful, friendly, even delightfully witty), and last but most certainly not least, some of the best food in town. A good thing to start with is the beautifully presented *mezza,* seven half-moon shaped white dishes of *homus, baba ganouj, tabooli,* spicy mushrooms, *dolma,* marinated beans and baby eggplant. A group of four can gorge themselves on this selection, rest by imbibing a bottle from the well planned wine list, then carry on with a main course such as *samke harrah* (schnapper with a spicy sauce of *tahini,* chillis, and nuts) or *laham meshwee* (skewers of barbecued filet of lamb or chicken). Round all this up with a Lebanese coffee and arak (similar to pernod and dangerous!), and enjoy what must surely be one of the finest restaurants in the city.

KABUKI TOO: *98 Bourke Street, Woolloomooloo. (02) 358-2245. Dinner Monday to Saturday 6-10. CB, AE, DC, BC. Licensed. $30.*

You can't turn a corner in the inner-city any more without stumbling upon a Japanese restaurant (the last time I added them up, I came to 13 . . . and those are only the ones I know of; doubtlessly there are more). Some are good; some are not so good; Kabuki Too is excellent. A testimony to this statement is a recent rainy MONDAY (the worst night for business at inner-city establishments) when five of us arrived and found the restaurant full to the gunwhales with a rapt clientele sipping warm *sake* and deliriously contemplating the lovely arrangement of *sushi* in front of them. The feeling is that of a Japanese country inn but the food is that of a sophisticated downtown-Tokyo restaurant. There is a choice of some 10 entrees, five salads, and about a dozen main courses — each more sensational than the next. If you've never tried raw fish, don't knock it . . . taste it instead. Once you get into eating *sashimi* and *sushi,* the old backyard barbecue will never be the same — these have to be two of the most exquisite dishes ever devised.

CHOY'S 1000AD: *90 Hay Street, top floor, Haymarket. (02) 211-4213. Seven days, 12-3 and 6-2. Licensed $27.*

Dominic Choy only recently opened his latest restaurant, this one in the same premises, but a storey above, one of his first — Choy's Inn. Despite his youth and relatively short time as a Sydneysider, Dominic is rapidly becoming the city's Big Daddy of unusual and superlative Chinese cuisine. His five restaurants (as far afield from Chinatown as Gordon and Randwick) offer the Anglo public a tasty opportunity to try something else in the way of Chinese food than the ordinary Dixon Street Cantonese-cum-plastic glug. Choy's 1000AD changes its menu every fortnight, but old favorites sampled previously can be rustled up in the centrally-situated kitchen at your request. The restaurant, surprisingly for a Chinese eaterie, has an extensive wine list, ranging from house wines selected by Len Evans to individual pots of warm and potent Chinese rice wine. Splendidly decorated (Dominic is also an architect), the bar, kitchen and dining areas are replicas of ancient Chinese inns, with dark timber beams and roughly hewn fittings.

THE YELLOW BOOK: *1 Kellett Way, Potts Point. (02) 358-4194. Dinner only 7 to 11, Monday to Saturday. BC, DC, AE, CB. Licensed. Between $40 and $50.*

The Yellow Book in Kings Cross is a restaurant oozing with atmosphere and charm. It's excellent dining in a style that would be top rank anywhere in the world. The food is also of the finest quality, the service good, but be prepared to pay. This restaurant averages around $16 for a main course, $8 for an entree. Wine is also in the upper price range. The restaurant specialises in wonderful sauces, using herbs and spices not generally found in Sydney. The basil sauce on fish was a delicious combination. The stuffed lamb relied on the vegetable combination in the stuffing for its unique flavor. This is the kind of restaurant to go to if you're celebrating the best thing that ever happened to you, but not a place you would make a regular eatery unless your bank balance could stand it . . .

LE DOME: *43 Cross Street, Double Bay. (02) 32-3814. Seven days a week — 10am to midnight or 1am. CB, AE, DC, BC. Licensed. $42.*

The interior decor of this restaurant has become renowned — deservedly so — and its reputation is enhanced by the quality of the wine cellar and food. The management seems to have discovered a blend of atmosphere and food that works: it's always hard to leave. The menu changes at regular intervals, but is guaranteed to be some of the best of Australian-nouvelle. The kitchen excels itself with its appetiser selection: a recent sampling included a delightfully light seafood crepe wrapped in spinach and covered with a tangy juniper berry sauce. Main chef Peter Pullen produces his *Plats Speciaux* with an extremely deft hand, offering a wide selection of main dishes from which to choose, each having been given careful individual thought.

IL CROSTINO: *30 Glebe Point Road, Glebe. (02) 660-7614. Lunch Monday to Friday from noon; dinner Monday to Saturday, 6.30pm. Unlicensed. $23.*

In a very short time, Il Crostino has carved a reputation as one of the best Italian restaurants in Sydney. It has achieved this with beautiful food and unique atmosphere. Probably, to be more accurate, the atmosphere is created by the staff's near chaos which brings to mind an Italian wedding ready to erupt. Still, this never affects the quality of the food, and the restaurant is full to the brim with similarly raucous diners every night. All of the pastas are homemade and are sauced with Roman-style dressings, many of them cream rather than tomato-based. Depending

The authentic atmosphere provided by both the decor and cuisine of Choy's 1000AD gives customers the impression they are dining in an ancient Chinese country inn.

on what's available at the fish markets, main courses are generally built around seafood, with the obligatory veal dishes available — Il Crostino's *saltimbocca* is one of the best versions in Sydney.

THE DRUG STORE: *19-27 Cross Street, Double Bay. (02) 32-3423. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday — noon to 10.30pm. Friday and Saturday — noon to midnight. Sunday — 10.00am to 7.00pm. CB, AE, DC, BC. Licensed. $20.*

Located in Double Bay, The Drug Store is one of the trendiest of all of the new restaurants. It is both a cheap place to eat and fun to be in — and to be seen in. The food is classic American — which in this case has no connection with "junk". The best hamburger in Sydney rolls out of the Drug Store's kitchen, six full ounces of top quality beef disguised in about eight different costumes with names like Wild West, the Tennessee and the White House De Luxe ("Reagan's Rage"). Sunday brunch is served with your choice of newspaper, and the restaurant's ice cream concoctions are out of the world. The clientele is almost as colorful as the food and the service (on roller skates) is good. Kids are welcome and catered for.

OUR PLEASURE: *Grand Hotel, Hunter Street. (02) 27-8968. Weekday. Lunches only, from noon. BC, AE, DC. Licensed. About $48.*

Among a crop of inner-Sydney restaurants springing up in the disused dining room of long-established corner pubs is Our Pleasure, with color-matched drapes and flowers everywhere. Our Pleasure is nouvelle cuisine served up in a Regency atmosphere. Limited space means limited patronage and, thankfully, more inventive menus and attentive service. Mind you, the price is high, but the business trade, for which newly prominent chef/proprietor Ron Hughes caters, are grateful for refreshingly tasty fare which avoids overfill. Interesting sauces and top quality basics. Our Pleasure is open for weekday lunches only, but could be tempted to cater for the dinner trade.

RESTAURANT SUNTORY: *529 Kent Street. (02) 267-2000. Lunch noon to 3, Monday to Friday, dinner 6 to 11, Monday to Saturday. CB, AE, DC, BC. Licensed. $50.*

Japanese cuisine in the grand manner has come to Sydney with the opening of the Suntory. The Japanese place great value on tranquillity in eating (the exact opposite of the Chinese), and this restaurant reflects their concern. Nestling behind an imposing entrance off Kent Street, the restaurant is built around a classical Japanese garden, subtly designed to set your mind at rest and prepare the stomach for the feast to come. All major styles of Japanese cooking are offered, and skilled Japanese chefs ensure that the standard is no less than in the major restaurants of Tokyo or Kyoto. Visitors to the Suntory can choose to dine in the elegantly furnished public rooms or in one of the authentic Japanese private dining rooms, with their own personal chef. Such luxury does not come cheap, and main courses tend to be in the $10 to $15 range, but the superb quality of the ingredients and the age-old subtleties of Japanese cooking make it value for money. Don't worry, by the way, if your knowledge of Japanese cuisine is less than you might wish. The Suntory serves set menus, for $24 and $29, which allow you to sample a range of dishes chosen to bring harmony to the pickiest palate.

ARENA'S SEAFOOD RESTAURANT: *101 Bathurst Street. (02) 264-7291 Lunch noon to 3.30 Monday to Friday, dinner 6 to 1.30 Tuesday to Saturday. BC, DC, AE, CB. Licensed. $30.*

A subdued restaurant dedicated to good service and fine food. Wine glasses are never allowed to empty before they're thoroughly filled, you don't have to wait ages before the first course arrives, and the low-key atmosphere means you can have a pleasant chat without raising your voice. If you're not absolutely certain you want seafood for dinner, don't go there because the menu is totally seafood except for one item in the entrees and one in the main course selection. The seafood is exquisitely cooked and presented. For a first course, the prawns in puff pastry was a delight. The pastry was soft and flaky and not at all tough, the prawns juicy and the sauce delicately flavored and creamy. The combination of other kinds of seafood in the mixture was an added enticement. The combination seafood platter was excellent. Deep frying can either ruin a dish or enhance it . . . in this case it was done to perfection. The batter was light, crisp and the seafood cooked to precisely the right degree.

CLAUDE'S FRENCH RESTAURANT: *10 Oxford Street, Woollahra. (02) 331-2325. BYO. Lunch Wednesday only noon to 2, dinner Tuesday to Saturday from 7.30. No credit cards accepted. Lunch about $38 for two, a la carte; fixed price dinner $48 for four courses.*

Started some years ago by Claude Corne, one of Sydney's first "nouvelle wave" chefs, this unprepossessing little restaurant changed hands last year when Claude retired. The new owners, Damien Pignolet de Fresne and Josephine Carroll, are maintaining the restaurant as a tribute to Claude and his contribution to Sydney dining. They have retained many of Claude's most famous dishes: the *salade gourmande,* the *saucisson en brioche,* the passion-fruit souffle — all of which they execute with admirable skill. They also have maintained the traditional monthly *bouillabaisse* and festival *de la fine bouche* dinners. But they've also brought their own style to both the menu and the dining room. Whereas Claude's was previously a decorator's nightmare, it is now a warm and intimate dining room. The four-course, set-price evening menu is still well balanced but now has greater depth.

THE OLD BANK: *52 Oxford Street, Darlinghurst. (02) 331-1617. Lunch Tuesday to Friday, noon to 3; dinner Monday to Saturday, 6.30 to 11.30. AE, BC, CB, DC. Licensed. Fixed price: lunch $25 for two courses, $30 for three; dinner $32 for two courses, $38 for three.*

Previously a restaurant called The Burton, this beautiful old bank building has been transformed yet again: this time with the style and skill of one of Sydney's leading restaurateurs, Mogens Bay Esbensen. Enter from Oxford Street into what must be one of the great bars in the city — a Victorian extravaganza offering plenty of space and light for those wishing to see and be seen, or cozy corners for more discreet imbibing. Downstairs, the dining room is run with charming professionalism by Alain Chaigny, who always seems to remember his customers. The menu selection reflects Esbensen's years in Asia — many dishes use ingredients such as Japanese noodles or raw tuna. And there's a hint of the "nouvelle," too, with fruit-based sauces for poultry and meat, but no one style of cooking dominates. Esbensen borrows unashamedly from what he likes best in any cuisine and incorporates it into his own style — the house *zabaglione* is a good example.

EDNA'S TABLE: *469-475 Kent Street. (02) 264-2198. Lunch Monday to Friday, noon to 2.30; dinner Tuesday to Saturday 6 to 10. AE, BC, CB, DC. Licensed. $35.*

Located on the corner of Druitt Street, behind the Town Hall, Edna's was once probably a wholesaler's showroom. But this vast space (the restaurant seats 150) has been cunningly designed with a central, open-to-view kitchen, a separate bar area, and dining on various levels. This provides a much greater feeling of intimacy than most large restaurants can manage. Timber, exposed beams and lots of greenery create a welcome relief from the rather grubby street scene. The place exudes a genuine warmth encouraged by the friendliness of the staff and inspired, no doubt, by the ebullient manageress, Jennice Kersh. Her two brothers run the kitchen and produce food which reflects the newer trends in the Australian-French style. The menu changes constantly, but always maintains a balance between "safe" and novel dishes. If the prawns with rum or cherry ice-cream are on the menu, try those for certain. The wine list shows great depth (particularly for such a new restaurant) and is priced quite reasonably. A thoroughly agreeable place to dine offering interesting food without any pretensions whatever.

Baquette's airy main dining area makes the best of Queensland's climate.

STARS: *14th floor, Top of the Town Hotel, 110 Darlinghurst Road, Kings Cross. (02) 331-3944. Dinner Monday to Saturday, 6pm onwards. AE, BC, CB, DC. Licensed. $40.*

For those who want to dine with a view but who don't like going in circles, Stars offers a stationary panorama of the city. The dining room is elegantly appointed and the ambience is one of casual sophistication. The menu leans toward nouvelle Australian-French, and the kitchen concentrates on preparing a few dishes well rather than offering a wide choice of mediocre ones. The menu changes regularly but any seafood dish is worth sampling. There's soft, live music and a small dance floor for the energetic. Although Stars offers the full night out, it is particularly impressive for supper when the surroundings, food and view work their sparkling magic.

BRISBANE

BAQUETTE: *150 Racecourse Road, Ascot. (07) 268-6168. Monday to Friday for lunch, Monday to Saturday from 6.30 for dinner. Licensed. BC, AE, DC. About $37.*

Marilyn Domenech and her French-born husband, Francis, opened their Baquette about five years ago with the idea of serving seasonal Queensland food cooked in the French manner. Their success is reflected in the overwhelming popularity of Baquette as a meet-and-dine spot on the airport side of the city — and the fact that the building with its inner garden, high gabled and glassed roof, intimate bar and courtyard terrace won a major design award from the Australian Institute of Architects. For the past four years, former Carrier's (London) chef John Gibson has worked in Baquette's kitchen. He was recently joined by Frenchman Max Matter whose five years with Rags Restaurant, Brisbane, earned him a high reputation. The restaurant shares space with Galerie Baquette so that diners also have the pleasure and stimulation of viewing quality contemporary paintings, printmaking, sculpture and stained glass by Queensland artists. A Baquette meal may start out with avocado seafood served with fresh ginger mayonnaise or a smoked salmon and barramundi pate. To follow, boned chicken leg filled with spring vegetables and prawns served with a soy/honey sauce, or calf's liver with fresh mango and basil. Then fresh fruit sorbet or a rum and raisin souffle. Baquette also has a blackboard selection of fresh seafood: live lobsters from Tasmania, fresh reef fish, Moreton Bay bugs, scallops, oysters, Queensland's famed mud crabs, plus sand and spanner crabs.

ANNABELLE'S: *Hastings Street, Noosa Heads. (071) 47-3204. Seven days for lunch, noon to 2.30pm; dinner from 6pm. Licensed. BC, AE, CB, DC. $35.*

Seating is plentiful at Annabelle's, but booking is recommended. It is run by the experienced duo of Keith Whittaker (late of Eliza's and Keith's of the Gold Coast) and "Mr Gordon" (formerly of Mischa's, Sydney). The restaurant combines the enchantment of its absolute beach frontage with elegant decor and an atmosphere of total escape. Annabelle's table is laden with the good things grown, caught and produced on the Sunshine Coast. Dishes revolve around whatever is in season at the time — avocados, macademia nuts, pineapples and citrus, vegetables from the hinterland, salad bowl and ginger from Australia's only processing plant in Buderim. Seafood fished from local waters is brought in daily. The accent is on simple, natural presentation. Seasonings and sauces are not allowed to dominate and the texture and color are retained as much as possible in preparation. A typical Annabelle's meal might open with a seafood entree — Goddess salad, for example, fresh king prawns in light curry sauce and served with fresh chopped vegetables. A main course, popular with tourists, is mud crab in blackbean sauce. Sea scallops coated in crushed macademia nuts and served with sweet and sour Buderim ginger sauce is another favorite. The emphasis on fresh grown fruits also determines the dessert list. Flambe fresh strawberries in season, crepes and bananas in Tia Maria, are excellent choices, as are the fresh fruit salads, mango-based concoctions when the "Bowens" are plentiful, fresh baked gateaux and tortes.

ARISTOCRATZ: *80 Jephson Street, Toowong: (07) 370-2646. Monday to Friday for lunch, noon to 2.30 Monday to Saturday for dinner from 6. Licensed. DC, BC, AE. $37.*

A delightful out-of-town restaurant near the St Lucia University Village, a hive of luxury high-rise apartment blocks and media offices, Aristocratz was lovingly launched by Helen Johnson a little more than a year ago. She unashamedly adores the place and its warm, stylish decor featuring black lacquered Czechoslovakian cane-backed chairs. The restaurant has both indoor and terrace accommodation. On Fridays and Saturdays, a soft strumming guitarist enhances the subtle friendly atmosphere. There's plenty of parking space with a shopping centre car park close by and the restaurant's own area. Maitre d', Wong Jun-sing and polished chef Rick Jones are a formidable team when it comes to presenting the best of food and service. The menu mixes the exotic with more homely fare, and one might suggest an entree of quail stuffed with truffles topped with a light Madeira sauce or a steaming bowl of *bouillabaisse* served in earthenware bowls with crab claws. At least one southbound businessman says he stops off in Jephson Street after conferences, just to lunch on Artistocratz's garlic brains, followed by steak and kidney cooked and served in individual ramekins. The *Beef Othro* (fillet spread with pate, rolled in bacon and encased in puff pastry) has a strong following as does the *Pork Laurentian* (fillets stuffed with apple served with a cream and ginger sauce). A delightful dessert is brandied fruit served with cream. Dried fruits, Canadian cherries and strawberries are marinated in brandy for months before they come to table. Aristocratz's cellar is already extensive and Helen is constantly seeking out special bottles.

BOZART GARDEN COURT RESTAURANT: *cnr Albert and Charlotte Streets, Brisbane. (07) 221-4256. Monday to Friday, lunch noon to 2.30; Monday to Saturday, dinner 6pm to midnight; suppers after 10pm. BC, AE, DC. Licensed. $37.*

Bozart's was opened two years ago by Danish-born Bodil Bossy Bozart (Bo's Art), who combined her fashion, decor and artistic flairs with her appreciation of fine food in the European tradition. She took over the inner city corner block and opened it as three sections — an exclusive fashion house, a fine arts and decorator boutique and the restaurant that is a stylish maze of frosted pink tableware, grass greens and lipstick reds, ferns, potted plants and pink carnations. Lunchtime at Bozart ties all three together. Both boutiques are open and glamorous models parade through the restaurant in new season's fashion gear. Bodil is also developing the complex as a venue for art shows for Queensland's top talents. There's a piano bar for the romantically inclined and jazz sessions on Wednesday nights. Saturday tangos to a Latin-American rhythm with band to suit and dancing. Bozart chefs are Swiss-born Kurt Flukiger and Danish Soren Bronderslev. The *a la carte* menu features an exciting range of European dishes with lunch-time emphasis on Danish fare. A gourmet section has been added for the more discerning. The Garden Court section at the rear of the restaurant has seating for 60, where parties and receptions are accommodated. Try a bowl of *gazpacho* for openers or the *pate maison* served in individual moulds with hot buttered toast. Follow with crab au gratin served in a sea shell and sweeten up with a rich chocolate mousse. Bozart offers a satisfying selection of Australian and French wines and an international assortment of coffees.

THE EPICUREAN: *Aerodrome Road, Maroochydore. (07) 43-3153. Dinner 7 nights from 6.30. All cards. Licensed. $37.*

A cosy soft-lights-sweet-music kind of restaurant in an unexpected location off a busy arterial road, Epicurean is run by two old friends of the restaurant business — Canadian Ken Kendall, former shipboard chef to entertainment greats like Walt Disney, Bob Hope, Bing Crosby and others; and Dave Stokes, Australian-born and trained chef, who went to Queensland after a career in Sydney's best kitchens. While Dave creates in his stainless steel environment, Ken is maitre d' in the front of the house, training a handful of dedicated and disciplined staff in the art of service with a flair. From the moment the velvet-tuxedoed Ken leads you to your seat, to the moment when he pours the last cup of coffee, with flourish and suggests a fine port or liqueur, you are in VIP territory. Working on the philosophy that diners seek a little added glamor and romance from their outing, Ken and Dave work hard to make it happen. The interior of Epicurean is conducive to the plan; it's dim, warm and woody, with stained timber, alcoves, candlelight and pink carnations. A bar is set apart in a secluded corner. Fresh, locally produced ingredients are the basis of the Epicurean table. In the avocado season, these rich savory fruits have their heyday as a basis for both hot and cold entrees. Asparagus, papaws, strawberries and mangoes also show up in season. Fresh crab, scallops, lobster and reef fish are bought daily at the Sunshine Coast markets. The wine list boasts 128 Australian and imported labels and includes a selection of 14 ports, liqueurs and cognacs. Handmade chocolates and mints and bottomless cups of good coffee complete a satisfying Epicurean meal.

MELBOURNE

ADAM'S APPLE: *165 Lonsdale Street. (03) 663-2907. Noon to 1am. AE, BC, DC. Licensed. $22.*

Once named Legend, Adam's Apple is a place which is a small and comfortable cocktail bar with some stunning photographs to inspect if the live scenery isn't up to much. Downstairs there is a splendid restaurant with four young female chefs who've done their thing at either Emily MacPherson or the William Angliss School and who are allowed a good deal of freedom in designing the menu. Excellent buffet and hot snacks. Definitely not a ripshop and one which we counsel you to inspect.

CHEZ ESCOFFIER: *328 Kingsway. South Melbourne. (03) 690-1522. Lunch Monday to Friday 12 to 3; dinner Monday to Saturday 7 to 11.30. All cards. Licensed. $30.*

Formerly known as Circe's, this restaurant is in a large Edwardian building. As Circe's it had a very spotty record, but under the new owners, Tony and Nino di Lorenzo, it has established itself as a place which serves top class food at very reasonable prices. We have, in truth, been very surprised at the comparative lack of custom which Escoffier has enjoyed on the three occasions we have been there, as other commentators have similarly remarked. Some imaginative dishes and an excellent wine list. Definitely recommended. Dancing in the evening, function rooms of various sizes available.

DUCHESS: *135 Church Street, Brigton. (03) 592-3448. Dinner only Tuesday to Saturday 7 to 11.30pm. AE, BC, DC. BYO. $36.*

This is a small suburban restaurant serving consistently fine food at a reasonable price. It was previously known as Frenchies and for many years was owned and operated by Maurice Steiner, a Frenchman who, when he put his mind to it, produced some of the very best food in town. Maurice sold out about 18 months ago and the new owners were enthusiastic but extremely amateur. They finally threw in the towel and Tom van der Putten and his wife bought the place early last year. They have an absolute gem in the kitchen in Louise Kitching (no pun intended) who, apart from winning just about everything that the William Angliss School could award her, is also Victoria's Apprentice of the Year. If there is a fault with the Duchess, it is that her servings are too large. None of your *nouvelle cuisine* here, though many of the dishes are light and airy. A little more expensive than some, but great value at around $18 a head. The pub over the road has a fair cellar, but you might like to take advantage of the excellent range at Francis Cellars, a hundred metres or so away on the opposite side of the street. But, as they are only licensed until 5.30pm, a little bit of planning will be rewarded.

MELBOURNE CATCH: *15 McKillop Street, St Kilda. (03) 67-3542. Lunch Monday to Friday noon to 3, dinner Tuesday to Saturday 6.30 to 11.30 AE, BC, DC, CB. Licensed. $30.*

The owner-operator, Karam Sahely, has been involved in seafood restaurants in Melbourne for many years. His last spot, prior to the Melbourne Catch was the Oyster Bar in King Street, and before that he had Scales out in the Suburbs. Melbourne Catch replaces what was one of the worst restaurants south of the Tropic of Capricorn. Grieve not for Woodies . . . it has died as all bad eateries deserve to (but some, alas, are alive unto this day).

Stephanie Alexander has become one of Australia's best-known chefs.

The Melbourne Catch specialises in fresh fish with a few chilled efforts from across the Tasman. Everything is done with an eye to quality and integrity of ingredients, and the result is a restaurant which is very much worth a visit. It is licensed but wines are not unreasonably marked up. As an added bonus, the famed actor-poet-writer-taxi-driver, Warwick Randall, is the daytime maitre d', clad in finery that would shame Solomon.

MOLINAS: *16 Fitzroy Street, St Kilda. (03) 534-3407. Lunch and dinner everyday from noon to midnight. AE, BC, DC. Licensed. $25.*

By the time you read this, the Molinas will have a new name as it has just been bought by Leon Massoni, of Tolarno fame. Leon is a perfectionist in all that he does and the approach here is to give the best of hot and cold buffets together with the finest pasta at what is known in Italy as *trattoria* prices. Only 100 metres or so from the flagship of the Massoni fleet, this spot will fast become a haven for those who are looking for good value, uncomplicated food and top-class service.

LYNCH'S: *133 Domain Road, South Yarra. (03) 26-5627. Tuesday to Friday from noon for lunch, $27; Tuesday to Saturday from 7 for dinner, AE, DC, CB, BC. BYO. $42.*

Lynch's is lovely. Set in South Yarra, the dusky pink Victorian-style restaurant looks on to the Botanical Gardens. It's a gracious and beautiful setting. Lynch's is classed here as new, because the owner, Paul Lynch, has not only extended his tiny, intimate dining-room to take in the adjoining terrace house, but along with a new kitchen he's also acquired a new chef and part-owner, Michale Flouch. The menu changes often. You'll find items like raw scallops marinated then served on a bed of endive with a Japanese horseradish sauce (gorgeous); rack of lamb stuffed with lychees and crabmeat, presented in a light port-wine sauce; partially boned quails baked with half a pear in red wine and accompanied by a Bordelaise sauce; or escalopes of veal with a julienne of leeks, finished with cream and green chartreuse. The atmosphere is gay and chatty, the service friendly and attentive. Very chic and lots of fun.

FRENCH CONNECTION: *300a New Street, Brighton. (03) 592-5426. Dinner only, Tuesday to Saturday, 7 to 11.30. All cards. Licensed $60.*

It may be said that this restaurant virtually from the day it opened early last year, became very popular indeed. The cuisine is, would you believe, Gallic, with a very strong accent on creamy sauces. It is an elegant and warm spot with staff who vary from polite to the not-so-polite. It is certainly not the cheapest place south of the Murray River, but continues to drag them in and is extremely popular with the south-of-the-Yarra monied set. You dine very well here, but it won't get the Weight Watchers of the Year Award.

HOFBRAUHAUS: *18 Market Lane. (03) 663-3361. Lunch and dinner, Monday to Saturday, noon to 11.30pm. All cards. Licensed. $22.*

The old Hofbrauhaus in Market Lane closed about four years ago when Jimmy Tsindos transformed it into the Greek Inn. Lederhosen and the big oompah oompah bands with beer und Rheinwein gave way to bazoukis, plate smashing and retsina. Now the wheel has turned full circle and once again we have a traditional German restaurant offering excellent value and authentic cooking, together with a great range of imported beers. Don't miss ending the meal with the excellent German brandy, Asbach Uralt. Not the place for the quiet tete-a-tete, but great fun and just the spot to kick up the heels. And added attraction, by the by, is the presence of Heidi Giersch, the ballerina who defected from an East German company.

STEPHANIE'S: *405 Tooronga Road, Hawthorn. (03) 20-8944. Lunch on Fridays only, noon to 3, dinner Tuesday to Saturday 7.30 to 11.30. All cards accepted. Licensed and BYO. $60 at dinner.*

This restaurant only rates a mention in this catalogue because it has moved . . . from Fitzroy to more salubrious Hawthorn. The ownership remains as before and the food, if possible, is even more ambrosaic. Now housed in an elegant Victorian mansion just off the South-Eastern Freeway, Stephanie Alexander doesn't need a write-up to tell the world that her establishment is one of the country's very finest. Imaginative menu which changes frequently; five courses for $30 per head. Licensed, but you can also BYO. Very much a place to impress, yet it is not pretentious. The staff are all extremely knowledgable yet never condescending. One cannot recommend Stephanie's highly enough.

LE RESTAURANT: *Wentworth Hotel, Collins Street. Full hotel licence. (03) 63-0321. Lunch 12 to 3, dinner 6.30 to 12. All cards. $70.*

This is the "top spot" of the new Wentworth Hotel. The view from the 35th floor is quite staggering and the accoutrements faultless. The service, too, is hard to fault, friendly without being pervasive, helpful without that overtone of condescension which we too often seem to get in our better hotel restaurants. The food is not yet up to the standard of, say, the Cliveden Room, in the Hilton, but it is well-presented if a little unimaginative. Drinks are not exactly at discount prices, but if you want to impress her, this is a spot to consider.

LA COLOMBE: *417 Hampton Street, Hampton. (03) 598-0313. Tuesday to Saturday from 7 for dinner. AE, BC, DC. BYO. $38.*

A little French place that people are starting to talk about is La Colombe (The Dove). Although the voices aren't always in accord, most have been enjoying the traditional dishes which the owners, Philippe and Helene Cugurno, serve. The menu is as distinctly French as the owners. After trying the French onion soup, duck-liver pate or duck salad, you can select from a menu that has a main course variety that has been arranged to give a wide choice of meats and style of presentation. The quails with juniper butter sauce are delectable, as is the crisp duck with its madeira and grape sauce. The sauces are sound, based on well-cooked stocks, and range through those flavored with red wine, white wine, and cream. Pork fillet comes with calvados, fillet steak takes peppercorns and herbs, beef brochettes are flavored with mushrooms and a hot red wine sauce (here, too, the chef prides himself on the quality of his sauces). For dessert, you are offered homemade sherbets (mango and guava and the like), crepes with banana and rum cream, or perhaps a ginger dessert with lemon sauce. Alternatively, you can do as Philippe would have you do, and that is to take your cheese course before the sweets, eating in the French manner. But the choice is yours. Whatever you decide, do try the imported goat's cheese. The coffee keeps up the standard — an agreeable night.

PERTH

LIBERTY'S RESTAURANT: *Piccddilly Square, East Perth. (09) 325-9925. Lunch, Tuesdays through Fridays; dinner, Tuesdays through Saturdays. CB, AE, CB, BC. Licensed. $40.*

A pair well-rehearsed in success have designed and created one of Perth's most exciting new restaurants. Paul Marshall and Toby Ulrich have had a long association as business partners, but Liberty's is their finest achievement. This is the third venture on which the partners have worked together. The first and best known was Le Chef, a trendy little BYO in the suburb of Subiaco; their next was a winehouse called the Pink Pig, a business of a different color. Liberty's is excellence from start to finish. The split-level room is beautifully done, exuding a classy mood. As you enter, your eyes are swept up the rosewood staircase to the bar which is managed by cocktail champion Jackie Stevenson. This floor is divided into a cocktail lounge, with resident pianist and vocalist, and dining area with seating for 150. Toby Ulrich's food is outstanding. Long a master of the commercial stove, Toby still manages to surprise. No particular cuisine label can be stamped on Liberty's; it would be too restrictive on the chef. The dishes are innovative with exotic flavors and exciting presentation. One main course is venison cutlet with fresh cranberries and shredded smoked ham, complemented with seven different varieties of fungi which lift the flavor of the dish to another dimension in creative cuisine.

A master of creative cuisine, Steve Regan of The Establishment.

RUPAULS RESTAURANT: *622 Stirling Highway, Mosman Park. (09) 384-4734. Lunch, Monday to Friday; dinner, Monday to Saturday. AE, DC, BC. BYO. $32.*

A new chef, Andrew McLerie, has brought to Rupauls Restaurant one of the most diverse menus in Perth. It's not a large document, but it offers an interesting selection — and nary a dreaded prawn cocktail in sight. Andrew is unafraid of chilli, and consequently the menu has some nose-tickling dishes that hail from WA's South-East Asian neighbors. Rupauls speciality is live mud crabs flown in from the northern town of Onslow, a place that attracts almost as many cyclones as mud crabs. The crabs are alive and snapping when you order them and retain their sweet, clean flavor. The bulk of the flesh is in the massive, ceramic-like claws. The crabs are generally served with chilli, but if you prefer a plain taste, ask for them in lemon butter. Tiger prawns, also imported green from the north, are well handled at Rupauls. One dish called Prawns Peri Peri (hot-hot) is magnificently done, but the chilli-based sauce might bring a tear to your eye. This small, 40-seat BYO hasn't forgotten non-chilli eaters, and the menu offers something interesting for everybody. For instance, there is that classic Russian dish known as *blini,* which is lumpfish roe, sour cream, smoked salmon and shallots folded inside a freshly-cooked wholemeal pancake.

ALI KABAB CORNER: *first floor 18 Angove Street, North Perth. (09) 328-7858. Tuesday to Friday, lunch; Monday to Saturday, dinner. DC, AE, BC. BYO. $24.*

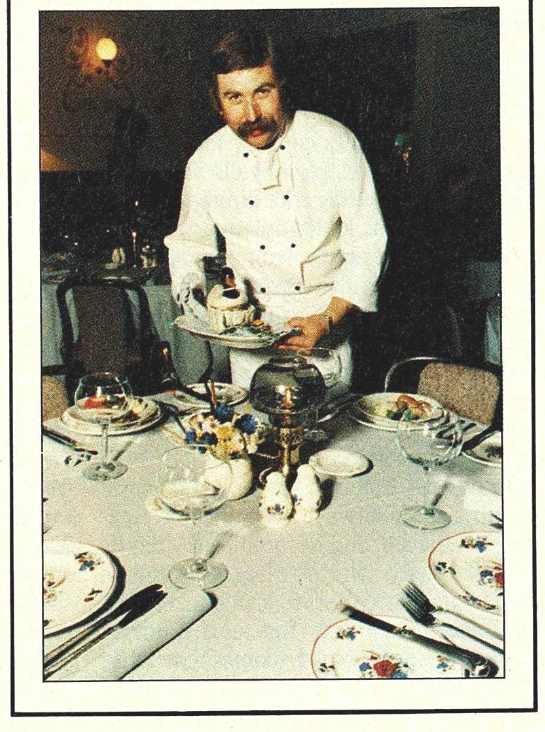
After a long drought in this particular ethnic area, Perth appears to be coming saturated with Indian restaurants. They may not be everybody's cup of curry, but the city has been fortunate in attracting Feroz Ali Vazir. This gentleman is more than just an enthusiastic amateur; he is in fact a professional restaurateur from India. In the suburb of North Perth, just out of the city centre, he and his wife Daphne offer a broad cross-section of the Indian cuisine. Ali, as he is affectionately known, has an uncanny ability to blend herbs and spices. At his eatery, called Ali Kabab Corner, the policy is flavor before blatant heat. Real Spanish saffron features often in many dishes, offering a taste rarely experienced by the western palate. The first floor restaurant is decorated with the usual artifacts of India, and while one wouldn't give it 10 out of 10 for decor, the food and hospitality are superb. Ali changes the menu regularly and is happy to talk of the foods of India which, like most cuisines, vary from district to district and province to province.

THE ESTABLISHMENT RESTAURANT: *35a Hampton Road, Hollywood. (09) 386-5508. Dinner, Monday to Saturday. AE, BC. BYO. $20.*

While The Establishment isn't exactly new to Perth, it has recently moved from a dreadful location in the centre of the city to a suburb close to the University of WA called Hollywood. Though Hollywood has never been famous for anything but a hospital and a tavern called Minsky's, The Establishment is of good enough quality to put it on the map. Steve and Barbara Regan operate the 38-seat BYO and have found they are booked solidly up to three weeks in advance. The restaurant has a delightful garden veranda which hasn't yet been put to use (The Establishment only reopened at the beginning of winter). Steven Regan can be described as a perfectionist. He and two chefs create innovative dishes of no particular ethnic origin. At The Establishment, you will find the urge to work your way through the *a la carte* menu. All portions are exquisitely measured, and at the end of a meal the sum-total of the delicate dishes will have been ample. Steve believes a menu should change its offerings regularly, harmonising with the availability of fresh ingredients. A patron might discover anything from a crusty pie to a delicate mousse. The ambience is conservative and comfortable, and the restaurant's size encourages intimacy. Only good wine deserves a presence here, and to cater for this, the Hermitage Cellars are close neighbors to the restaurant. A telephone call will ensure your selection is waiting.

BASHI'S BOUQUET GARNI: *Gallery Centre, Hay Street, Subiaco. (09) 382-1122. Lunch, Tuesday to Friday; dinner, Tuesday to Saturday. DC, AE, BC. Licensed. $36.*

Bashi's Bouquet Garni is tucked away in the corner of the Gallery shopping centre in Hay Street, Subiaco, and can be a little difficult to find. This 120-seat restaurant is conservatively decorated, and has an air of comfortable dignity about it. A blend of fawn, brown and cane capped by indoor greenery produce the relaxing atmosphere. Bashi Lakhwara has always impressed as a chef, and his Bouquet Garni is the man's dream come true. His dishes are dressed with delicate sauces, and are light and flavorsome. One of the stars of the offerings is Bashi's marinated fish. Usually served as an entree, it is a battalion of flavors, led by queen garlic. The fish melts in your mouth and is delightfully served. The menu bounces through a cosmopolitan adventure — of quails with truffles, fillet of beef with ginger sauce, and a similar cut of meat in sweet and sour sauce, dressed with currants. Beware of the dreaded dessert trolley for it is a weight watcher's nightmare! Bouquet Garni is fully licensed with a comfortable cocktail bar, the wine cellar has some interesting vintages and the service smart, friendly and efficient. A place to ponder over a meal for a number of hours, in total, blissful relaxation.


One of Perth's classiest restaurants is Liberty's. Here, chef Toby Ulrich displays an exotic dish.

HOBART

THE DRUNKEN ADMIRAL: *39 Salamanca Place, Hobart. (003) 34-1903. Lunch, Tuesday to Friday, dinner, Tuesday to Saturday. Licensed. All cards. $20 to $25.*

Wedged between a ground floor wine/coffee bar and an upper-storey nightclub, The Drunken Admiral is well situated to provide a complete evening's entertainment. As the name suggests, the approach is slightly offbeat, relaxed and zany. The decor is dotted with weird bric-a-brac, and the menu reads a little like a sea shanty. Seafood predominates, but meat-eaters are more than adequately catered for. One or two vegetarian items feature among the entrees, while main courses could easily be made up from the huge salad boat dominating the main dining area. The menu changes frequently, but not completely, maintaining many items which have already become established favorites, but responding to the vagaries of the season, the market and the chef's whim. In the old favorites category are the daily changing soups (usually of the down-to-earth, rib-sticking variety); pots of mushrooms grilled with cheese and garlic; trevally bearnaise, and pan-fried fillets of veal with bacon in a cream and wine sauce. Unorthodox dishes for the more adventurous, which are particularly notable, are those featuring seafood and fruit: whole poached pear filled with smoked trout pate; prawns with banana and coconut in a light curry sauce, or with garlic, rum and raisins, and trevally with grapefruit or gooseberry and ginger sauce. This last mentioned is one of the best combinations yet. Other highly recommended dishes are the crumbed loin of pork baked with camembert, and the crayfish tail with avocado in lemon sauce. There are countless other dishes featuring fish in every guise. Among the desserts, those featuring fresh fruit in season probably deserve the highest accolades. A recent addition, raspberry, port and cream cheese parfait, also shows promise. The service is intelligent and friendly. There is a fairly standard wine list. This establishment ranks high among not only the best new restaurants in Hobart, but in the country.

PROSPECT HOUSE: *Richmond. (002) 62-2207. Lunch, Wednesday to Sunday; dinner Wednesday to Saturday. All cards. Licensed. $30 to $35.*

Prospect House is a fine-boned Georgian building gracing the entrance to the town, a 20-minute drive from Hobart. Inside, a strict simplicity has been maintained in the uncluttered decor. The same strong values have been brought to the presentation and preparation of the food where the concern is to emphasise the high quality of the basic ingredients. Game features prominently on the menu, in keeping with the antique atmosphere. Among the entrees are terrine of hare (chunky and herby), quail and mushroom salad (delicate and piquant) and venison sausage with beetroot sauce (vivid and robust). Outstanding even among this exotica is the house pate, a rich, heady specimen thoroughly worth rhapsodising about. Main courses include breast of pheasant with spicy red cabbage; squab in a sauce of cream, Armagnac and pate; venison with cumin cabbage; lamb noisettes with mushroom puree; and trout poached with dill and lemon. Servings are sufficient without being gargantuan. As the menu points out, replenishments are available on request, an option which ought not to be exercised if such desserts as fresh cherry tart, apple honey and walnut mousse, poached pears with almonds and cherry sauce and *sachertorte* are to be enjoyed. The proprietors are particularly proud of their extensive cellar, which contains many wines from California and Europe, as well as Australian varieties.

THE FISH BAR: *48 King Street, Sandy Bay. (002) 34-5961. Lunch and dinner Mon-Sat. No cards. Unlicensed. $10.*

A very recent addition to the Hobart eating scene, The Fish Bar comprises an immaculate, basic fish eatery, serving a small range of impeccably cooked dishes at amazingly low prices. The approach is that of a ritzy fish and chip joint. It is located in the centre of the upmarket Sandy Bay shopping area, and thus catches a high proportion of the lunchtime trade. It can be almost impossible to find a table or squeeze a place at the bar, but happily, a take-away alternative is offered. All dishes are served in napkin-lined baskets on a bed of shoestring potatoes. The menu varies, depending on the catch, but standard offerings include: marinated trevally ($3); fisherman's basket ($3.50); fried squid rings ($3); deep fried scallops ($3); or a made to order combination of your choice. Customers help themselves to fresh bread rolls and fruit juice, and coffee is available to finish the meal. The Fish Bar is the latest in the line of successful fish ventures of Jill and George Mure, begun with the enduring Mure's Fish House, one of Hobart's top restaurants, whose enviable reputation has remained untarnished since its inception. At the other end of the scale, The Fish Bar also fills a long empty gap in the gourmet scene.

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STUCKI'S RESTAURANT: *23 Stoke Street, New Town. (002) 28-1885. Dinner Wed-Sat. All cards. Licensed. $25 to $30.*

To take over and maintain a top-ranking restaurant is a formidable task. To increase its reputation is a herculean achievement, yet this is what the new proprietors of Stucki's Restaurant, Marie, Michael and Stewart Prosser, have done in just nine short months. There has been a noticeable revitalisation, an injection of excitement, which is due largely to the enthusiasm of the young chef, Stewart Prosser. His obvious love of his craft is evident in the menu, which is in a constant state of flux in response to his inspiration. Even fairly static items are subject to constant refinement and revision, so that a high level of interest is guaranteed no matter how frequently you dine there. In particular, it is worth inquiring of any unlisted additions to the menu. These may turn up as asparagus in hollandaise sauce, or fresh artichokes whose season is short and sweet and not to be missed. Other entrees include smoked eel and crab mousse, scallops with mushrooms in champagne sauce, shredded chicken with fruit in a light curry mayonnaise, and a platter of smoked and cured fish. Choosing between such main courses as marinated pheasant, trevally with avocado and bearnaise sauce, veal chardonnay, and chicken in cream and hazelnut sauce can prove difficult. Stucki's is located in one half of an elegant suburban mansion, and although the atmosphere is sophisticated, the service is warm, relaxed and totally unstuffy. The wine list is fairly familiar, with one or two unusual labels.

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MOLLY MALONE'S: *71 Hampden Road, Battery Point. (002) 34-4190. Lunch, Sunday; dinner Thur-Mon. DC, BC. Licensed. $22.*

Molly Malone's is a middle-of-the road restaurant with few pretensions except for serving excellently prepared food. Its location in Battery Point contributes to its charm, particularly as a luncheon venue for Sunday strollers. The menu offers basically traditional fare, with one or two exceptional items. Among these are scallops *en brochette* (scallops wrapped in bacon, grilled and served with a tomato-based devil sauce), and fillet oscar (fillet steak with crayfish in a peppercorn sauce). The proprietors take particular pains to obtain a wide variety of local seafood: flounder from Dunalley, east coast scallops and crayfish, Bass Strait squid and any unusual items turned up in the day's catch. These are simply prepared, with a minimum of fuss, allowing the quality of the basic ingredients to speak for itself. For this reason, these are among the most successful items on offer. On occasion, whole perch gently poached in wine and stock, served simply with lemon, and trevalla steaks, basted with butter and grilled, have been enjoyed. As might be expected, the desserts are generally familiar: chocolate mousse, fruit macerated in brandy, Grand Marnier cream and chocolate and lemon gateaux. The wine list is adequate and the service is the best in town.

ADELAIDE

URAIDLA ARISTOLOGIST: *Basket Range Road, Uraidla. (08) 390-1995. Lunch, Saturday and Sunday, noon until 3, dinner, Friday to Sunday, from 6. No credit cards. Licensed. Fixed price $32.*

Reminiscent of a country farmhouse, with its tiled floor, plain walls and high, pine-panelled ceiling, the dining room of the Aristologist looks out over a stone paved terrace on to fruit trees, raspberry bushes and a thriving herb and vegetable garden. The freshness of ingredients is guaranteed — the area abounds in market gardens which supply the Adelaide metropolis. Jennifer Hillier and Michael Symons spent several years in Tuscany and their preference for Italian food is evident. A pasta dish is always one of the first course choices, and in summer it's likely to be served with pesto sauce, a tangy blend of basil, garlic and parmesan. Summer also brings figs and marrow flowers. Eggplant is combined with mozzarella and parmesan cheeses in a fresh tomato sauce or used as a base for a lamb charlotte in the style of Michel Guerard. The wholemeal rolls are homemade, and homegrown peaches and raspberries plus other summer fruits from local orchards form the basis for desserts such as peach melba and strawberry tartlets. The fixed price menu includes a champagne aperitif with cheese savory to start the meal and strong, Italian-style coffee to end it. There are three courses and within each course, three choices are offered. Wines are well chosen and relatively inexpensive.

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REILLY'S RESTAURANT: *138 King William Road, Hyde Park. (08) 272-0873. Tuesday to Sunday lunch, noon until 3, dinner from 6.30. BC, DC. Licensed. $35.*

The quality of the food and cooking at Reilly's immediately ensures it a place among Adelaide's top 10 restaurants. Its menu is deceptively simple — entrees such as duck liver pate, prawn tails with herb mayonnaise, avocado with mushroom vinaigrette, mushrooms in pastry cases, prosciutto with fresh fruit; main courses such as fillet steak with mustard sauce, rack of lamb with green peppercorns, fillets of whiting with mushroom duxelles, scallops in a creamy fennel sauce — but first taste tells you that these ingredients have been chosen and cooked by a master of his profession. Sauces in the *nouvelle cuisine* style are perfectly balanced and beautifully complement each dish. Daily specials — fresh asparagus, the first crayfish of the season — feature the best of the market's offerings. Among the half-dozen or so desserts, don't bypass the almond parfait (a subtle almond icecream) served with fresh whipped cream and a chocolate sauce, nor the fruit sorbets served with a selection of fresh fruit. Wines are generally South Australian, some representing the superior style of commercial wine, some from lesser-known small vineyards. Most wines are priced between $7 and $10. French champagne and sauternes (half bottles) are available for the big spenders. Reilly's seats only 45, and bookings are essential.

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POSSUMS BYO RESTAURANT: *145 O'Connell Street, North Adelaide. (08) 267-1503. Monday to Friday, lunch noon until 2, dinner 6.30. BC. Fixed price $30.*

Janet Jeffs has hit on a successful formula in this BYO restaurant, one of the few in Adelaide. The fixed price of $15 a head for dinner includes soup, entree, main course with vegetables or salad and dessert. Lunch costs $12 a head, for a three-course meal, either soup or entree instead of both. Corkage on a bottle of wine is 80 cents, on a bottle of champagne $1 (and $2 on a cask or flagon). Within each course there are two or three choices, and the menu is changed every two weeks. The dishes are original and innovative — for example, apple vichysoisse served with a scoop of cider sorbet; avocado balls with herb mayonnaise, garnished with two tiny halves of quail egg; a cold entree of calf's tongue with mustard ice-cream; a crepe "purse" filled with scallops in a creamy sauce and tied with a thin strip of leek; scoops of kiwi fruit sorbet decorated with a spray of violets and a few rounds of kiwi fruit. Herbs — common and exotic — are used both in cooking and as garnishes. Even the bread rolls are made on the premises. Still in her early twenties, Janet has nonetheless a good deal of solid experience behind her. During her apprenticeship she won two gold and one silver medal in the annual State contests for apprentice chefs, and in 1981 was runner-up in the Australia-wide competition. The restaurant is decorated in a muted shade of blue with contrasts of mushroom pink and lots of shiny chrome. The kitchen — at least from waist-level up — is open to the diner's view to give him a first-hand view of how a restaurant functions.

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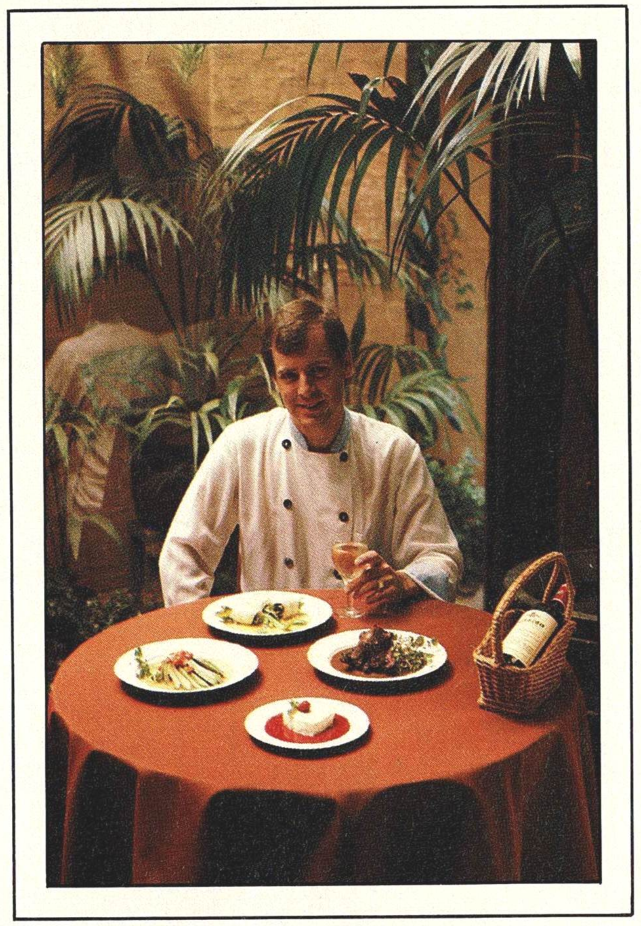
MELBA'S: *235b Anzac Highway, Plympton. (08) 293-1133. Lunch, Thursday and Friday, noon until 3; dinner, Monday to Saturday from 6.30. Major credit cards. Licensed. $32.*

The house speciality, as might be guessed from its name, is peach melba. But not any old peach melba — this one comes in a small, ice-carved swan and, thanks to the chef's home-bottled fruits, can be enjoyed in any season of the year. Tall bottles of preserved fruits — peaches, apricots, figs, mandarin segments — are arranged on window ledges, and the fruits appear in other desserts, which are offered from a trolley wheeled to each table. Alternatively, there is a cheese and fruit platter, which may be enjoyed with a glass of champagne or sauternes. Home-made chocolates, another of the chef's specialities accompany the after-dinner coffee. Wisely, French names have been avoided in the frequently changed menu, but nonetheless, explanations are sometimes required, and given — for example, lamb Hindmarsh is described as lamb with a mint and red wine sauce, scallops Grenfell are scallops covered with a creamy sauce with mushrooms and pineapple. Main courses are generally simple — beef fillet with bearnaise sauce, pork fillet with red wine and mushroom sauce. It's worth noting, too, that Melba's offers fresh oysters, an item comparatively rare on Adelaide menus. Most wines are in the price range of $7-$9 per bottle, and include the Wolf Blass and Enterprise labels. House wines are also available, by the glass or carafe (about $3.60 a carafe). Service can sometimes be a bit slow, but one is assured that each order is individually prepared. Advance bookings are recommended.



Magic Flute chef Wayne Hargreaves shown with some of the restaurant's delicacies.

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THE MAGIC FLUTE: *109 Melbourne Street, North Adelaide. (08) 267-3172. Monday to Friday, lunch noon until 2, dinner Monday to Saturday from 6. Licensed. Major cards. $38.*

A change of ownership of this North Adelaide restaurant in mid-1981 gave it a new look, with different decor and a different chef with fresh new ideas. Both in food and wines, an extensive choice is offered. There's an excellent selection of French champagnes, including Bollinger in half-bottles, plus imported red and white table wines from France and Germany. Aged red wines include a 1973 Penfold's Grange and the Orlando winner of the Jimmy Watson trophy some years ago. The menu is seasonal, changing every few months. The individual ideas of the chef are reflected in his pairing of fruit with meat, such as pork fillet with mango, pigeon in plum sauce, or galantine of pheasant with red currant sauce. Other combinations are scallops and snails, in a creamy *vol-au-vent* filling; walnuts and witlof with tender medallions of veal; a vegetable terrine with a sweet red pepper sauce. For the less adventurous there are also the more familiar dishes of beef fillet with mushroom and a red wine sauce, or loin of lamb with a mint-flavored wine sauce. A dessert speciality in the cooler months is the hot fruit souffle, made with a seasonal fruit, such as passionfruit; in summer, the speciality is a homemade ice-cream studded with a mosaic of fresh fruit. The restaurant's interior is elegant and intimate, and its tropical garden courtyard is a welcome haven after a scorching day. It is open for both lunch and dinner, and a separate lunch menu proposing smaller and lighter dishes is appropriate for summer.

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LE SAINT-TROPEZ: *520 Brighton Road, Brighton. (08) 298-8350. Tuesday to Saturday, dinner only from 6. Major cards accepted. Licensed. $30.*

This rather modest little French-owned restaurant offers good, traditional-style French fare in homely surroundings. A sheltered terrace offers the opportunity for outdoor dining, cooled by sea breezes on a hot summer evening; indoor tables are also set in a couple of large rooms of the converted villa. The menu lists (in French, with English subtitles) the standard dishes of any French restaurant, such as *soupe a l'oignon, salade nicoise, coquilles Saint-Jacques,* steak *au poivre, creme au caramel* and *mousse au chocolat,* together with a number of regional dishes from different parts of France — *rognons de veau a la berrichonne* (veal kidneys), *earre d'agneau limousin* (rack of lamb with chestnuts), *filet de merlan dieppoise* (whiting with a cream sauce and prawn garnish). Daily specials are also featured, for example *tripes a la nicoise* (tripe in a tomato/wine sauce). Carefully cooked, fresh seasonal vegetables are served separately, and the chef's *pommes dauphine* (fried potato balls) dispel any thoughts of diet. An album of wine labels displays a comprehensive stock of wines, mostly priced within the the $6 to $8 range. There are also a few imported French wines, quite moderately priced. The "wine of the week," listed on a blackboard, usually represents excellent value. Bookings are advisable, specially at weekends.

PRIVATE BIN
LINDEMANS
BIN 23
RHINE RIESLING
1980 Bin 23 Rhine Riesling has a soft varietal Rhine Riesling bouquet. The flavoursome palate shows excellent varietal fruit character very well balanced by a crisp clean acid finish.
750ml
LINDEMANS WINES PTY LTD SYDNEY AUSTRALIA D4029
PRODUCE OF AUSTRALIA 11.0% ALC/VOL.

1 The light, crisp, refreshing taste.

2 It's a wine that goes beautifully with seafoods.

3 You have some friends dropping in.

4 It's a wine people like for its consistency.

5 It's made by Lindemans.

6 It's your birthday.

7 A chilled bottle of Bin 23 makes even a plate of sandwiches seem like a banquet.

8 It's the perfect light wine to take on a picnic.

9 A delicious wine to serve with ethnic dishes like kebabs and a Greek salad.

10 It's not your birthday.

11 It's made with rhine riesling grapes.

12 For a quality wine it's remarkably inexpensive.

13 At leading wine shows throughout Australia Bin 23 has won 17 gold, 37 silver and 31 bronze medals.

14 A sunny day, a hammock and an empty glass.

15 It's the most popular rhine riesling sold in Australia.

16 You're going to a dinner party.

17 Leading restaurants and hotels have a chilled bottle waiting for you.

18 You're giving a dinner party and want a wine that everyone will enjoy.

19 It brings out the flavour of your favourite entree.

20 It's just the wine to enjoy with Chinese food or a hot Malaysian satay.

21 It sets the standard for other rhine rieslings.

22 She's coming to dinner and Bin 23 tastes even better by candlelight.

23 You enjoy the other wines in Lindemans Private Bin Collection.

23 good reasons for choosing Lindemans Bin 23 Rhine Riesling

AB/1301/81 SSB/LW/043

Athena Starwoman's
Astroscope

Full moon falls on January 10th, so the days and nights of the 8th, 9th and 10th (and even 11th) should transform even an Ice Maiden into a Red-Hot-in-the-Cot Mama. But one warning — Capricorn/Cancer full moons like this turn sex into something different. It can bring out the nicer (or nastier) sexual fetishes in some individuals, and the "leather brigade" usually comes out in force under its influence.

The new moon falls on the 25th, at which time Aquarians begin their new yearly emotional cycle, and although throughout the month things will start to improve for them, it is after this date the big improvements begin. Leos should keep a particularly sharp eye out.

Mr Aries

You'll discover this month whether holiday romances are *really* twice as nice as ordinary ones. It won't matter whether you've been happily married for 25 years or are just drifting on your own, there's a certain vision of fateful, feminine loveliness just waiting a chance to manifest into your life — and probably your cheque book.

Ms Aries

Things will move a little too fast for her this month, so she'll be anxious to find a strong man to provide an emotional anchor as she zips along the fast lane of life. You'll need to play her Big Daddy to win her confidence and trust.

Mr Taurus

Where Cupid has you under fire and you haven't a clue where you're romantically going (or coming), be prepared for a little bad news: this month you are caught up in a sexual and romantic dilemma where your sexual senses will tell you to do one thing and your heart another. You'll be wonderfully torn between playing musical beds or staying faithful. Don't think about it too much — do it instead!

Ms Taurus

In true style, she'll be fine-tuned into the $ this month, so making and spending money will have her little mind working overtime. Where romance is concerned, unless she sees some financial advantage, you could be the recipient of a very cold shoulder.

Mr Gemini

You'll be Mr Popularity this month, and all and sundry will be craving your charm, wit and, of course, gallant bedside manner. There should be enough women around to start your own harem, so unless you decide to go bush, prepare to be swept off your feet. Where you are under the watchful eye of a jealous lover, you'll be forced to think up some rather crazy and hard-to-check alibis.

Ms Gemini

She's going to find herself caught in the middle of some kind of love triangle. Where threesomes turn her on, she will be in her sexual element, but where she's straight down the line, next month will prove quite an eye-opener.

Mr Cancer

You'll be brimming with confidence and enthusiasm during the month ahead and will be able to charm the pants off just about anyone. There's one danger time, and that's around the full moon. Keep a low sexual profile, because if you rage too much, you are going to come undone. Once any matters that arise are out of the way, you can get into the full-on sexual swing again.

Ms Cancer

She's looking for love and is anxious to drift off with someone to a very private Cloud Nine. Unless you're ready to settle into some kind of being-together bliss, you may be wise to leave this particular lady alone.

Mr Leo

Where you enjoy something different, the kind of sexual partner you are going to meet with the planets lined up the way they are, could get things going exactly the way you like them. The catch is you will also find yourself occupied with a new work project which could interfere with your opportunities to explore. Sexually, you have a promising month ahead, but where work is concerned it's a bit of a scramble.

Ms Leo

She'll be out of sexual reach this month, when outside influences side-track her from any bedroom business. Unless you like playing second fiddle, you could find your ego (and old fella) deflated.

Mr Virgo

You're going to slow down this month, especially since you've been burning the candle at both ends lately. Early in the month, something will bring your sexual vanity to earth with a jolt, so you'll soon be looking for some kind of extra exercise routine to shift the spare tyre that you have reluctantly been sporting around. The more strenuous bedroom athletics would do wonders for your physique, but a month at your favorite gym will probably appeal.

Ms Virgo

She's ready to say bye-bye to anything or anybody who hasn't been pulling their weight, so unless you've been putting a regular grin on her face, expect phone calls to go unanswered, or a Dear John letter.

Mr Libra

Be warned that you're heading towards a very serious relationship. There's a beautiful, unusual and talented woman who has her wedding sights set on you, and is going to wrap you around her little finger. You may casually meander through other bedrooms this month, but her door is the one you'll find yourself knocking on most.

Ms Libra

She'll feel like a bird in a gilded cage and resent any lack of freedom. Where you're happy with the arrangement between you, this is the time to send her on a holiday on her own. She wants excitement, so let her have it; otherwise she is likely to fly the coop altogether.

Mr Scorpio

Your sexual appetite will be raging this month, and you'll be seeking a fantasy where you feast yourself on a sexual smorgasbord, draped with luscious lovelies, but most of your sexual action will take place between your ears rather than the sheets.

Ms Scorpio

She'll have money hassles this month and will look for ways and means to pay for things with money she doesn't have. Where she can't combine business with pleasure, she's going to leave pleasure until next month.

Mr Sagittarius

You'll feel rather laid-back, mellow and lazy over the month ahead, so your tom cat ways will have to be put to one side for a while. Fortunately, with your charismatic sexual appeal, you won't have to go far afield, and you'll be coming into contact with people like the girl-next-door, or even the Avon Lady. It's your turn to discover the quiet ones.

Ms Sagittarius

She's going to be a little off-color this month, so her lack of vitality will create bad temper. Be prepared to see the midnight side of her split personality erupt.

Mr Capricorn

You'll surprise those around you with some rather strange behavior this month. You'll be up and down like a yo-yo, especially around the full moon, and your sex life will do likewise. When your strange malady strikes you, remember it's just a passing phase.

Ms Capricorn

The full moon will bring out quirks in her character and she'll be most demanding, so you may become tired of running around at her beck and call. When she finally lets go, you'll get your expended energy returned — in spades.

Mr Aquarius

Where you've had worries for months, and experienced delays and doubts, this month you'll feel as if a weight has been dropped from your shoulders. Again, you're steering your own destiny. There are new things around you, and you're heading for some sexy adventures.

Ms Aquarius

She's out to prove something this month and she's not even sure what it is, so you're going to find yourself receiving some of her odd Aquarian gestures.

Mr Pisces

Forget about spreading your charms over every attractive woman who crosses your path. Where you want to make a success of the coming month, your first sensible priority will be your loved one's happiness.

Ms Pisces

She'll be anxious to make things work where her romantic interests are in jeopardy. Harmony in relationships is her idyllic state for the month, and you should try to attain it.

SALES TAX ON BOOKS, MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS

83% of Australians say NO!*

It is not too late to stop this tax — we need your support

- **UNESCO has asked the Australian Government to reconsider its proposed sales tax on books, magazines and newspapers.**
- **This tax will restrict the dissemination of information and knowledge in the Australian community.**
- **The administration costs for the book industry alone could reach as high as $50 million. Revenue from the tax is estimated to be only $6 million.**
- **Estimates are that the ultimate increase in book retail prices will be of the order of 10%.**

***Morgan Gallup Poll**

**The Rt Hon. Malcolm Fraser, MP,
Prime Minister of Australia,
Parliament House,
Canberra ACT 2600**

Dear Mr Fraser,

I, ...

of..

.. Postcode ....,

am opposed to your Government's decision to impose a sales tax on books, magazines and newspapers. I consider that these items are a vital information source and educational tool within our community and, as such, should be considered as basic necessities of life.

I appeal to your Government to allow books, magazines and newspapers to continue to be exempt from sales tax.

Signature...

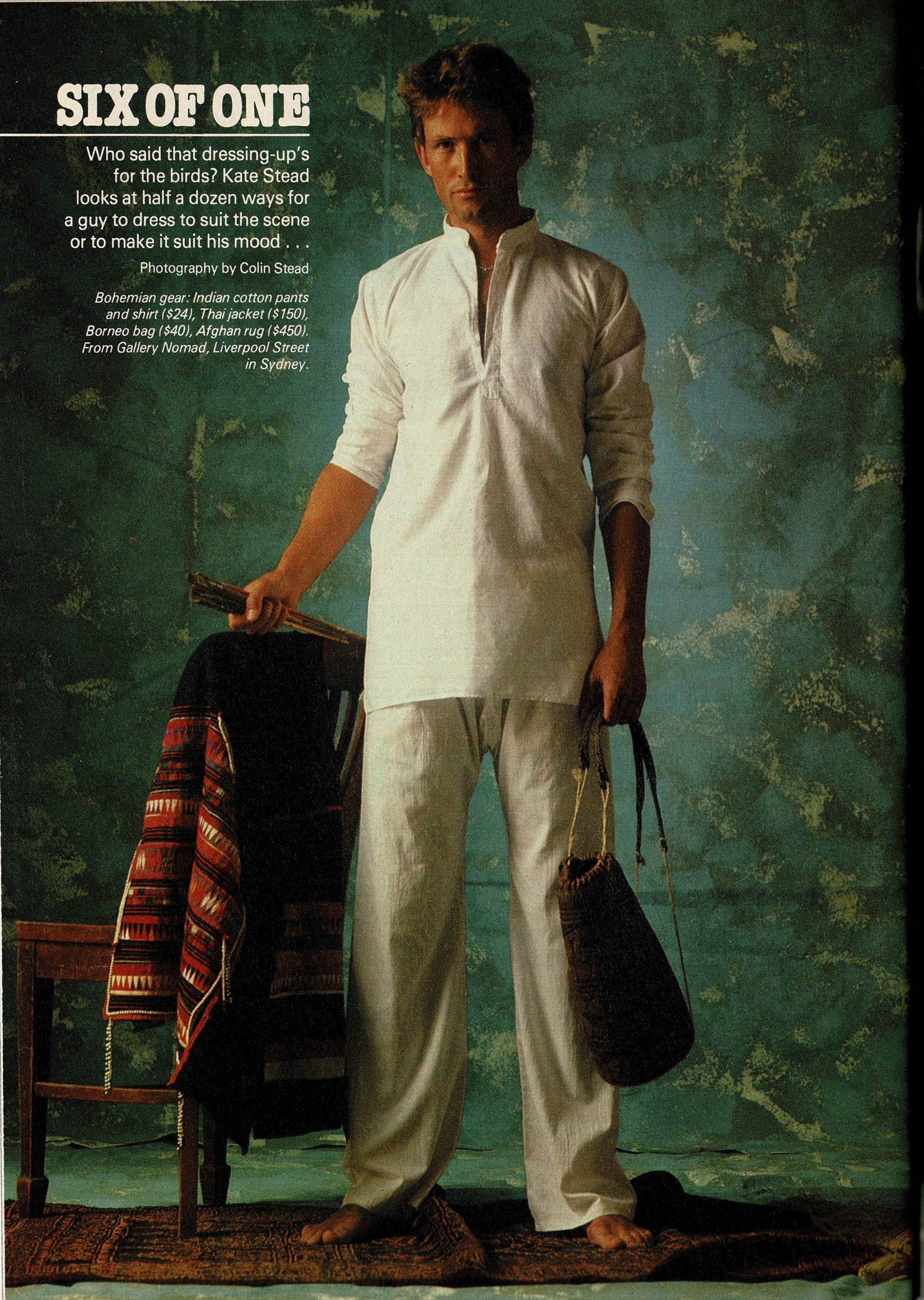
Date...

INSERTED BY THE AUSTRALIAN BOOK PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION, UNITED STATES BOOK ASSOCIATION, AUSTRALIAN BOOKSELLERS' ASSOCIATION, AND CAMPUS BOOKSELLERS' GROUP

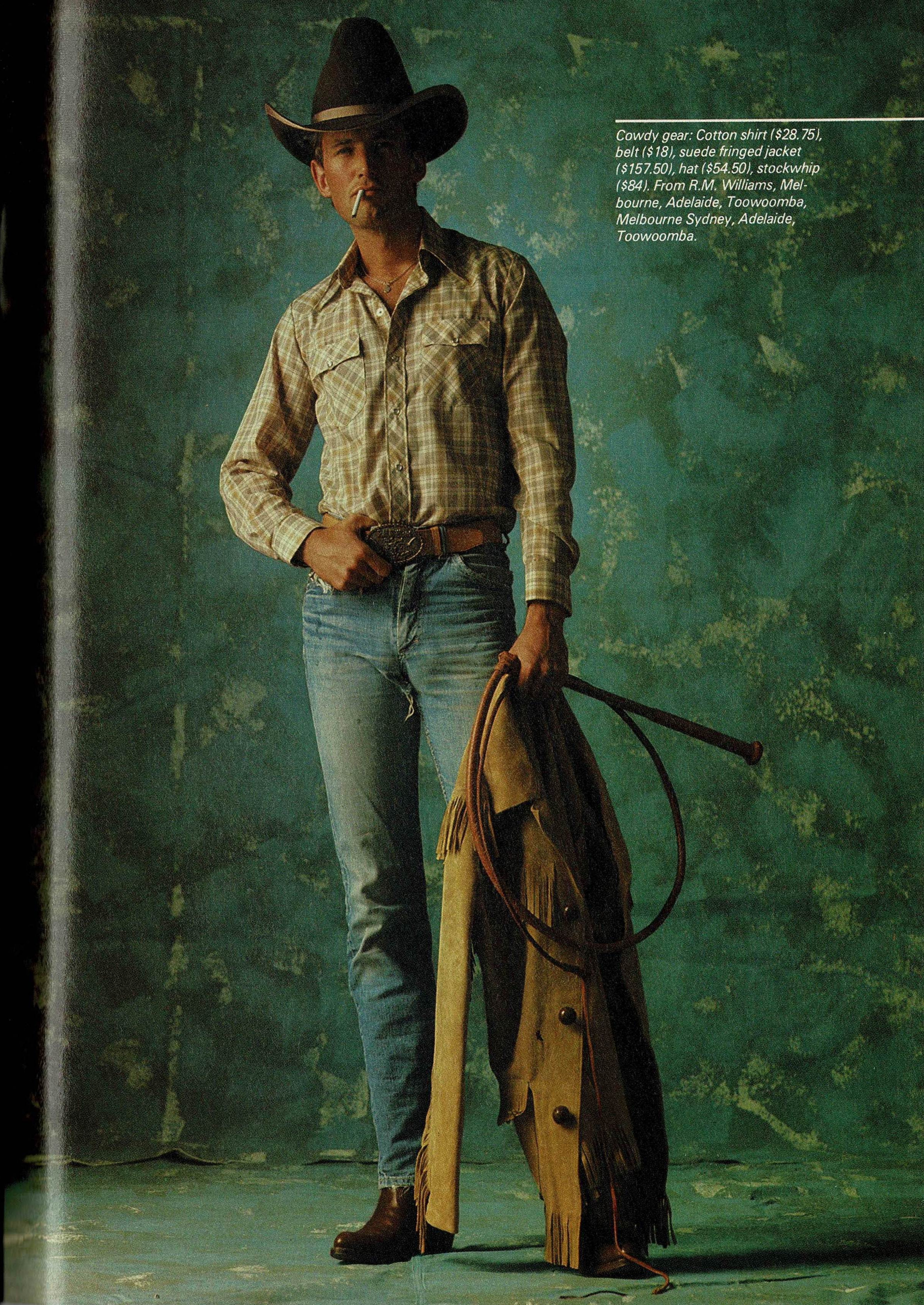
SIX OF ONE

Who said that dressing-up's for the birds? Kate Stead looks at half a dozen ways for a guy to dress to suit the scene or to make it suit his mood . . .

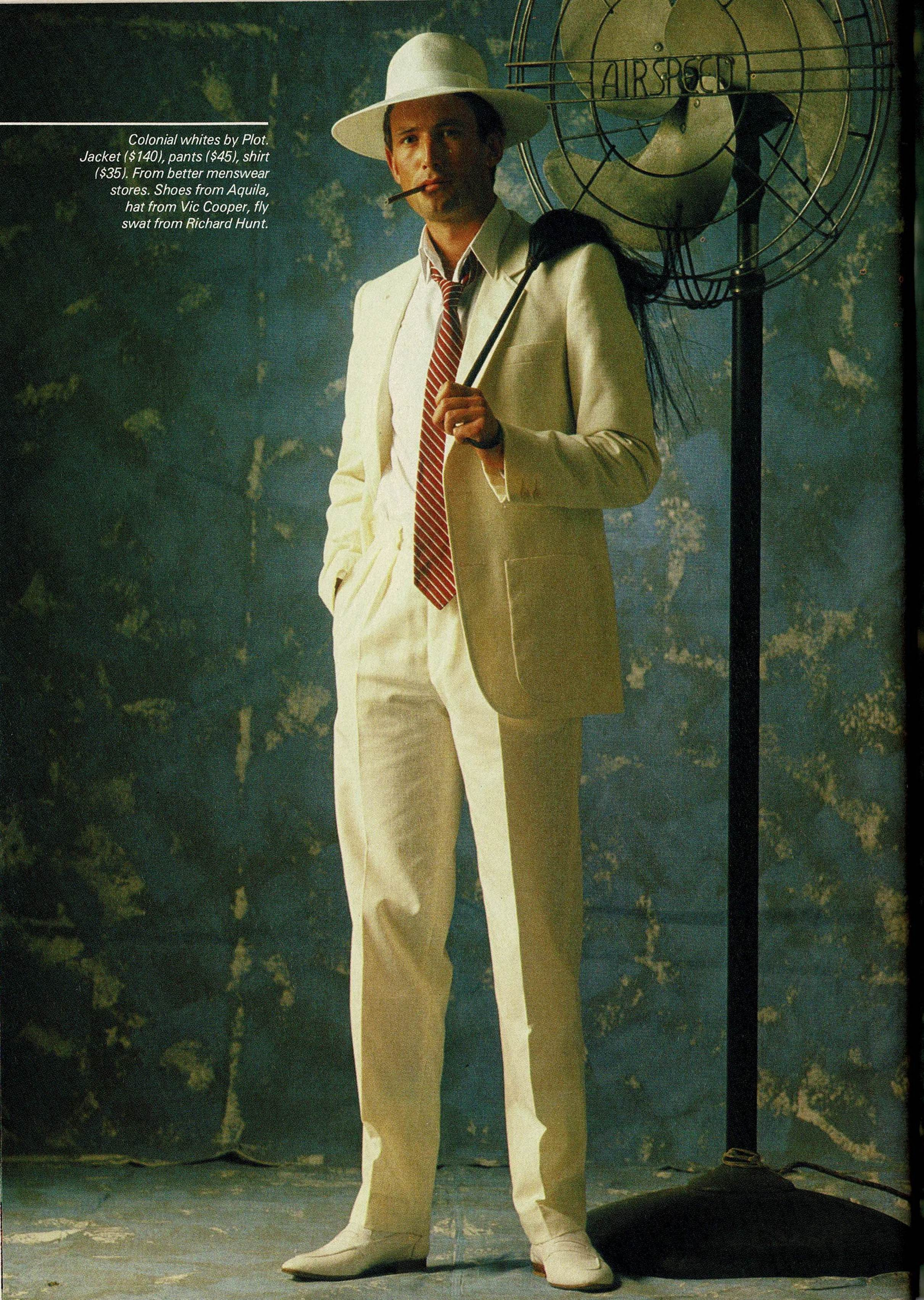
Photography by Colin Stead



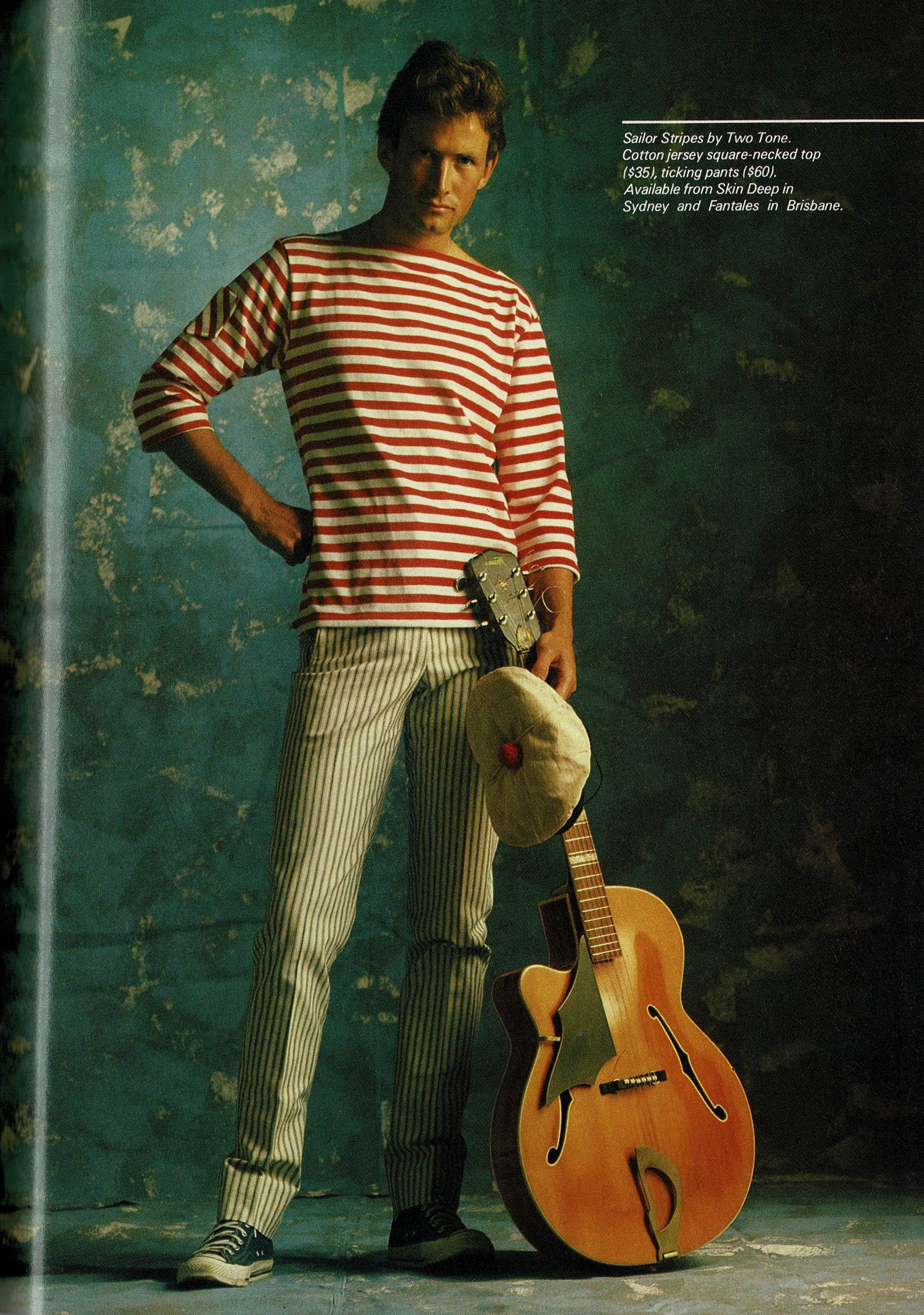
Bohemian gear: Indian cotton pants and shirt ($24), Thai jacket ($150), Borneo bag ($40), Afghan rug ($450). From Gallery Nomad, Liverpool Street in Sydney.



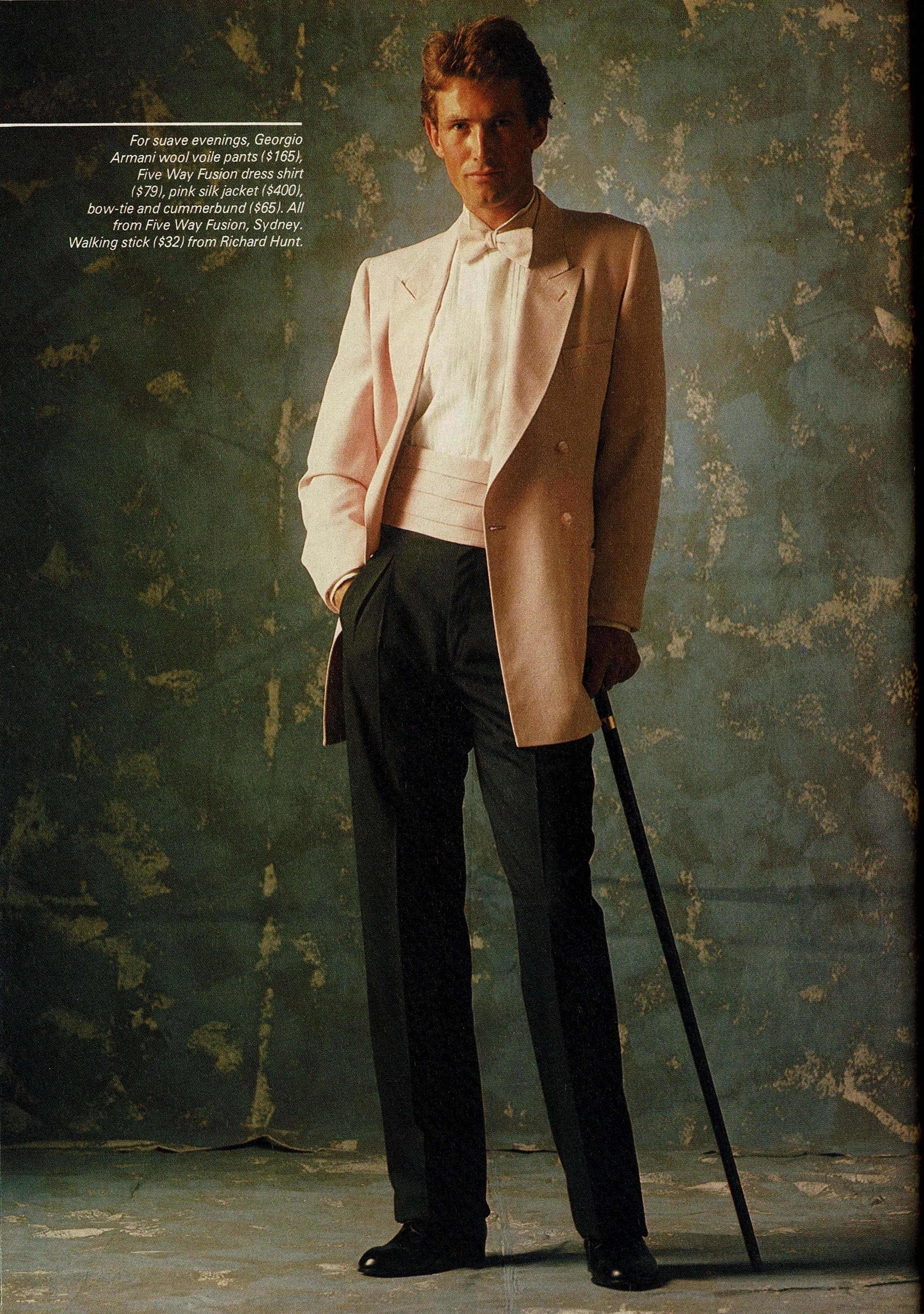
Cowdy gear: Cotton shirt ($28.75), belt ($18), suede fringed jacket ($157.50), hat ($54.50), stockwhip ($84). From R.M. Williams, Melbourne, Adelaide, Toowoomba, Melbourne Sydney, Adelaide, Toowoomba.



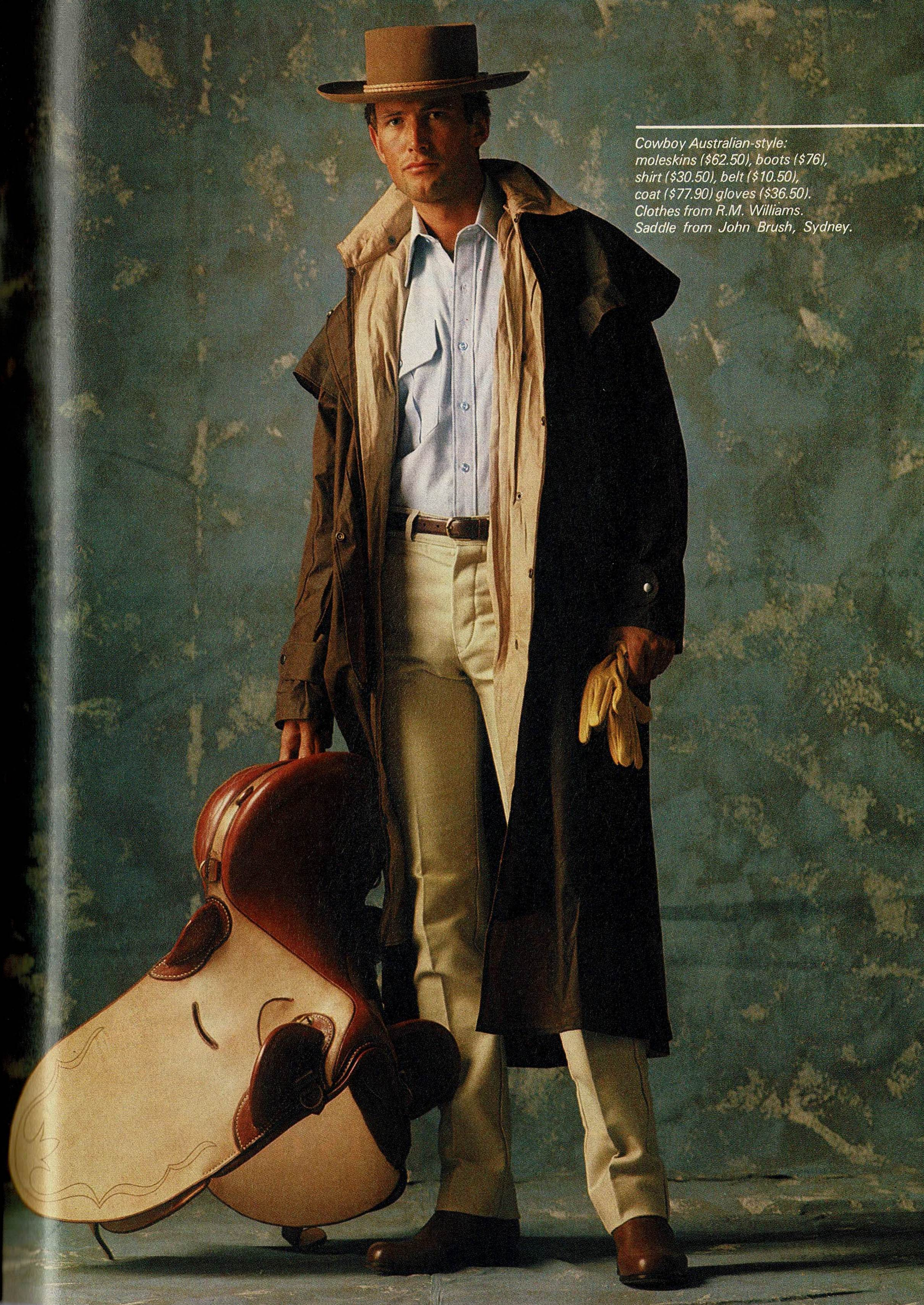
Colonial whites by Plot. Jacket ($140), pants ($45), shirt ($35). From better menswear stores. Shoes from Aquila, hat from Vic Cooper, fly swat from Richard Hunt.



Sailor Stripes by Two Tone. Cotton jersey square-necked top ($35), ticking pants ($60). Available from Skin Deep in Sydney and Fantales in Brisbane.



For suave evenings, Georgio Armani wool voile pants ($165), Five Way Fusion dress shirt ($79), pink silk jacket ($400), bow-tie and cummerbund ($65). All from Five Way Fusion, Sydney. Walking stick ($32) from Richard Hunt.



Cowboy Australian-style: moleskins ($62.50), boots ($76), shirt ($30.50), belt ($10.50), coat ($77.90) gloves ($36.50). Clothes from R.M. Williams. Saddle from John Brush, Sydney.

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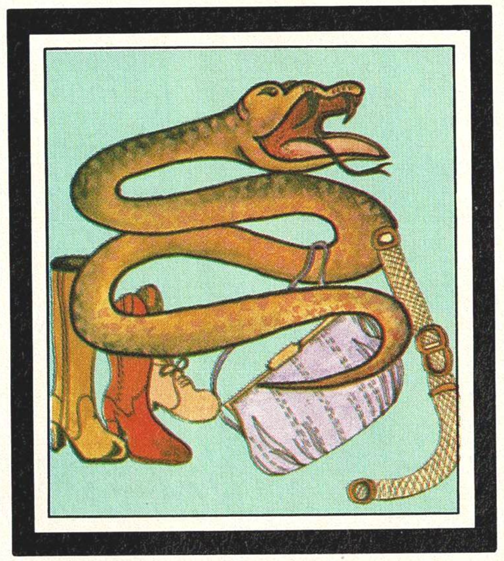

Playboy's Pipeline

The product is based on the venomous sea snakes of Australia's northern prawn fishing waters. According to John Hearn, the man who has pioneered the concept, the sea snake harvest is an incidental by-product of prawning and, until recently, an annoyance to fishermen. Prawn nets regularly snare unwanted sea snakes, and though 60 to 80 percent are dead when they are hauled aboard, the odd live one can pose danger. The custom was to throw the snakes overboard until Hearn, a former prawn fisherman, struck on the idea of utilising the skins.

He distributed a leaflet to prawners explaining how to skin the snakes and preserve the hides until they reach a secondary treatment stage at the gulf prawning town of Karumba, in Queensland. The skins are then transported to Hearn's headquarters in Cairns, where they are prepared for shipment to a Singapore tanner. From there, they are cut and crafted into various leatherware items, including clothes, footwear, handbags, wallets, belts and travel goods.

Hearn has been involved at every stage of the process, including gaining National Parks and Wildlife permission to take 4000 skins a year. He is currently carrying out further research on the 34 known varieties of venomous sea snakes in Australian waters so he can apply for a permit to take 50,000.

"If the trade is properly controlled, there is no way we'll ever pose extinction problems," he explained. "The prawn fleets are confined to waters which are not the most populated habitats of the sea snakes, and the prawners are already catching enough by accident to more than meet my demand."

The numerous varieties permit a range of exotic patterns which, even after treatment, retain all their natural beauty. Sea snake skin is considered more pliable and elastic than most other reptile skins. Some species are more than four metres long, so there's plenty of scope for fashion designers.

The protection of most reptiles world-wide means the trade in crocodile, snake and lizard skins has been almost totally phased out. In New York, one of the world's few remaining reptile hide specialists is reported to be selling a common snake skin vest for $1800. Hearn anticipates that the introduction of sea snake skins will revolutionise the industry. Not only is there a huge gap in the skin market caused by protectionism, but he is certain the sea snake skin is a superior product. He is currently researching markets in Japan, where interest in the exotic hide trade has always been strong, and the Japanese are currently among world leaders in the exotic gift market. Much depends on his success in negotiating the right to take more skins because preliminary talks with overseas concerns have revealed a strong demand.

We had the chance to examine his first release of bags and belts, and the exclusivity of his product cannot be faulted. The wide range of scale size and the variation in markings, from broad horizontal striping to intricate vertical patterns, is infinite. The exotic nature of the gift is enhanced by the knowledge that the hide comes from one of the most deadly reptiles of all. In the Asian fishing industry, where less sophisticated methods are used, the annual death toll from sea snake bites has been estimated as high as 4000. With so many Asians earning a living from the sea, this figure is not unrealistic.

The tanning process is probably the most important stage in the preparation of any hide. Fluids recently developed in West Germany have revolutionised the industry to such an extent that it is now possible to preserve the natural coloring and texture of even the most finely structured skins. According to John Hearn, the tanning innovations will have a particular impact on the presentation of the sea snake skins because their exclusivity rests with the preservation of their natural appearance.

Women's items, especially in the handbag, purse and shoe lines, are sure to account for some sales but there will be a strong emphasis on products for men. The hide's macho image lends itself strongly to appeal to buyers of wallets, key cases, travel goods and writing cases. In other words, giftware for high rollers. The best part of the deal is that they are more likely to be available in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane or Perth before they appear in Paris or New York.

When displaying your new sea snake billfold, you might like to tell your friends of the risks involved in catching the raw product. Because the venom varies from species to species, researchers had been unable to devise an anti-venene to treat victims, most of whom would be unable to identify the particular species. Studies revealed the range of venoms bore a particular similarity to tiger snake poison, and it was found that a concentrated course of tiger snake anti-venene produced some success in treating sea snake victims. Now doesn't that beat the hell out of the old English pigskin purse you got last Christmas? Try Arafura Leather Co., of 56 Agate St., Bayview Heights, Cairns (070) 543-802 for further information.

—A.D. AIRD

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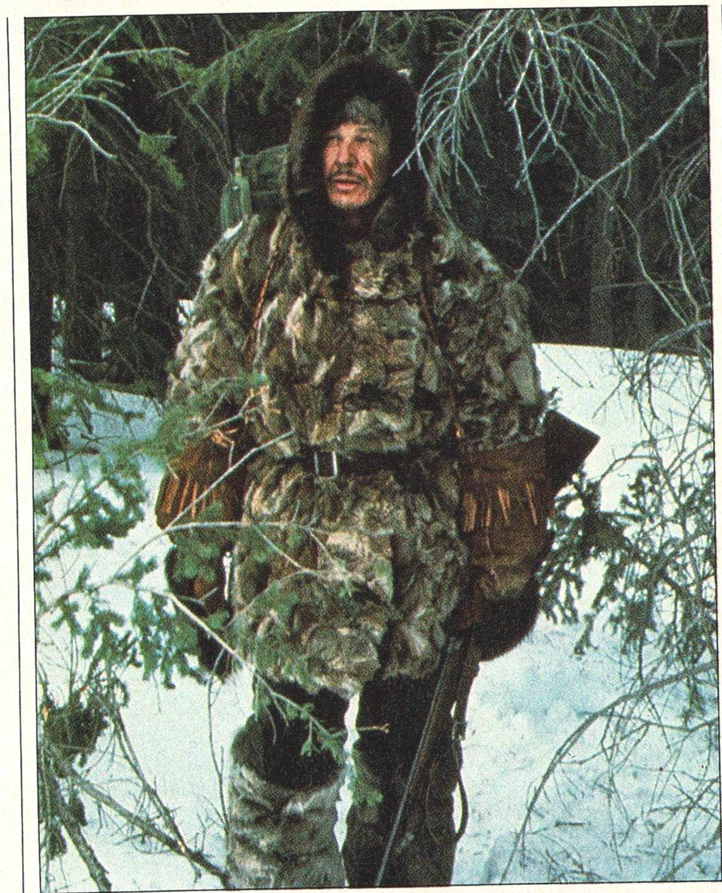
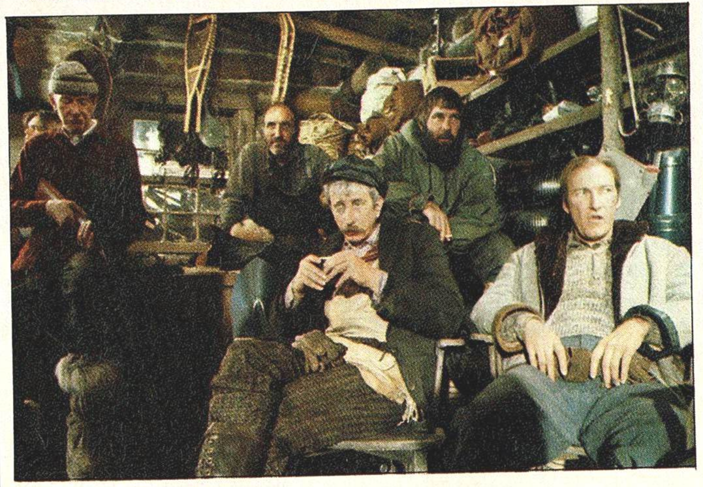
MOVIES

from frozen north to the deep south, america is portrayed in all of its glorious insanity



The macho men on opposite sides of the law in *Death Hunt* are Charles Bronson and Lee Marvin. Set in the early '30s and based on a true story — re-creating the most gruelling man hunt in the history of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, or so they say — the movie becomes a crook's tour of some awesome arctic wastelands. Marvin plays the red-eyed Mountie with an unquenchable thirst for whisky, Bronson the loner unjustly accused of murder. After a slow start, including an almost totally irrelevant close encounter between Marvin and Angie Dickinson (who is marvellous as usual for Angie watchers, though milady seems more Beverly Hills than Canadian Rockies), director Peter Hunt gets *Death Hunt* off on the right track. Andrew Stevens, Carl Weathers and Ed Lauter are in the motley crew led by Marvin, while Bronson does his now-classic strong, silent number. Of course, he and Marvin learn deep respect for each other out there in the frozen Yukon, and that's all I ought to tell about a good, standard adventure yarn that wisely draws its primary strength from two of contemporary cinemadom's greatest old stonefaces.



Charles Bronson and Lee Marvin star in *Death Hunt,* a crook's tour of the frozen Arctic.

•

Almost nothing about *Honky Tonk Freeway* is at all what audiences have been conditioned to expect of director John Schlesinger. Forget his *Midnight Cowboy* and *Yanks,* all ye who enter here, for Schlesinger's first American comedy is a rambunctious farce about a tiny Florida town called Ticlaw that tries to trap some tourists after being bypassed by a major interstate expressway. Among the attractions tried by the town's desperate mayor (William Devane) is a wild-game park inhabited by a weary old lion and an elephant somewhat trained to perform on water skis. The fun is *that* broad, a kind of nutty *Nashville* — mad, mad Americana based on a freewheeling screenplay by Edward Clinton, with Beau Bridges, Geraldine Page, Beverly D'Angelo, Jessica Tandy, Hume Cronyn and Teri Garr in various vehicles, Paul Jabara on hand to perform several songs on the soundtrack. Beverly D'Angelo and Beau Bridges have some of the best bits, she as a nympho who's carrying her mother's ashes to Miami and has slept with 300 men in Paducah, Kentucky, Beau as a bored Chicagoan who leaves for work one morning but drives right on to Florida. There seems to be much too much happening, yet it's hard not to notice Deborah Rush as a novice nun who gets turned on by travel and Celia Weston as a waitress who leaves her station to become a hustler. The film's flaky improvised air makes it likeable, though I wound up wondering why Schlesinger chose to do a comedy so aimless he finally had to end it with a resounding crash of cars, trucks and top talent gone to pieces.

•

Miss Piggy doing her Ginger Rogers thing in a lavish musical number — with Charles Grodin swooping along as Fred Astaire — is a pure delight that's reason enough to relish *The Great Muppet Caper.* Later, Miss P does an encore with an underwater *corps de ballet,* spoofing one of those wild and wet fantasies Esther Williams used to glide through. 'S wonderful. Who could ask for anything more? Well, director-Muppeteer Jim Henson and his staff still seem more comfortable on the small screen and may be stretching things a mite in this taffy pull that has Kermit the frog and Fozzie Bear as a couple of crack investigative reporters. They're after jewel thieves, and I seem to remember something about "the fabulous baseball diamond". Cute. *Too* cute on occasion, even downright awkward now and then, with Grodin, Diana Rigg, Peter Ustinov, John Cleese and Robert Morley at hand for the human touch, plus Peter Falk in an uncredited cameo. If it's fun you're after, stay alert until the band starts playing — and then pig out.

Great fun for the family's holidays with *Honky Tonk Freeway* and *The Great Muppet Caper.*

•

Because she is a more accomplished actress than Joan Crawford ever was, Faye Dunaway pulls off an extraordinary stunt as the title character of *Mommie Dearest,* She's not apt to win an Oscar, but certainly deserves a carload of premium ham for her steamroller performance as the fading, vengeful Hollywood legend at home with her adopted kiddies. Made up to resemble Groucho Marx as a female impersonator, or maybe a demon being exorcised by Max Factor, Dunaway does Joan to a turn. The performance is a series of show-stopping Great Moments from *Mommie Dearest* — the hysterical wire-hanger scene, the strangling scene, all the grisly birthday and Christmas parties, or just mummy falling-down drunk. Do I have to remind anyone that Christina Crawford wrote the book on which all this is based? Mara Hobel and Diana Scarwid portray Tina at various ages, but *Mommie Dearest* is essentially just a one-woman show for voyeurs with a streak of morbid curiosity about the fine art of child abuse in Hollywood. Producer Frank *(The Other Side of Midnight)* Yablans knows how to package such gilded trash, which is probably critic-proof and Frank Perry directed it with shameless glee, all but licking his lips over the juiciest parts. No use kidding ourselves — it's pay dirt, and delicious.

•

More frothy stuff for *les girls,* especially for girls who prefer a movie to be like the kind of book they read while sitting under a hair drier. *Rich and Famous* is a half-baked romantic saga that has seen better days in earlier incarnations. Originally a Broadway play titled *Old Acquaintance,* it became a 1943 movie starring Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins as two schoolgirl chums who grow up to be successful novelists. In this glossy remake, directed by veteran George Cukor, Jacqueline Bisset has Davis' part as the *serious* writer, with Candice Bergen as her vulgar friend who writes schlocky bestsellers and cracks vile jokes on the Merv Griffin show. For 1981 audiences, who have presumably read all of Kinsey's reports, sex is the major new ingredient — particularly for Bisset, who seems to dissolve her writer's blocks by making it with a stranger on a plane (Michael Brandon), a teenaged hustler (Matt Lattanzi) and a *Rolling Stone* interviewer (Hart Bochner) of tender years (I learned here that writers for *Rolling Stone* are allowed to hire pretty assistants to accompany them on assignments, an exciting new trend to consider in magazine journalism).

Anyway, *Rich and Famous* must rise or fall on the effectiveness of its witty bitchery and girl talk. The movie, covering the touchy 22-year friendship between Jackie and Candice (1959-1981), occasionally crackles with life or a glint of dry humor, but mostly the two scrumptious beauties appear to be acting in different films — while Bisset plays straight, Bergen flounces around in a high-camp parody of God only knows *which* woman author. While she is often funny in a broad way, I never believed she could write a grocery list, much less five or six profitable novels followed by an award-winning autobiography. David Selby plays the man they both love and lose en route to a chin-up feminist fade-out that says nothing of importance about anything.

•

If you will buy John Belushi in a romantic-comedy role that might ordinarily be played by Redford or Newman or Beatty, or even Hoffman or Pacino, then *Continental Divide* may bother

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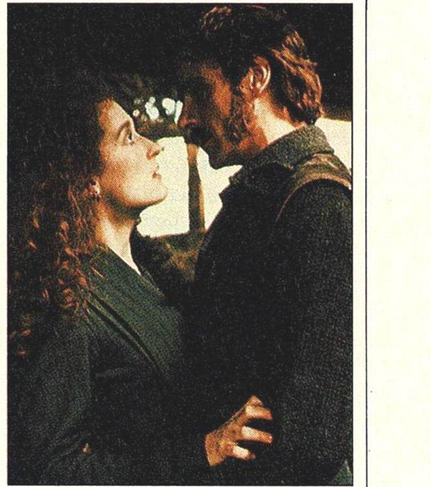
you less than it bothered me. Writers Jack Rosenthal and Lawrence Kasdan (the latter especially hot, with *Raiders of the Lost Ark* and *Body Heat* among his current credits) have taken a fresh idea about contemporary love, sex and relationships, and woven it into an unlikely but intrinsically beguiling story. Belushi plays a crack reporter assigned by his editor (Allen Goorwitz) to interview a reclusive lady scientist (Blair Brown) who's waaay up in a Rocky Mountain wilderness, devoting herself to research on an endangered species: the American eagle. English director Michael Apted, though he hit all the right notes in *Coal Miner's Daughter,* seems slightly out of his element here. Either that or he is sabotaged by the casting. Brown does an excellent job, perfectly credible and appealing, yet *Continental Divide* strikes me as the kind of exercise in which there's less need for pure conviction than for starry charisma — the kind of golden stuff supplied of yore by a Hepburn and a Tracy, say, or a Turner and a Gable. That's where Belushi seems out of sync, half the time mugging and bumbling and performing shticks, as if he were the comedy relief in some Disney wilderness epic, then sweating to be taken seriously as a lover. In real life, maybe a guy *can* be fat and fallible and still score high with women, especially when there's an aura of success about him. In the movies, however, we're used to a degree of idealisation in leading men. Only a few exceptionally talented actors dare to challenge that tradition, and Belushi — for all his wild comic flair — isn't quite ready to join the club.


Both faces of Streep and Irons in *The French Lieutenant's Woman.*

•

The peculiar conceits of Harold Pinter's screenplay more or less hamper *The French Lieutenant's Woman,* based on the John Fowles bestseller published in 1969. Fowles is such an accomplished novelist that he can slip in and out of a dark Victorian romance, digressing as the spirit moves him, without missing a stroke. Pinter's terrible idea was to adapt the novel as a movie within a movie, in which Meryl Streep plays the fallen woman who seduces a very proper young gentleman (England's Jeremy Irons), at the same time appearing intermittently as the movie actress who is *making* this movie and having it off with her leading man. That questionable device might be applied to almost any film — with an effect roughly the same as if *Tess,* for example, were interrupted every 20 minutes or so by modern romantic interludes featuring director Roman Polanski and his star, Nastassia Kinski. The movie-star couple portrayed by Streep and Irons serve no purpose but to keep *The French Lieutenant's Woman* from holding an audience in its spell. Although Irons generates considerable voltage — as intense and ardent as a young Laurence Olivier — the talented Streep seems to me just a shade too sensible and prosaic for the kind of erotic embodiment of a young man's fantasy that the script continually reminds us she is supposed to be. The director, Karel Reisz, has wrought a pretty pallid film, aided by Pinter.

•

In his dual title role in the film *Zorro Swings Again,* George Hamilton works three times as hard to be half as funny as he was doing his Dracula parody in *Love at First Bite.* Here, Hamilton plays a noble Don whose homosexual twin brother helps out with damsels in distress (Lauren Hutton, mostly) and damnable villains (Ron Liebman, mostly). But the jokes aren't awfully sharp and the comedy on the whole keeps lunging forward, then flopping back to achieve a kind of whiplash effect which is hardly anyone's idea of a good time.

•

Joining the US Army in *Stripes,* Bill Murray requests they give him undershorts more stylish than standard GI issue: "Got something in a low-rise bikini? Mesh, if possible." If the gag sounds familiar, that's only for starters. End to end, *Stripes* is a macho rehash of Goldie Hawn's *Private Benjamin,* with Bill Murray and Harold Ramis (co-author of the script) as a pair of schlemiels who join up on impulse after Murray loses his job, his girl, his car and his apartment. When they put him into an ill-fitted uniform, Murray cracks, "Chicks in New York pay top dollar for this stuff." There are compensating moments of off-the-wall humor, but the rest is mostly your standard basic-training joke manual — slob humor that pays off, sort of, in a debacle featuring Murray and his inept comrades-in-arms on a commando mission into the wilds of Russian-occupied Czechoslovakia. Overall, *Stripes* is a stale concept performed with some spontaneity, though I still get an uneasy feeling that a lot of survivors of TV sit-coms are slowly shrinking the horizons of film comedy.

•

Spills, not chills are the order of the day in writer-director George A. Romero's *Knightriders,* which revives the chivalric code of the Middle Ages and brings it roaring into the small towns of Middle America. Jousters in armor, tilting lances at one another from the saddles of their motorbikes, are the heroes of the piece — and there is no doubt at all that Romero meant to present these bruised macho men and their damsels as throwbacks to the era of the Arthurian legend. (Three of the performers, in fact, came from actual Renaissance-fair troupes.) They are hippies of the '80s, incurably romantic roughnecks who dream a little dream of honor, valor, integrity, community spirit. Everyone looks fine and clean-jawed, with Ed Harris as the Arthurian Sir William, Gary Lahti as a princely Alan and Tom Savini as the black-bearded Morgan, Sir Williams chief challenger for the crown — all appropriately glittering knights opposite a bevy of fair ladies without much inner fire. Courtly love does not seem to be anyone's top priority. Hot-rod heroics amid the trappings of medieval pageantry have strong visual impact, and there's something about this movie that lingers in the mind — despite its simplistic values and the fact that I reviewed it in a rough, overlong, not-quite-finished state. When finally cut, *Knightriders* ought to make a fascinating companion piece to John Boorman's recent *Excalibur,* a Round Table of the olde school. —**BRUCE WILLIAMSON**

MUSIC

the visitor merges two worlds and comes up with a magical display of music

Mick Fleetwood's *The Visitor* (RCA) is an intriguing album by virtue of the fact that the Fleetwood Mac drummer obviously took a considerable risk in its compilation. The realisation that the idea to record in Accra, Ghana, with broad use of local musicians and their music was a stroke of genius, comes with the knowledge that *The Visitor* is a concept which has exceeded all expectations. Fleetwood approached the project as a cultural challenge, and with the co-operation of miscellaneous Ghanian government officials and the local musicians union, managed to make contact with the musicians used on the album.

It's more often than not that the union of cultures in a creative spirit causes a sad mismatch but Fleetwood has avoided that here by never letting his Western rock 'n' roll bent dominate the African input of Superbrain's group, the Adjo group and Ebaali Gbiko (children's drum ensemble). The opening cut, Fleetwood Mac's Rattlesnake Shake, throws a dummy because it is blatantly North American in its introduction, but the persuasive vocals and African percussion dominate the latter part and sets the mood for most of what is to follow.

With bassist George Hawkins on lead vocal, backed by the Accra Catholic Choir, the group offers a smooth version of Billy Fields' You Weren't In Love. O'Niamali, played and sung by the Adjo group, illustrates Fleetwood's technique of taking the basic African product and embellishing it with his drumming and Hawkin's bass. The game plan is used elsewhere, often with the addition of Mike Moran's synthesiser and the guitars of Peter Greenbaum and Todd Sharp. Lindsay Buckingham's Walk A Thin Line is notable for the Adjo group's role behind the vocal lead, piano plus the slide and 12-string guitar work of George Harrison.

That old rager, Not Fade Away, lends itself well to the African rhythm of hand drums and percussion, and proves the merit of Fleetwood's project. Credit must go to RCA for backing him after Warner Bros had turned him down. After all the success he had generated for Warners, Fleetwood was naturally miffed at the refusal. Despite a budget in excess of $300,000 and the use of 200 Ghanian musicians, *The Visitor* is not a mad bit of indulgence on behalf of a bored drummer. It is an extremely accessible and well-crafted album that deserves broad FM airplay, and is not beyond the reach of the AM stations.

•

Perfect Timing (Ariola) is easily Kiki Dee's most serious and best co-ordinated recording venture. For the only time since the British vocalist first bobbed into prominence in the early '70s, those concerned for her career have really got the act together. Excellent material, the professional arrangements, the first-class playing and a classy recording effort are the ingredients which help Kiki star. The guiding hand comes from Pip Williams, whose arrangements, broad guitar talent and partnership with keyboardist Bias Boshell, hold the entire project together.

I always thought Kiki made a better job of wilder material, but her soft duet with Elton John on the Stevie Wonder-Ivy Hunter song, Loving You Is Sweeter Than Ever, is a hit. Wild Eyes is much rockier, but she still has trouble escaping the unwritten decree that most successful British female vocalists are expected to pedal soft pop, not rock. The title track is notable for its clever vocal arrangement, surprising percussion and an elaborate keyboard contribution from Bias Boshell.

Kiki's only writing input is in Twenty-Four Hours (with Gary Osborne and Reid Kaelin), and There's A Need (with Eric Kaz). The latter is the better, with her voice taking on the raspier sound which highlighted her earlier material. If there is something lacking on this album, it comes in the suspicion that at no stage is Kiki really given full rein. She has a fine voice, but she rarely extends it.

Top, Mick Fleetwood demonstrates his beat for the Africans and, above, with some of the next generation of Ghanians.

•

The appearance of Steve Lillywhite as producer of Joan Armatrading's seventh album, *Walk Under Ladders* (A & M) is cause for excitement. It is the first time the man, who has used his talent with such innovative acts as Peter Gabriel, Ultravox and XTC, has worked with the highly original Armatrading, and the union is full of new challenges. With a backing band recruited from established session ranks and some of the smarter UK acts to emerge in recent times, Lillywhite has pulled together some diverse talents. If it wasn't enough that the lady possesses one of the most unique voices in contemporary music with its strong Western-West Indian mix, the band has blended reggae, a touch of ska and the gimmickry of the new electronic age in a wondrous collage. Romances is the perfect example, with its stabbing syncopation, Jerry Marotta's fire-cracker drumming and the horns of Rico Rodriquez and Dick Cuthell.

I Wanna Hold You taps the same solid rock vein she got into on the 1980 album, *Me, Myself, I,* highlighted by powerful guitar and drum lines and a snappy acoustic solo from Joan. By contrast, The Weakness In Me portrays the poetic vocalist in all her pain-struck angst with an evocative lyrical content which brands her as being truly different.

The reward for buying a Joan Armatrading album is not that she is just a great vocalist, exceptional songwriter, clever acoustic guitarist and arranger. She is always willing to try something new, and her willingness to accept the challenge of change is why she rates so highly with the likes of Janis Ian, Bob Dylan and Rickie Lee Jones. Sample Eating The Bear on Joan's new album, and you'll understand why the lady will long remain a growing and unique musical force. If you have the previous six, this one is not to be missed. If you haven't caught her before, start your collection with her *Walk Under Ladders.* It could be your lucky break.

Kiki Dee performs with *Perfect Timing,* and Joan Armatrading, right, proves that when you *Walk Under Ladders,* it's exciting.

•

This review could have appeared in the jazz column, but the business of knowing which way Joe Jackson is going to jump next would cause all sorts of confusion if we place him too far away from his point of emergence. On listening to *Jumpin' Jive* (A & M), it's almost impossible to pinpoint Joe's track record as a phenomenon of the new-wave era. Always one with a great affection for the musical concept, his previous albums have represented complete musical packages. The kid from Portsmouth with the classical and cabaret background pioneered "spiv" rock through a sensational album called *Look Sharp,* and a US nightclub tour which generated a near-cult following. He scored AM airplay with Is She Really Going Out With Him?, followed by his *I'm The Man* album later in 1979.

Now, we have Joe with his latest parcel — jazz. His liner notes tell the story. "When my dad was my age, jazz was not respectable. It was played in whorehouses, not Carnegie Hall. These classics of jump, jive and swing are all from the 1940s. Jumpin' Jive, We The Cats and San Francisco Fan from Cab Calloway; Symphony Sid, a Lester Young tune with words by King Pleasure; Tuxedo Junction, our tribute to Glenn Miller; and the rest, all performed at one time or other by our main inspiration, Louis Jordan, the king of the juke boxes, who influenced so many but is acknowledged by so few. Like us, he didn't aim at purists or even jazz fans — just anyone who wanted to listen and enjoy; reap this righteous riff."

Joe handles vocals, and with the support of a six-piece jazz band, executed the work under his own arrangement and production at Basing Street Studios, London. As a root tracing piece of retrospection, *Jumpin' Jive* is pure fun, but leaves everybody wondering "what next"?

•

The Friends of Mr Cairo (Polydor) is the second album from the very creative union of Greek musical chemist Vangelis and former Yes vocalist Jon Anderson. It is a work as far removed from mainstream contemporary music as can be imagined, being far more modern than Rick Wakeman's projects and forever prepared to explore new ground. With lyrics and vocals by Anderson, his distinctive voice provides the obvious Yes association, but in the range and scope of Vangelis' compositions and his exceptional command of all keyboards and synthesisers, which complete the rare balance. The title song is one of the most beautifully crafted works you could expect to find in such a tight but demanding field. The imagery of Anderson's words are finely balanced on Vangelis' backing as they create the atmosphere of a private eye thriller, complete with the shoot-out scene, character voices and a fade-out which ends with the film running off the spool.

If your appreciation of Yes stemmed from the timeless feel of Anderson's near-mystical lyrics, Outside and Inside will win you. As Vangelis' synthesiser wafts coolly down the time tunnel, Anderson's vocals dabble in ambiguity, subtle innuendo and broad interpretation to leave the song as open to understanding as the listener would wish.

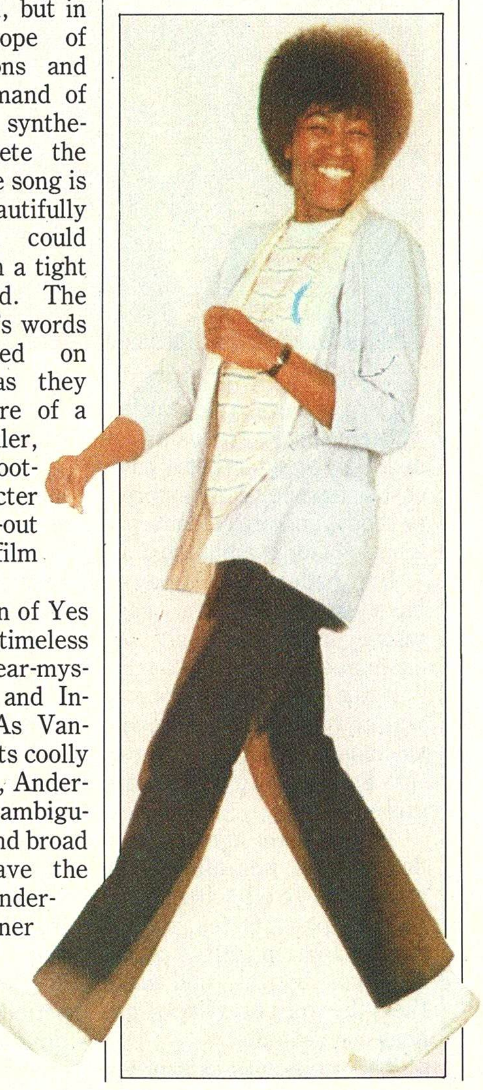
Save for some additional vocals, a flute and a saxophone, the pair perform the complete work. If seen in context, *Cairo* borders on perfection.

•

Keith Forsey has such a classic '50s rock voice that you can almost imagine him making a run at Chuck Berry's *Promised Land.* On *Dynamite* (Ariola) he ignores nostalgia in favor of his own material, and finishes with a product which packs plenty of commercial power. He had a hand in writing every track, and also produced the 10 cuts and played drums.

Take Me To The Pilot is a snappy rock opener highlighted by a ballsy electric guitar lead. Forsey has the essential commercial ingredient of finding something different at the right time, and whether it's a clever synthesiser space from arranger Greg Matheson or a vocal change, he always comes up with the goods.

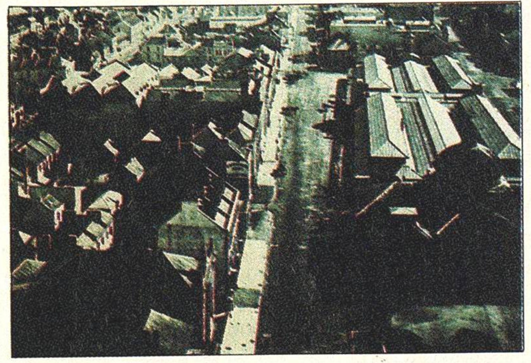
— NEIL JAMESON

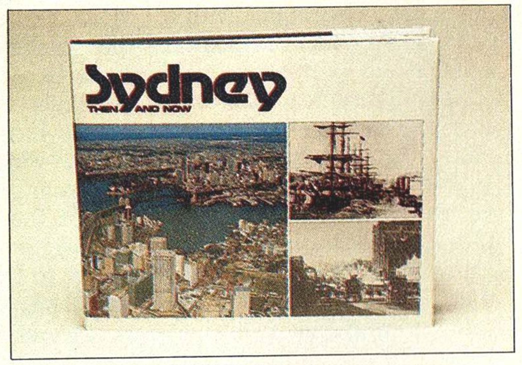


BOOKS

sydney, then and now: a timeless treasure trove of superb photography

Today's thriving York Street, above, was born out of the calm of the 1870s, lower left.





As a general rule, coffee-table books are to be avoided; they weigh several kilos, cost a fortune, don't impress anybody, and are seldom read – merely for examination.

But halleluljah! Here we have a coffee-table book which will not only be examined, but will be read, and the superb illustrations will provide a talking point calculated to start a conversation or to save a long and a dull evening.

A few years ago, Consolidated Press was offered the amazing Tyrrell collection of photographic plates of old Sydney. The priceless collection was bought, and since then, the work of collation has been carried out.

The scope was extraordinary – the Tyrrell camera had caught every facet of Sydney, its surroundings and its inhabitants at the turn of the century. *Sydney, Then and Now* (Wildcat Press) is the first sampling of the Tyrrell treasure trove.

The book has been skilfully constructed. Old pictures by Tyrrell, and alongside them superb color photographs of the same area, taken, as nearly as possibly, from the exact location where the ancient camera was set up. The bulk of the photographs are the work of a young man named Kent Mears, who must have a big future in photography. The aerial shots are by the experienced Keith Barlow, and the cover shot is by the veteran Ernie McQuillan, whose photographs have adorned newspapers and magazines for many years.

The story has been written by Glenn Russell, and he has done a first-class job of research and of presentation. Many hours of digging – much of it in unusual and little-known areas – have gone into his excellent and brightly written potted history of Sydney, one of the most beautiful and blessed cities in the world.

He traces the changes in Sydney with a fine and sure touch – the exciting growth, the railways, the electrification, the theatre boom. His off-hand expressions in the course of his narrative are a delight. When the French arrived off the Australian coast a few days after Phillip, writes Russell, they found that "the first prize had already gone off." They were too late, but I like Russell's way of saying so.

This is not merely a sumptuous-looking gift to give your Aunt Abigail for Christmas, it is something to buy for your own collection.

— **DAVID McNICOLL**

•

Ignatius J. Reilly, hero-of-sorts of John Kennedy Toole's *A Confederacy of Dunces,* is surely one of fiction's richest grotesques. A belching, rancorous, flatulent mass of seething blubber, he tyrannises his pitiful, maroon-haired mother, bullies whores, strippers, cops, blacks, whites and peanut vendors, and in the dead of night, commits to his Big Chief writing tablets his plots to punish society for all its gross excesses.

Enveloped by a steamy cloud of gastric gas, his balloon-like head decorated with a green hunting cap, Ignatius shambles his way through the New Orleans of the '60s. He moves from job to job, fiasco to fiasco, finally enjoying one affecting and out-of-character love affair with the long-suffering Myrna, for whom some kind of medal should be struck – for surely, not since Pauline endured her perils, has a woman had to endure so much.

Toole's New Orleans is as uproarious as a Brueghel painting. This city is never still; a mood of Rabelaisian pandemonium prevails as Ignatius and a supporting cast of whackos and ne'er-do-wells lead their lunatic lives among the wharves, dives and decaying tenements of the city.

Particularly effective is the way the author has captured the street talk of New Orleans: says one character, recounting an unpleasant experience in a department store: "Like, this afternoon I standin' aroun' in Woolsworth and some cat steal a bag of cashew nuts out the Nut House star, screamin' like she been stab. Hey! The nex' thing, a flo'walk grabbin' me, and then a police mother draggin' me off. A man ain' got a chance. Whoa! . . . Nobody findin' them cashews on me, but that police still draggin' me off. I think that flo' walk a cawmiss."

And to think we were almost denied all this. In the 1960s, John Kennedy Toole was a young, unpublished writer who believed that with this novel he had produced a masterpiece. The editors, to whom he hawked the work, disagreed. In 1969, aged 32, a despairing, frustrated Toole committed suicide. Eleven years after that, his mother showed a fading, bedraggled manuscript to the American writer and academic Walker Percy, who was astounded. He had *A Confederacy of Dunces* published by Louisiana University Press, to a chorus of acclamation. Toole was right; it was certainly a masterpiece.

The book's title comes from a quote by Jonathon Swift: "When a true genius appears in the world, you may know him by this sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him." A fitting enough description of the condition of the inimitable Ignatius, but when considered in the light of Toole's fruitless efforts to have his work recognised, his subsequent suicide and the work we will never see, Swift's words take on a different, and a more tragic, significance.

— **LARRY WRITER**

•

One of Eliot Porter's aerial photographs in *Seal Song* (Penguin Books) shows the rust-tainted hull of a small freighter slicing its path through a steel-blue mosaic of pack ice. Its wake is black. That glassy black of the deep icy waters off Newfoundland. The photograph is compelling. The ship looks vulnerable, lost in a frozen sea . . .

Yet this solitary voyager does not attract sympathy for long, for its recent deeds – as black as its wake–are etched in a fine filigree of barely discernible red lines along the bottom of the photograph. These traceries link the pools of blood where baby harp seals were slaughtered before their pelts were dragged back to the red-hulled intruder.

This is the only visual hint of violence in this slim and quite evocative volume. The remaining illustrations are superb studies of the gentle harp seal – which is white-furred as a baby. They're beguiling creatures, puppy-like in both action and repose.

Eliot Porter does however offset these "cute kid" shots with a series showing the grand, but harsh, environment they live in. The juxtaposition is a reminder that an Arctic childhood is a short one. The reality of survival starts the day the baby fat melts off – or sooner if the sealers are about.

The author, Brian Davies, relegates himself to the low-key role of commentator, and in the process amasses the damning evidence of cruelty and government corruption. It's a sad tale, but Davies finally lets the "preservation of the species be argued by its most eloquent advocates, the harp seals themselves."

— **ALLAN MOULT**

•

Historical works tend to inform. And nothing else. That's why they frequently sit on the shelves and gather dust and depreciate. And turn up years later in the discount bin – by then often as dated as the period they describe. Few writers can reverse the clock hands and entertain simultaneously. L.J.K. Setright is one. And his *Pirelli History of Motor Sport* is the closest a writer could aim at the historical novel without warping the facts. Quite simply, L.J.K. extracts the drama from the data. His then-to-now review of motoring's mostest moments fires the imagination and grips the senses with his masterful control of the English language. What sets this work apart is its human touch. Recognising that history was logged as much by men as machines, *Motor Sport* maps the endeavors of flesh and blood against the backdrop of the technical development of iron and steel. Setright extricates the personalities, the tragedies, the triumphs and the trivia from the bottomless pit of facts and figures, then throws them up in panavision with a dramatic and immediate presence. An interest in motor sport is not essential to the appreciation of this volume – it satisfies the varied interests of philosophy, art, historical literature, language. By contrast, a full appreciation of motor sport is not possible without digesting this work. Produced by one of Britain's most multi-talented automotive writers, it is a landmark work in motoring journalism. Though sponsored by the tyre company that was in there at the beginning and is still in the running now, it gives no special eminence to this company and its products, thus sidesteping the propaganda tag. It also detours around the roadblock of literative obsolescence by leaving its options cleverly open – in future editions you can expect little constructive updating.

THE PIRELLI HISTORY OF
MOTOR SPORT
L.J.K. SETRIGHT
7

Pirelli History of Motor Sport: extracting drama from the data.

From Australia and New Zealand Book Co. Pty. Ltd., PO Box 459, Brookvale, NSW. — **ROB LUCK**

•

Suppose you want to photograph a naked girl silhouetted against a blazing sunset; or freeze a Formula One driver hurtling round a Grand Prix circuit; or capture the romance of city lights reflected in pools of water on a wild, wet and wintry night.

If you don't already know how to achieve such effects, you'd be smart to study *Successful Colour Photography,* compiled by Christopher Angeloglou (Collins), which supports an instructive text with hundreds of excellent color illustrations.

Much more than merely another guide to camera components and their workings, it explains many tricks of the professional photographer's trade and should inspire jaded amateurs to experiment with new approaches to the taking of pictures.

As Christopher Angeloglou says in his introduction: "It is not enough to know how a camera works and which lens gives which result."

Technological advances over the past decade have simplified the photographic proprocess to such an extent that all the photographer need often do is press the shutter, even when using the most sophisticated of camera equipment.

Thus, the composition of photographs has surpassed in importance the need for a thorough knowledge of a camera's inner working parts.

Successful Colour Photography will help stretch your photographic imagination and challenge you to acquire an eye for alternative awareness, so essential for turning pictures from the commonplace into works of art.

Once you've tried the book's tips on techniques ranging from A to Z (action to zooming), you could then perhaps put your photographic ability to the test by staging a slide show of holiday snaps at home for a group of friends. To be really successful, you should hear more Aaahs than Zzzzs. — **CAMILLA BEACH**

•

A colleague who sometimes lamented his lot as a TV critic once despaired that a show he had to review was very educational – it was so bad he had to read a book!

I can assure you the book he read wasn't one of Harold

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White Horse Fine Old Scotch Whisky. A consistent standard of excellence from a century-old blend of 35 malt and 5 grain whiskies. White Horse Scotch Whisky. Since 1880.

Robbins' latest efforts (?), because this once passable author has deteriorated into a run-of-the-mill hack. One can only hope that the title of his most recent book, *Goodbye, Janette* (The New English Library) is prophetic, for any contribution this man had to make to modern literature has long since expired.

Robbins had his moments. His *Never Love A Stranger,* published in 1948, was a rollicking adventure with a love story which went further in its sexual description than most books before it. That became a bestseller and provided the impetus for a string of successes which followed — the most memorable *A Stone For Danny Fisher* (1951) and *The Carpet Baggers* (1961).

He now lives on the French Riviera, leading the type of fantastic existence his characters pursue in his books.

While Robbins keeps peddling commercial drivel such as *The Adventurers, The Betsy, The Pirate* and *Goodbye, Janette* — many of which became feature films or TV mini-series — he'll continue chortling all the way to his Swiss bank.

Dismiss this as elitist waffle all you like, but the fact remains that in two pages in *Goodbye, Janette,* Robbins uses the adjective "balefully", no fewer than four times. The story (?) revolves around two beautiful (of course) women and their erotic adventures with the Nazis and the world of *haute couture,* sundry sex, drugs, fame and wealth. It differs only slightly from the Robbins' rubbish that has gone before — it's that much more unrealistic. Hey — what's on TV?

— CRAIG McCARTHY

•

Jack Higgins has repeated his successful formula for a gripping good yarn in his latest novel, *Luciano's Luck* (Collins). It seems the secret to a bestseller, Higgins style, is to take a reported fact about World War Two and weave an hypothesis about it.

Make it plausible, throw in lots of action, a little romance and a few supporting facts, and the reader ends up wondering if it really happened.

Higgins has cleverly woven myth and legend with the facts of the American invasion of Sicily in 1943. The myth, he claims, is still strong in Sicily today. The historical background is peripheral, merely framing the action: Eisenhower is planning the invasion of Sicily and trying to fool the Germans that the landing point is Sardinia. General George Patton is expecting heavy casualties in the rugged and mountainous terrain of Sicily in the face of an entrenched and very determined enemy.

The Allies' only hope is the co-operation of the one unifying force among the Sicilian people: the Mafia, in the form of capo Don Luca, to forge the resistance groups and probably terrify the demoralised Italian army into desertion. The occupying German forces could then be easily defeated and the Americans can sweep on to Italy.

But how do they convince Luca, who is dead against America since the Yanks sent his gangland brother to the electric chair? That's where Luciano comes in. He's serving a 20 to 50-year sentence in the US on trumped up prostitution charges because Federal authorities couldn't nab him on other activities.

Parts of the plot are too predictable. Of course, the Mafia boss will adjourn his life in prison and fly back to Sicily in a burst of patriotic zeal to intervene on behalf of the US.

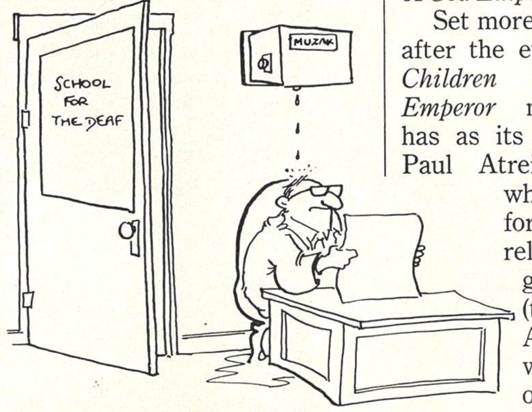
But the twists along the way, and the surprises at the end, make for rewarding reading. As with Higgins' bestseller, *The Eagle Has Landed* (about a Nazi plot to kidnap Churchill), *Luciano's Luck* has all the ingredients of an excellent wartime adventure movie. No doubt this coincidence was in the forefront of the author's mind when comparing paper-back sales with possible film rights on this one.

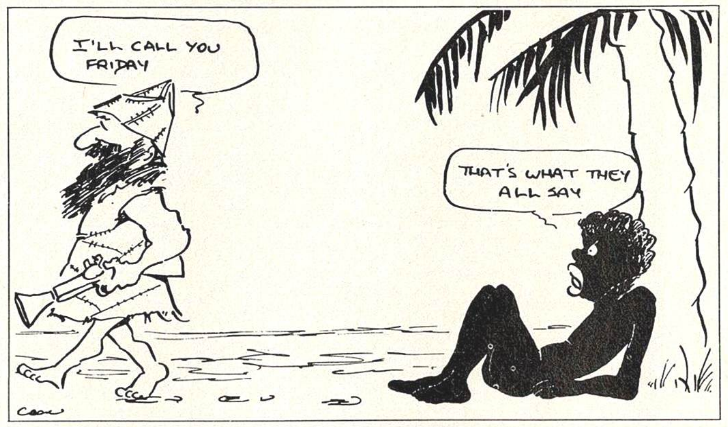
— ANNE BURNS

•

Patrick Cook is a prolific little bugger, and happily this is coupled with the fact that he is probably Australia's best cartoonist. His latest offering (just in time for Christmas), *Breast Feeding,* published by Queensland University Publishing, is a collection of the best from this year's non-political output. If you are going to give as a present, read it first. Also don't blame us if granny has a coronary over the stuffing.

— ANDREW COWELL




I'LL CALL YOU FRIDAY
THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY

Christmas with Patrick Cook: a feast for the hungry eye.

•

When former US newspaperman Frank Herbert's powerful novel *Dune* was released in 1965, it set the science fiction/fantasy world ablaze. Not since Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings* books has an author so laboriously constructed another world and its people. So successful was *Dune* that it won Herbert the prestigious Hugo and Nebula awards — both of which are highly coveted by science fiction writers.

Dune was followed four years later with *Dune Messiah,* which in turn was succeeded in 1976 by *Children of Dune.* Now the highly successful trilogy (sales with more than six million copies among them) has become a tetralogy with the publication of *God Emperor of Dune.*

Set more than 30 centuries after the events recorded in *Children of Dune, God Emperor* nevertheless still has as its central character Paul Atreides' son, Leto, who, as a child, had formed a symbiotic relationship with a group of sandtrout (the larval stage of Arrakis' giant sandworms, producers of a mind-expanding spice melange). Over the millennia, Leto has gradually evolved into an autocratic creature, half-human and half-sandworm.

But like his father, he has a purpose, a vision. The prescience, displayed in *Children of Dune,* remains, and is amplified beyond imagining by his continued use of the spice. He now has the racial memories of all his ancestors, as well as the ability to see the future. These qualities have been developed and sharpened over the centuries.

In a subtle condemnation of modern automated society, Herbert has created a hero who believes that the preservation of his race lies only in breeding new qualities into the species. But ultimate success can only be achieved by bringing about his own demise. The final test of whether he has successfully bred the necessary qualities into the human race lies in the ability of the people to outwit Leto, despite his great power as a clairvoyant.

In an unexpected, but wonderful addition to the chronicles of *Dune,* Frank Herbert has once again woven a powerful and entertaining tale, relying, like George Lucas, on the need of humanity for myths and heroes.

— A.B. BEAR

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NEXT MONTH

FEBRUARY ANNIVERSARY GIRLS

PRICKING THE IMPOTENCY BALLOON — NEW TECHNIQUES IN ACUPUNCTURE HAVE MADE THE ANCIENT THERAPEUTIC FORM A REVOLUTIONARY ROUTE TO OVERCOMING SEXUAL MALFUNCTION AND ANXIETY. **RICHARD SHEARS** TELLS HOW ACUPUNCTURE CAN BE AS EFFECTIVE AS AN APHRODISIAC

WHO WANTS TO BE A MILLIONAIRE? — YOU CAN WIN, WORK OR WEASEL YOUR WAY TO WEALTH, BUT BEFORE YOU DO, READ **STEVEN SCHWARTZ'S** ARTICLE ON THOSE WHO HAVE DONE SO, AND AT WHAT COST. BEING RICH IS A HIGH RISK BUSINESS, BUT IT DOES HAVE ITS REWARDS. JUST ASK SOME OF THOSE WHO WHO HAVE MADE IT

WHAT MAKES MAN MAN, AND WOMAN WOMAN? — TWO TOP WRITERS LAUNCH A STUDY ON THE PAIRING COMPLEX AND HOW AND WHY THE OPPOSITE SEXES RELATE TO EACH OTHER. THIS SPECIAL COMES WITH QUESTIONNAIRE TO MEASURE THE NATION'S SEXUAL BAROMETER

BLUE CADILLAC — THE ROAD TO MEMPHIS, A COUPLE OF ELVIS FANS AND A FIN-TAILED CONVERTIBLE ARE THE STARS OF THIS WELL-TOLD TALE FROM THE PEN OF ACE SHORT STORY WRITER **MICHAEL MALONE**

FAT POWER — SUMO WRESTLING, THAT MOST JAPANESE OF SPORTING ARTS, IS ALSO ONE OF THE MOST MISUNDERSTOOD. FAT GUYS DOING THE LOIN-CLOTH RHUMBA OR SYMBOLIC PERFORMERS OF AN ANCIENT JAPANESE ART FORM? AUSTRALIAN **DIANNE SCOTT** SUPPLIES THE ANSWERS

GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS — IT'S OUR SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY ISSUE, AND WE'VE COME UP WITH A STUNNING ARRAY OF PICTORIALS IN ADDITION TO OUR USUAL PLAYMATE FEATURE. INCLUDED IS A MAGICAL SPREAD ON SISTERSHIP

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY — WE'RE CELEBRATING A BIRTHDAY ISSUE WITH **STEPHEN BIRNBAUM'S** INTERNATIONAL GUIDE TO *LIVING LIKE A KING*, **ROB LUCK'S** MOTORING AND A SWAG OF TOP FICTION FROM **STEPHEN BROUWER** AND **HEATHER BROWN.** DON'T MISS IT

CREDITS
Cover: Dress by Jill Fitzsimon; jewellery from I Wish I Was In Paris; hair by Coral of The Cut Above.
Games Men Play (Pages 52-59): Shoes and lingerie from Raymond Castles; trench coat from Valdis Alexander; hat from Gowings; gloves from Nice Things; body stocking from Slim It; handbag from Strand Bags.
Australia's Best New Restaurants (Pages 140-149): Photography by Luis Martin, Neil Elliott, Philip Weir, John Keesing, and Dieter Eubel.

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